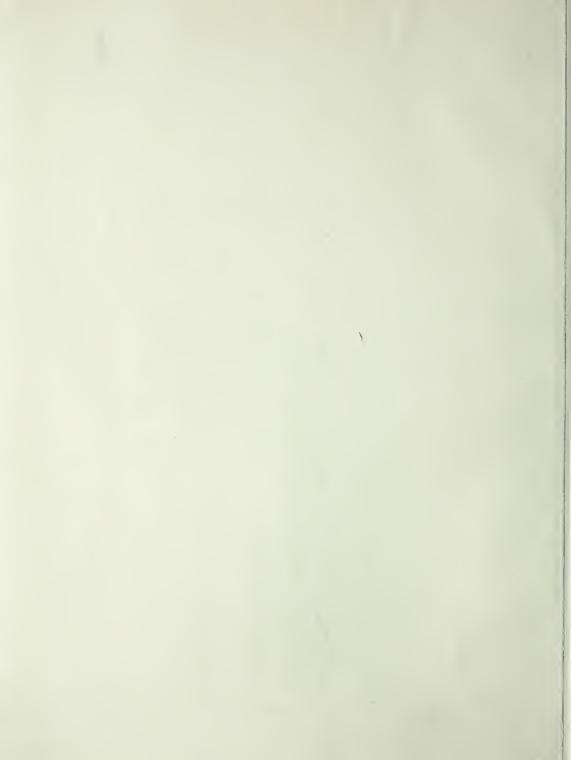


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VOL. I

1909

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VOL, 1

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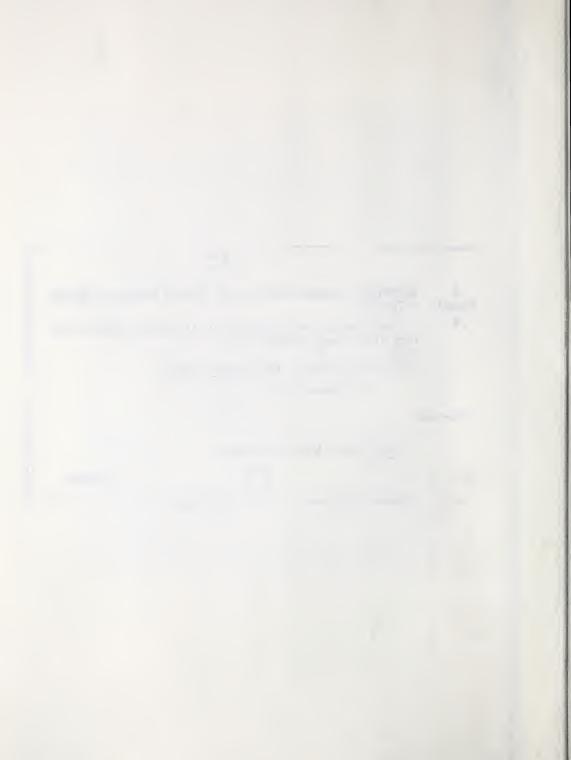
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EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NATICK

PETITION OF JOHN ELIOT TO THE GEN'L COURT

The petition of John Eliot of Roxbury to this honourd Court

sheweth

That seing the wisdo of God's Providence hath cast us to begin or Indian work within the bounds of that grant with the Court was pleased to grant to Dedham seeing also theire towne is so seated on the edg of theire lands yi othr townes come up to theire dores, my humble request on theire behalfe is yi this honord Court would please to treate with the other townes bordering upon them, that as they yeild up much to the Lord's use on the one side, so theire neighbours would be helpfull to them by yeilding up somewhat to them on the other, and thus beging the good blessings of heaven on all your holy counsels and labours, and beging of you youre prayers for me, I take leave and rest

Your wrps to comad in Christ.

John Eliot.

Natick this 23 of the 8^t 51.

ANSWER TO MR. ELIOT

In answer to the petition of Mr. John Eliot of Roxbury and uppon a motion of the inhabitants of Dedham tendringe the furtherance of the Indian plantatio at Naticke to allow them two thowsand acors within theire boundes pvided they lay downe all claymes in that town elsewhere and set no trapps in uninclosed land, this Court approusing theire tender therein.

doth order that the deputies of Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertowne, Cambridge and Sudbury, together with the deputies of Dedham shal be a comte to consider and act further therein, and that in case Mr. Eliot shall in the behalfe of the Indians, desire more of Dedham land they may stir upp, and move theire severall townes to further that worke by yeelding some land in each of theire townes adjacent, to recompense Dedham for what land they shall part with over and above the two thowsand acors abou s^d.

Ye deputs have past this with reference to ye consent of or honourd magis'ts hereto.

William Torrey Cleric.

The magists Consent hereto.

Edward Rawson, Secret'y.

HOW JOHN ELIOT LAID OUT THE TOWN

On Aug. 23, 1651, Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury, petitioned the General Court for a grant of 2000 acres of land for an Indian plantation or settlement. It was difficult to grant this petition because the lands involved were already occupied by settlers, and included portions of several towns. But, as the inhabitants of Dedham united with Mr. Eliot in his petition, it was ordered by the Court that the deputies of Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, Cambridge and Sudbury, together with the deputies of Dedham all of which towns would be affected by this grant should be a committee to consider and act further thereon. Oct. 23, 1652 it was ordered by the Court that Captain Lusher, Mr. Jackson, the surveyor general, Mr. Parkes and Sargent Sherman, or any three of them, shall be, and hereby are empowered to lay out meet bounds for the Indian plantation at Natick between this and the next Court of Election, making their return to the Court. On June. 19, 1658, Mr. Eliot asked to have the plantation enlarged to 6000 acres. On May 10, 1660, the committee state that the bounds of the Natick plantation having been measured out,

according to the order of the General Court, and found to be far less than was stated, the same committee, representing the various towns, gave them enlargement of near half a mile in an angle of their bounds; also liberty to seek out eighty acres of the nearest meadows to be added to their plantation. The committee confirmed this return, and the Court allowed and approved of it. On May 31, 1660 the bounds of the plantation were established.

Various changes in the bounds were made later. April 16, 1679 an exchange of land was made with Sherborn, and on May 30 of the same year, this exchange of land with Sherborn was ratified by the General Court. Oct. 18, 1701 bounds between Natick and Dedham were established. Feb. 25, 1744 part of Needham was annexed. Feb. 23, 1762 the parish of Natick was established as the district of Natick. Feb. 19, 1781 the district of Natick was made a town. June 22, 1797, the bounds between Natick and Needham were established, and a part of each town was annexed to the other town. Feb. 7, 1820, a part of Sherborn was annexed. April 26, 1850, the bounds between Natick and Wayland were established. April 22, 1871, a part of Natick was annexed to Framingham.

On May 31, 1670, at the request of the Indians inhabiting the town of Natick, that the General Court would appoint them a town brand for their cattle, it was ordered that a bow and arrow be the brand mark for that town.

In 1674 Gookin states that Natick had twenty-nine families. At that time the town contained about 6000 acres. It is thus described by him, "It consists of three long streets, two on the north side of the river, and one on the south, with house-lots to every family. There is a handsome, large fort, of a round figure, palisaded with trees; and a foot bridge over the river, in form of an arch, the foundation secured with stone.

Natick is the aboriginal name of the township, and it has been claimed that it signifies "a place of hills," but Edward Everett Hale states that Trumbull's Dictionary of the Natick Indian language affords no support for this etymology, and it is probably a mistake. Charles River, as a small stream, passes through this village. Captain John Smith gave to it, its name, which was the name of Prince Charles, afterward King Charles.

The Indian name of this river appears to have been Quinobequin, which would seem to mean "long river;" but quite as probably, according to Dr. Hale, it means "the river which turns about" from Quinuppe, meaning "around about, or all about."

As a large portion of the Natick lands were the inheritance of the Speen family it was thought best by Eliot and others that



they should give up their right in them, which they were all very willing to do. And therefore "on a lecture day, publickly and solemnly, before the Lord and all the people, John Speen and all his kindred, friends and posterity, gave away all their right and interest which they formerly had in the land in and about Natick, that so the praying Indians might then make a towne."



Under Eliot's direction a form of government was established on a Scriptural plan. It was the same which Moses adopted by advice of Jethro:

"Moreover thou shalt provide, out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place over them, to be rulers of thousands and rulers of hundreds, and rulers of fifties and rulers of tens. And let them judge the people at all seasons; and it shall be that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge."—Exodus xviii; 21.22.

This plan was literally carried out, but it is not known how long it continued to serve their needs. As early as 1716, however, selectmen and other town officers were chosen by them similar to those now elected in Massachusetts towns.

The first church was built on the site of the present Unitarian church at So. Natick. This church stood between two oak trees, one of which, called the Eliot oak, is still standing, and it is claimed by many that the Apostle stood beneath its branches, to preach to the Indians, before the church was built.

This was the first Indian church in America. The following is a description of the original meeting house: "There is one large house built after the English manner. The lower room is a large hall which serves for a meeting house on the Lord's day and a school house on the week days. There is a large canopy of mats, raised upon poles, for Mr. Eliot and his company, and other sort of canopies for themselves to sit under, the men and the women being placed apart. The upper room is a kind of wardrobe, where the Indians hang up their skins and other things of value. In the corner of this room Mr. Eliot has an apartment partitioned off, with a bed and bedstead in it."

This description was given by Major-General Gookin of Cambridge, who was appointed superintendent of all the Indians who had subjected themselves to the provincial government. He accompanied Mr. Eliot in his missionary tours. While one preached the Gospel the other administered civil affairs among the Indians.

the same of the sa

The facts and dates given in the foregoing article were taken almost wholly from the old colonial records in the archives at the State House, Boston; from Gookin's "Historical Collections of the Indians in New England;" and from the "Introduction to Trumbull's Natick Indian Dictionary" by Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

The plan of the original plantation of Natick which heads this article was prepared by the late Austin Bacon. It was made from the original records of the town, and conforms to them in every particular, and is generally believed to be as accurate a plan as can be made at the present time. Mr. Bacon not only designed the plan, but he cut the wooden plate from which the plan was printed. Mr. Bacon was known to the writer as a very pains taking and devoted historian. All through his long life he was intensely interested in everything which pertained to Natick. Such a person is a most valuable citizen in any community.

O. Augusta Cheney.

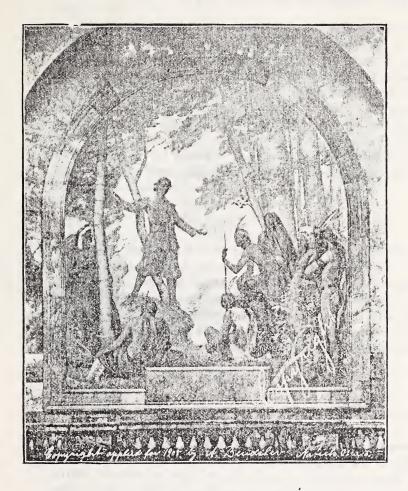
LIFE OF JOHN ELIOT

HIS BIRTH, MARRIAGE AND FAMILY

According to Harper's Historical Encyclopedia, John Eliot was born either in Nasing, Essex, or Widford, Hertfordshire England, presumably in 1604, as he was baptized August 5, 1604. At the Reunion of the Descendants of John Eliot, at South Natick, July 3, 1901, the orator, himself an Eliot, stated that John Eliot was the child of Bennett and Letty Aggar, who were married at Widford, England, on October 30, 1598. The exact date of the birth of John Eliot is not known, but must have preceded, by a few days at least, the date of his baptism,



Cotton Mather says of him, "The nativity of such a man were an honor worthy the contention of as many places as laid their claim unto the famous Homer's; but whatever places may challenge a share in the reputation of having enjoyed the first breath of our Eliot, it is New England that, with most right,



can call him hers; his best breath was here; and here it was that God bestowed upon him, sons and daughters.

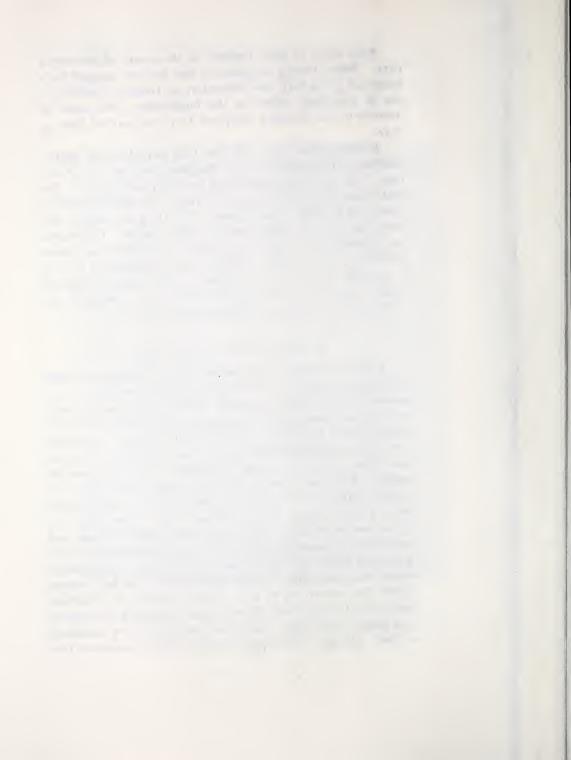


Eliot came to New England in the month of November 1631. Before leaving England ne had become engaged to a sweet and gentle lady, Ann Mountfort, or Hannah Mumford, as she is sometimes called in the biographies. She came to America in the following year, and they were married Sept. 4, 1632.

Cotton Mather says "By her Gcd gave him six worthy children. His first-born was a daughter, born Sept. 17, A. C., 1633. She was well-approved for her piety and gravity. His next was a son born Aug. 31, A. C. 1636. He bore his father's name, and had his father's grace. His third also was a son born Dec 20, A. C. 1638; him he called Joseph. His fourth was Samuel born June 22, A. C. 1641. His fifth was Aaron born Feb. 19, A. C. 1643. His last was Benjamin boin Jan. 29, A. C. 1646. Of all these last three it may be said, as it was of Haran, 'They died before their father;' but it may also be written over their graves, 'All these died in faith.''

THE SIMPLICITY OF HIS LIFE

Cotton Mather says Eliot maintained an almost unparalleled indifference toward all the pomp with which mankind is too generally flattered and enchanted. Rich varieties, costly viands and poignant sauces came not upon his own table, and when he found them on other men's, he rarely tasted of them. One dish and a plain one was his dinner, and when invited to a feast not more than a bit or two of all the dainties were taken into his mouth. And, for a supper, he had learned of his loved and blessed patron, old Mr. Cotton, either wholly to omit it, or to make a small sup or two the utmost of it. When invited to - drink wine he replied, "Wine, 'tis a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it; but, as I remember, water was made before it." His apparel was without any ornament except that of humility, Had you seen him with his leathern girdle (for such an one he wore) about his loins you would almost have thought what Herod feared, that John the Baptist was come to life again. Long hair was always very loathsome to him. He says "The apostle tells us Nature teaches us that



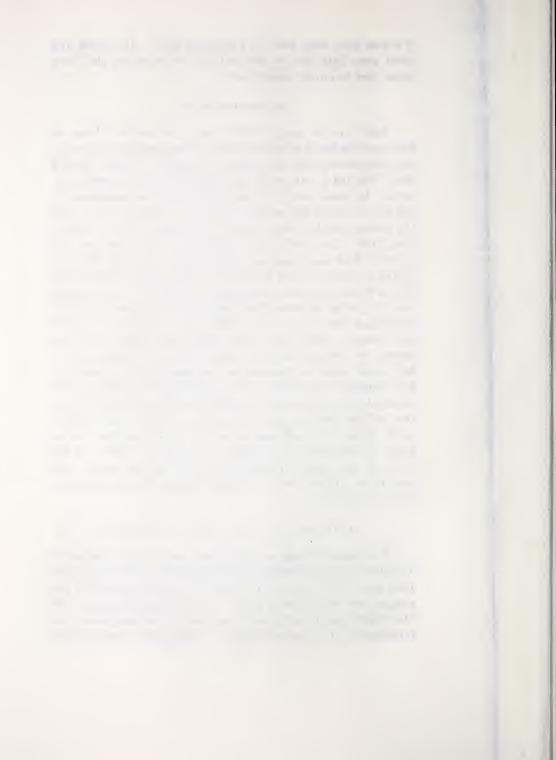
if a man have long hair 'tis a shame to him '.' His habit and spirit were both such as declared him to be among the lowly whom God has most respect unto.

HIS EMINENT PIETY

Such was the piety of Eliot that, like another Moses, he had upon his face a continual shine, arising from his uninterrupted communion with the Father of Spirits. Cotton Mather says, "he had a particular art at spiritualizing of earthly objects. As, once going, with some feebleness and weariness, up the hill on which his meeting-house now stands, he said unto the person that led him, 'This is very like the way to heaven, 'tis up hill! the Lord by his grace fetch us up', and instantly spying a bush near him, as nimbly added 'and truly there are thorns and briars in the way too!' Once a pious woman vexed with a wicked husband complained to him that bad company was all the day infesting her house and what should she do? he advised her 'Take the Hoiy Bible unto your hand when the bad company comes, and you'll soon drive them out of the house; the woman made the experiment, and thereby cleared her house from the haunts that had molested it. Once, in a visit, finding a merchant in his counting-house, where he saw books of business only on his table, but all his books of devotion on the shelf, he gave this advice to him: "Sir, here is earth on the table, and heaven on the shelf; pray don't sit so much at the table as altogether to forget the shelf; let not earth by any means thrust-heaven out of your mind' He used to say 'That is not true religion which we leave behind us in the sanctuary.' "

HIS INTEREST IN SCHOOLS AND IN THE YOUNG

Eliot was a friend of education. In his introduction to Trumbull's Indian dictionary Edward Everett Hale tells us that Eliot says "The care of the lambs is one-third part of the charge over the works of God." Dr. DeNormandie who now fills Eliot's pulpit in Roxbury, ascribes to him the general establishment of "grammar schools" among the institutions of



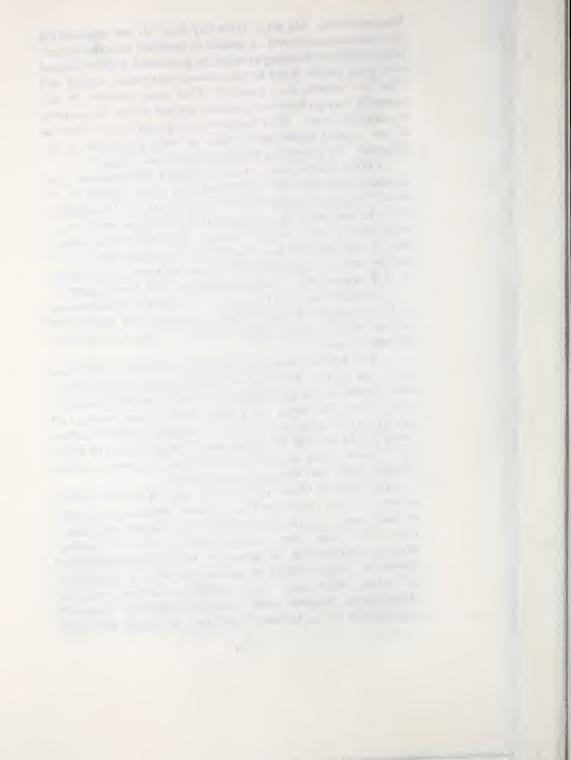
Massachusetts. He says, "One day when all the neighboring churches were gathered in Boston to consider how the miscarriages which were among us might be prevented, Eliot exclaimed with great fervor 'Lord for our schools everywhere among us! That our schools may flourish! That every member of this assembly may go home and procure a good school in the town in which he lives! That before we die we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation in the country!' By plantation Eliot meant separate village."

Cotton Mather says "God so blessed his endeavors that Roxbury could not live quietly without a free school in the town. Roxbury was the town of which Eliot was the minister. And the issue of it has been one thing which has made me almost put the title 'Schola Illustris' upon that little nursery; that is that Roxbury has afforded more scholars, first for the college, and then for the publick, than any town of its bigness, or, if I mistake not, of twice its bigness in all New England.

It would seem, also that we owe to Eliot the establishment, of the first proper Sunday School in America, and perhaps one may say in the English realm. On Oct. 6, 1674 the record of his church says:

"This day we restored our primitive practice for the training of our youth. First our male youth, in fitting season stay, every Sabbath, after the evening exercise in the public meeting-house, where the elders will examine their remembrance, that day, of any fit poynt of catechise. Secondly, that our female youth should meet in one place (on Monday) where the elders may examine them on their remembrance of yesterday about catechise, and what else may be convenient."

Rev. Martin Moore tells us that there were also schools opened in other Indian settlements where children were taught to read; some were put into schools of the English, and studied Latin and Greek. Rev. Daniel Wight, in the "Historical Sketch," contained in the Manual of the First Congregational Church of Natick, which he prepared with very careful and painstaking effort says: "In Natick, as early as 1665, the Massachusetts Records testify that the Sabbath is constantly kept by them "(the Indians)" and they all attend the public



worship of God. They have schools also to teach their children to read and write. Thus established, this little flock of natives with their church and schools, all under the guiding hand of their good apostle, with much perseverance and self-denial, and persevering labor, sent out Indian teachers and preachers of the gospel into other places. At one time six teachers went from this church to be ministers in praying towns. Natick became a kind of seminary for these objects, and was considered the model town.

Rev. Martin Moore in his historical discourse says "In 1665, a brick edifice was erected at Cambridge thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide for an Indian College."

At Eliot's death he bequeathed funds with which to found shools, and to carry on the work he had begun.

HIS LABORS WITH THE INDIANS

In Dr. John Eliot's biography of this distinguished man, it is stated that soon after coming to America, being moved with compassion for the ignorant and degraded condition of the Indians, John Eliot determined to devote a part of his time to their instruction and first preached to them on the 28th of October 1646 at Nonantum, near Watertown mill, upon the south side of Charles river where, at that time lived Waban, one of the principal men, and some Indians with him. Beside preaching he framed two catechisms, one for children and one for adults in the Indian language which he had learned of an old Indian who had been taken into his family for that purpose. The questions in the catechism he propounded on one lecture day to be answered the next lecture day. When the catechising was past, he would preach to them on some portion of Scripture, for about three quarters of an hour; and then give liberty to the Indians to propound questions, and at the close, finish all with prayer.

Among the questions proposed at different times by the Indians were these: Whether Jesus Christ could understand prayers in the Indian language. How all the world became full of people if they were all once drowned? How the English



came to differ so much from the Indians in the knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, since they all, at first, had but one father. How it came to pass that sea-water was salt and river water was fresh? That if the water was bigger than the earth how it came to pass that it does not overflow it? When the preacher had discussed these points as well as he was able, they expressed their satisfaction by saying, after their manner, that they did much thank God for his coming, and for what they had heard, which was wonderful news to them.

One great secret of Eliot's remarkable success with the red man was the similarity of sentiment existing between the Indians and himself. Both were simple children of Nature, and for the same reason turned to Nature's God. Converse Francis, in his "Life of John Eliot, the Apostle, to the Indians" says "No other man so influenced the savage as he. It is no dubious evidence of the excellent spirit in which Eliot conducted this Christian enterprise, that he secured the hearty affection and the profound respect of the Indians. They loved and venerated him as a father, they consulted him as an oracle; they gathered around him as their best friend. They would make any sacrifice to serve him and run any risk to defend him.

We quote from Edward Everett Hale's Introduction to the Natick Indian Dictionary the historical fact that when King Philip, in 1675, united the Indian tribes of New England in almost simultaneous attacks on the English settlements, the excitement in the seaboard towns turned against Eliot's "praying Indians," and the people suspected—as on such an occasion seems natural—that these converts were in league with the enemy. So strong was the popular feeling in Boston, that Eliot was compelled to remove his colony from Natick to Deer Island in Boston harbor, and there, as exiles from their own land, they spent the months before King Philip's power was broken.

Dr. John Eliot, in the biography of his ancestors, relates that the people of Massachusetts in their frenzy, would have destroyed the praying Indians with the savages. But Mr. Eliot was their advocate and friend. Being assisted by General

Gookin, he defended their cause and protected them from violence. It is no wonder, therefore, that, having shown his abilities and firmness, he acquired such an influence over the various tribes as no other missionary to the Indians could ever obtain.

ELIOT AS A WRITER

Dr. Hale, in his Introduction to the Natick Indian Dictionary, points out that Eliot was not merely a translator of the native tongues, but an original investigator of their structure. He says that all study of the languages of the various Indian tribes, through the century which has just passed, has proved that the elaborate system of grammar was correctly described by Eliot, and that it is fairly uniform through many variations of dialect and vocabulary: Dr. Hale gives the total number of books printed, as part of Eliot's movement for the translation of the scriptures and the conversion of the Indians, to be nearly forty.

In a list of his books, as given in the Columbian Cyclopedia, are included the following works In 1653 and 1655 there was published a tract containing a statement of the belief and experience of his converts. He published "The New Testament" in 1661 and "The Old Testament" in 1663. A second edition of the New Testament was published in 1680, and one of the Old Testament five years later.

His "Indian Grammar Begun," printed in 1666 and reprinted in 1822, has these words at the close: "Prayers and pains through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything." Of his Indian Primer" (1669) a copy has been preserved in the University of Edinburgh. From this it was reprinted in 1877. Eliot published many treatises in the English language. Among these were "Indian Dialogues" (of which a copy is preserved in a private library in New York;) "The Logick Primer" (one copy in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian Library); "The Christian Commonwealth, or the Civil Policy of the Rising Kingdom of Jesus Christ."

According to Harper's Historical Encyclopaedia the last one of Eliot's publications was entitled "A Brief Narrative of

the Progress of the Gospel Among the Indians of New England in 1670." It was printed in London in 1671.

HIS LIBERALITY AND BREADTH OF CHARACTER

John Eliot was a broad-minded and charitable man; so cordial was his love for mankind that no one ever approached his door to be turned away, and he habitually lifted up his heart for a blessing upon every person whom he met. Puritan that he was, when Druillitis, the Jesuit priest, came to Boston in 1650, as an agent of the Abenaquis Indians, to petition for assistance from the English against the Mohawks, the governor received him with courtesy, but gave no promise of assistance. Parkman tells us that, at this time, Father Druillitis took the opportunity of visiting Eliot in Roxbury. Eliot bade him welcome, invited him into his house, explained his work in detail, and offered him the hospitalities of his domicile for the ensuing winter. This fact must ever remain a monumental tribute to his great latitude of character. The Jesuits were the implacable enemies of the Puritans, and the conflict between them for the religious conquest of the new world was fierce and unrelenting. But these two men, so widely different in their belief, were equally interested in the conversion of the Indians, and they spent the whole night in conference and prayer for them. The Jesuit father related this remarkable instance of successful conversion: His Indian converts on Good Friday laid their best robe of beaver skin on the snow, placed upon it a crucifix, and knelt in prayer for the forgiveness and conversion of their enemies, the Iroquois.

ELIOT'S LAST DAYS

Sore afflictions sometimes befell Eliot, especially when he followed some of his hopeful and worthy sons—two or three desirable preachers of the gospel—to their graves. His wife he loved, prized and cherished. Cotton Mather says that his whole coversation with her had such sweetness, gravity and modesty beautifying it, that every one called them Zachary and

Elizabeth; and after he had lived with her more than half a hundred years, he followed her to the grave with lamentations; her departure made a deeper impression on him than any common affliction could. Yet he bore all his trials with an admirable patience, and seemed loth to have any will of his own that should not be melted and moulded into the will of his Heavenly Father.

Eliot was not without a sense of humor. Cotton Mather says of him in this respect: He told me that he feared two of his nearest neighbors, Cotton of Boston and Mather of Dorchester, which were got safe to heaven before him, would suspect him to be gone the wrong way because he staid so long behind them.

In looking back on Eliot's labors among the Indians, Increase Mather said: The Indians have utterly abandoned that polygamy which had heretofore been common among them: they made severe laws against fornication, drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking and other immoralities, and they next began to lament after the establishment of a church-order among them, and after the several ordinances and privileges of a church communion.

But Eliot himself did not feel entirely satisfied with his own work. Just before his death he said: "There is a cloud, a dark cloud upon the work of the gospel among the poor Indians. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant it may live when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing much and long about. Alas, my doings have been poor and small and lean doings, and I'll be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all."

Such a man as John Eliot will be handed down to future times as an object of admiration and love, and appear conspicuous in the historic page when distant ages celebrate the worthies. He died on May 20, 1690, aged about 86 years. His last words were "Welcome Joy." All New England lamented his death as a public calamity.

O. AUGUSTA CHENEY.

THE FLIOT OAK

UNDER WHICH JOHN ELIOT PREACHED TO THE IN-DIANS AT THE OLD TOWN, NATICK

The identity of the Eliot Oak is a subject that has been much discussed of late. To ascertain the facts and put the question to rest, the Historical Society appointed a committee to make careful investigation and report at the next regular meeting. The following is the substance of the report:

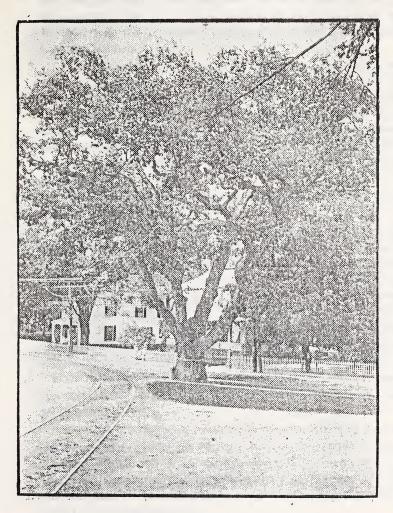
The earlier records or traditions of the village indicate that there were three oak trees once, of considerable size, near the site of the Eliot church, the third forming a triangle with the two so well known, and located near the residence of Mrs. White. This tree and the one which stood near the site of the drinking fountain were red oaks, and the one now standing a white oak.

The oak is a family of many different members. Its history has been very carefully studied, and the facts can be ascertained by any one who will consult the standard works on the subject. See "Emerson's Forest Trees."

The report of the committee, above mentioned, presented the following facts, viz:

The red oak is a tree of rapid growth. One of this species examined by the committee showed seventy-seven years growth, and measured three and one-half feet in diameter. It was also noted that the thickness of growth for two consecutive years was one-half inch each year, which would give an increase of six inches in circumference in two years. The best authority on the oak states that the red oak requires one hundred years to come to maturity, and one hundred more for its decay—making the life of the red oak about two hundred years.

The white oak is a tree of very slow growth, requiring about three hundred years to reach its full growth, about three hundred more for maturity, and a like period for decay. This computation gives to the white oak a life of about nine hundred years.



Let us now apply these facts to the trees in question. The red, oak, which stood where the drinking fountain now stands,

was a very large tree, and as long ago as elderly people can remember, the tree was much decayed. Many people thought the tree might have remained some years longer than it did; but in 1842, on the 25th of May, the tree was cut down, and those who were responsible for the act claimed that it was liable to fall at any time, and that it—was dangerous for it to stand any longer. Now, suppose the tree to have reached its uttermost age of two hundred years: it is evident that in 1642 it was just sprouting from the acorn.

Let us now apply the facts to the white oak. The tree is still standing, in good condition, and promises to outlive even the youngest inhabitant of the village. It is evident, however, that it has passed its prime; it has not increased in size for many years, and it is stated that the tree measures less in circumference now than it did half a century ago. The tree is in its decline, and those most competent to judge believe it to be from five to eight hundred years old.

These are the facts concerning these two trees, given as accurately as careful study has revealed them.

When any one wishes to know which of the oaks was really the Eliot Oak, he must apply the facts and answer the question for himself. When the Apostle Eliot came to this place in 1650, to Christianize the Indians, before the first church was built, it is said he gathered the Indians under a large oak tree and preached to them and taught them. If the red oak be taken at its oldest estimate, it was just peeping from the ground in 1642; and when the Apostle Eliot gathered his Indian followers about him, this red oak in question was a sapling of about eight years growth.

If we take the white oak at even the smallest estimate, when the Apostle first came to this place it was a tree nearly three hundred years old.

In view of the facts, it seems more than probable that the Apostle would gather his hearers in the cool shade of those branches, which had been reaching out and up for almost three centuries, instead of calling them around a tiny tree of eight summers, and whose shade would have been but a slight protection even for the preacher alone.

Seventy-five years ago the red oak was much the larger tree, and from its decayed condition appeared to be much older than the white oak, It is, therefore, easy to understand why many supposed the red oak to be the Eliot Oak.

In a matter of history it is not the opinions or traditions, but the facts, which carry the weight of the argument. It is easy to ascertain whether the above is a statement of facts; and if it be a correct statement, the unanswerable argument of facts points of the white oak, now standing, as the Eliot Oak of history and to fame. [Reprint from 1882.]

[According to the records of the Historical Society, Mr. William Edwards was the committee, appointed by the President, to investigate the identity of the Eliot Oak. Referring to the Wellesley College Calendar for 1882 we find that Mr. Edwards was, at this time, Teacher of Taxidermy and Curator of the Museum in that institution. Those who were familiar with Mr. Edwards' careful observation and accurate scrutiny of every detail connected with any branch of Natural History, would hesitate before questioning any statement he might make after a careful and thorough investigation.]

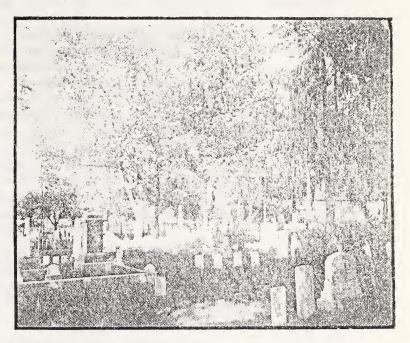
THE OLD BURYING GROUND

WHERE MANY OF NATICK'S OLDEST FAMILIES HAVE BEEN INTERRED FROM 1731 TO 1902

When Old Natick was inhabited mainly by the 'praying Indians, (1651-1745) they held town meetings like the 'English' settlers of other towns. The 'doings' of these meetings were recorded by Waban, the 'town clerk' but unfortunately were not properly preserved, and we must rely upon tradition for our history of their proceedings. One of these traditions which we believe to be authentic tells us that in the year 1731, the Indian town voted unanimously to give an acre of land lying near to and

north of the meeting-house, to 'Rev. Oliver Peabody and the English, for a burial ground forever.'

We suppose that the 'English' at once cleared about onehalf the land thus acquired,—the plot now known as section 1, for burial purposes, because we find therein the oldest dates: Here were interred the Sawins, the Morses, the Joneses, Rev. Oliver Peabody and family, Rev. Stephen Badger and family, as also other of the early English settlers. The earliest death date



is in this section, and is found in the family lot of David Morse, near the road. The inscription reads,— Here Lyes Buried the Body of Mehettable Dyer, aged 30 years. Dec'd June ye 11th 1733.

In the second section we find the families of Atkins, Bacon, Bigelow, Dana, Leach and Stowe. The earliest death date being 1775. 63 monuments and 82 names.

After more than a century the third section was added by purchase (about 1842). The oldest dates here are 'removals.'



The first actual interment was in the lot of Hezekiah Broad and its stone bears the date Oct. 27, 1843. In the year 1850 an association was organized, which still exists, to improve and care for this cemetery, and is known as 'The Burial Ground Association.'

During the summer of 1900 all the inscriptions were copied, verbatim, for the use of the New England Genealogical Society. The sections above mentioned are bounded by the paths. No. 1 at the left and No. 2 at the right of the street entrance. No. 3 lying back of both.

There were at this time, (1900) 217 monuments and memorial stones containing inscriptions. On these were the names of 260 persons deceased.

The eighteenth century tablets contain many curious names, specimens of which I append: 'Zeruiah,' 'Keziah,' 'Abigail,' 'Hephzibah', 'Medora', 'Pardon', 'Peltiah', 'Lampetia', 'Euphamia', 'Chloe', 'Olynda', Josephame. The last seemed to be combination of the names of father and mother and given to a daughter who was fortunate enough to die at the age of 16 years. A peculiarity of the earlier inscriptions is the poetic sentiment appended to the death record in the first person singular, as though the deceased person was speaking, a few examples of which are here cited.

"I was a wife a mother and a friend, But death has made an unexpected end; And you yt read, the summons soon may hear; For ye before God's throne must all appear."

One under date of 1812 reads:

"Friend or physician could not save My mortal body from the grave; Nor can the grave confine me here When Christ shall call me to appear."

Another admonishes us thus:

"Friend quit this stone and look above the skies;
The dust lies here but virtue never dies,
Weep not for me, my pains are o'er,
We soon shall meet to part no more."

In sharp contrast with these effusions are inscriptions as peculiar for brevity. An example:

"Mr. Roger Whiting, Obit July 19, 1808, Aged 40."

Again we find eulogies partly in prose:

"Sacred. Here rest the last earthly remains of the once lovely and beloved ———, consort of ———, died 1821;

A daughter dear, a lover kind and true, A generous friend, a consort, faithful too; Her faith was strong, her sins, we think, forgiven; And now we trust, her spirit rests in heaven."

Here lie the remains of the virtuous and amiable——, died 1828.

She was a daughter lovely, a sister dear,

A faithful companion and a friend sincere:

She early left this world of woe and pain;

Our loss, we trust, is her eternal gain.'

The following is recorded of the 'consort' of W. B. who died 1803.

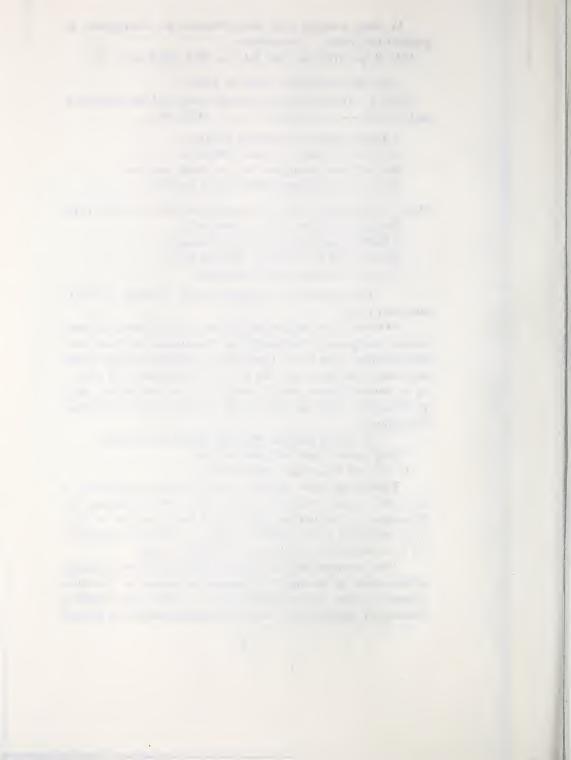
"Ye that know her can testify that in her centered all those virtues and graces which adorn the companion, the friend and the christian. The eye of Omniscience watches over the sleeping dust of the pious, and the arm of Omnipotence will raise it up to immortal honor, strength and beauty and exalt it to a joint participation with the soul in the rapturous joys of endless plessedness."

In 1784 a husband thus bids adieu to his consort: "Sleep on my friend and take your rest,

To call you home God thought it best,"

Perhaps the most elaborate and interesting inscription of all is that at the head of the grave of Rev. Oliver Peabody, the Missionary to the Indians who labored here from 1721 to 1752. It is entirely in latin. Below is a copy of Biglow's translation of it as published in his history of Natick in 1830.

Here are deposited the remains of the Rev. Oliver Peabody; a man worthy of the highest estimation, on account of his native powers of mind and useful learning. He took great delight in theological speculations. He shone conspicuously in the pastoral



office. For thirty years he ministered to the people at Natick, chiefly for the purpose of instructing the Indians in the Christian Religion. He was exemplary also in social life. He greatly excelled in geniune benevolence and liberal hospitality. In sure and certain hope of a future reward, he left the ministry, [died] Feb. 2d, 1752, in the 54th year of his age.

GUSTAVUS SMITH.

INDIAN SETTLEMENT AND ABOUT "OLD-TOWN" NATICK

The Historical Society held its first field meeting May 2d, 1881. The purpose of this meeting was to visit certain old Indian sites in and about the village, and to note, as opportunity might favor, some localities mentioned in Mrs. Stowe's book of "Old Town Folks."

A party of about fifty persons assembled at 1.30 p. m., on Pleasant street, near the grave of the Indian preacher, Daniel Takawambpait. The inscription upon his gravestone is brief, but our grateful memory recalls the fact that the Apostle Eliot found him worthy and appointed him to continue the good work when his own hand grew feeble and his eye dim. A reference to Judge Sewell's Diary states that "Daniel Takawambpait was ordained November, 1689, ye first Indian minister." From this spot, where the dust of the Indian preacher mingles with the earth under our feet, and the Eliot monument c ose at hand speaks of a noble life consecrated to the cause of the red men—from this spot we start in search of the places which were once the habitations of the sons of the forest.

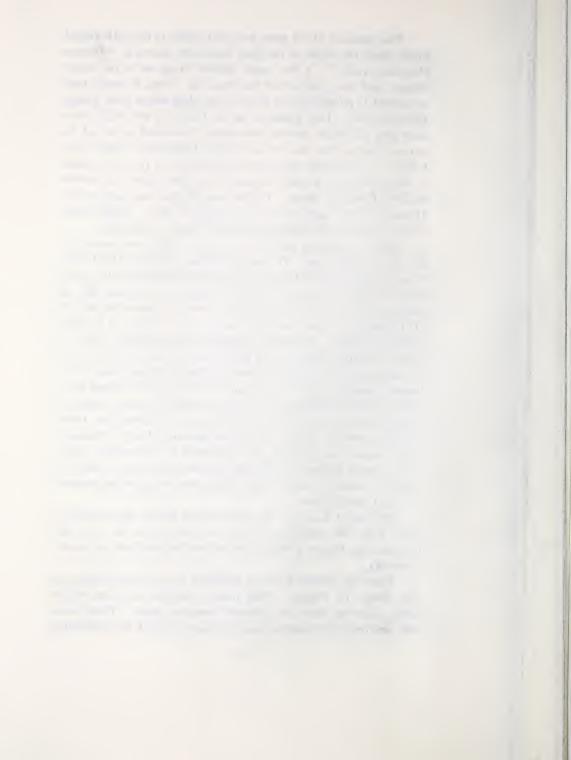
The route lay along Pleasant street toward the river; and the first locality of interest was a place where, if "Old Town Folks" are to be credited, the Indians always found a warm welcome. It was the site of Dea. Badger's house, which stood near the south-east corner of what is now the Library grounds. The Indians never called in vain at the Deacon's door; they always found some wholesome fare and the inevitable mug of cider.

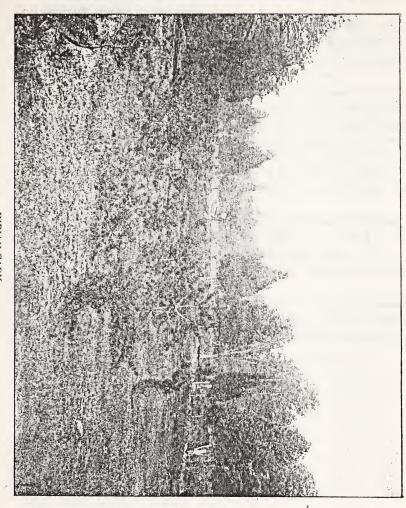
The attention of the party was next called to the little island which forms the centre of the dam, familiarly known as "Horace Holyoke's study." A few steps farther bring us to the canal bridge; and here, only a few feet from the street, a small stone monument is pointed out as marking the place where Dea. Joseph Ephraim lived. Dea. Ephraim was an Indian of estimable character and Christian virtues, who served the church as one of its deacons during the ministry of Parson Lothrop of "Old Town Folks." Continuing the route up Glen street as far as the house of Mary Halpin, we noted the spot where John Ephraim, brother of Dea. Ephraim, lived. To the east of this site, and on the Hartwell estate, were found the remains of three Indian cellar holes. Over one of these the Hartwell house now stands.

The next halt was made near the rear of the house owned by Mr. P. G. Branagan. In the immediate vicinity, Mr. Luther Titus pointed out four Indian sites, he having assisted a few years since in filling them up. A little farther on we reach what is known as the Indian Farm, purchased some time since by Mr. H. H. Hunnewell. Here are three Indian sites indicated by their stone monuments. The first monument, marked No. 2, shows us where Hannah Dexter, the far famed Indian doctress, lived. In the early part of the present century Hannah Dexter was a wellknown character in all this region, and was sent for far and near, as she had the reputation of effecting wonderful cures: She met a tragic death, however, on the evening of December 6th, 1821, by being pushed into the fire by her grandson, Joseph Purchase. After much delay Purchase was sentenced December 6th, 1824, to three years in the State Prison. At the expiration of the sentence he returned, but for some offense he was again imprisoned and died shortly after.

Monument No. 3, at the eastern part of the farm, marks a cellar hole still plainly to be seen, and monument No. 4, at the western end, denotes a locality where the Indians lived as recently as 1833.

From the Indian Farm we make our way to the residence of Mr. James D. Draper. This house was built over the cellar where once the home of Deborah Comeches stood. There is an old pear tree still standing near the house; and if its whispering





INDIAN FARM



leaves could only find intelligible speech it might tell us many a strange story of this race which, once so numerous here, will soon know these scenes no more. Mr. Draper has in his possession a rude earthern cup which without doubt was used by the Indians. The cup was found several years ago when removing some deposit from the bottom of the well.

The next move of the party was toward Pegan Hill, where several Indian sites and cellars were examined. Near the summit of the hill we found the spot where lived the well-known Thomas Pegan, from whom the hill derives its name.

After feasting the eyes with the far reaching, beautiful views of hills and mountains, lakes and river, we begin the return. Passing down Pegan lane we find on the way three more of these Indian cellar holes, neglected, forsaken spots, suggesting, in their melancholy silence, a fading and soon to become extinct race. The last of the Indian localities visited by the party was near the house of Mr. W. L. Colburn. The Indian who lived here was known as Chalcom.

The interest of the party was real and enthusiastic throughout the trip, and returning to the place whence we started, it was found that nineteen Indian localities had been visited.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE, in 1881.

The real names of persons referred to in the above article are as follows:—Deacon Badger was Deacon William Biglow, Horace Holyoke was Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, Parson Lothrop was Rev. Stephen Badger.

[Reprint.]

EARLY WHITE SETTLERS

THEIR HOMES ON THE ROUTE OF THE FIRST FIELD DAY EXCURSION OF AHE SOUTH NATICK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Pegan Hill Farm, adjoining the Indian Farm on the south-east, was owned and occupied by Thomas Ellis. We find in the early records that Mr. Ellis was tything-man in 1733. He lived many years on this place and died here July 19th, 1749.

Enoch Draper came in possession of this farm in 1792, at the time that the farm next south, owned by John Bachelder, was used as a small pox hospital. Mr. Draper lived here until Jan. 24, 1822, when he died, aged 59 years. Reuben Draper succeeded his father as owner of this farm, and died here Sept. 6th, 1853, aged 64 years. His widow, died Jan. 21, 1884, aged 91 years, 3 months and 6 days. George B. Hale, came into possession April, 1857.

The Hanchett Farm, long known as the Morse Farm, was originally purchased of the Indians, who probably lived on it before they sold to David Morse in 1761. David Morse sold to his son Joseph; Joseph gave it in his will to his sons Benjamin and Joseph, and they, in 1792, deeded it to their brother William, who reared a family of five children and June 4th, 1816, sold to Elijah Perry. It remained in the Perry family till 1856 (forty years) when it was sold to Wm. T. Hanchett, who still occupies it, (in 1883). The first house, probably built by the Indians, stood a few rods north of the present house, and near the garden walls. The well to this house is yet in existence—covered with a flat stone, and that with earth. The second house stood a few rods in front of the first, was a one-story red house with a large chimney in the centre. Mr. Hanchett put up an entire set of new, commodious buildings, taking the old ones down. Descend-

ants of the Morse family who live in the vicinity take a lively interest in their ancestral home. Three brothers of Wm. Morse in the early part of this century emigrated to central New York, where they acquired not only wealth but an honorable position in society.

The Wiggin Farm was originally owned by Nathaniel Battell previous to 1795, when it was sold by his heirs to Elijah Perry, who lived upon it till 1845, when he died, making his occupancy fifty years; then by Calvin Perry ten years; the next ten years by Elijah Perry, Jr., who sold to H. S. Edwards; and Edwards sold to David Wiggin, who owned it in 1881. Mr. Wiggin, taking down a good set of commodious buildings, replaced them with more spacious and costly, but not as convenient buildings.

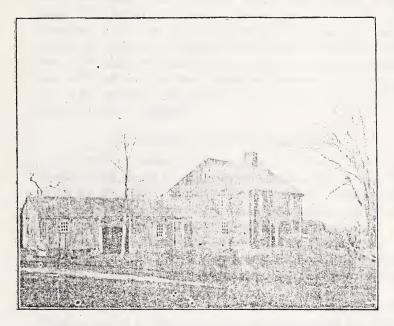
The Asa Bacon Farm lies north of the Indian Farm and was owned by Mr. Bacon a number of years in the 18th century, and by his widow with two sons and a daughter up to 1829, when she died, and the sons and daughter emigrated to Rutland, Vt. It has had various owners, but the buildings and a portion of the land are now (in 1883) owned by Ernest Wignot. This farm lay a half mile from any public way, until 1856, when Glen street was built, and a public way was made to Glenwood Cemetery, which was originally a part of this farm.

The place owned by the Flax Leather Board Co., and occupied by George Foster, was long owned by Mr. Isaac Bigelow. The house was a one-story gambrel-roof. In this house a family of four sons and two daughters were reared. In 1825 Mr. Bigelow took down the old house and built the present one. On these same premises stood the house of Dea. Joseph Ephraim, near the canal. Its site is now marked by a small stone monument. John Ephraim lived where the Halpen house now stands; and for many years the house was occupied by Ephraim Whitney—or "Uncle Eph," the cobbler.—ELIJAH PERRY in 1883. [Reprint]

OLD NATICK FARMS

THE BACON HOUSE

This place is the ancestral estate of the branch of the Bacon family that first settled upon the west bank of Charles River. It was once in the possession of a Whitney family, and was occupied a short time by Jeremiah Bacon, who married Anne Whitney. The next owner was Oliver Bacon, the son of John and Elizabeth



Griggs Bacon, of Dedham, born about 1724, and who married Sarah Haws, of Needham, in 1749, and was the father of John, born about 1761, who married Mary Ryder, of Natick, about 1791, and was the father of Oliver, John, Willard, Ira and Mary, and possibly others. He had a second Wife, Widow Vina

(Morse) Pratt, mother of a portion of these children By purchase, John Bacon acquired a large landed estate in Natick, upon both sides of the Charles River, and on Carver Hill. It was opposite this house that the Indians had a foot bridge over the river, the foundations of which are still visible. This house was built before the Revolutionary war. During the Revolution Oliver Bacon was influential in forwarding measures to support and carry on the war, and several times furnished loans to pay the Continental soldiers. He was an advocate of a specie currency, and stipulated that all loans should be repaid in "hard Spanish milled dollars." John Bacon was a farmer and maker of wooden pumps. By the thrift and industry of this family, and the generosity of one of its members, the late Oliver Bacon, Esqr., founder of the Bacon Free Library, the town is the recipient of a noble and bounteous gift. The house, with its wide fire-place, its rough beams, its hand-made clapboards, and wrought nails, is a specimen of the skill and handicraft of a race who wrought earnestly and well, and is a relic which should be preserved as an illustration of the methods and modes of life a century ago,-Horace Mann in 1882. [Reprint]

THE HEZIKIAH BROAD OR COOK HOUSE

In 1720, or about that time, a dam was built across the Charles River, nearly opposite this house, and a mill erected beside it by John Sawin, miller. But as the flowage brought complaint from the settlers at Medfield, Mr. Sawin moved his machinery to a new mill upon a stream near his house.

This Charles River property consisted of about an acre of land between the river and the road, the dam already built across the river, the works upon the dam and land adjoining, and all rights and privileges appertaining.

In July, 1733, Mr. Sawin sold this estate to one Hezekiah Broad, a clothier of Needham, and in the same month Mr. Broad bought other land of Rev. Oliver Peabody. Mr. Broad probably removed to Natrck soon after the date of purchase, as he was elected to a town office March, 1734. This was the home of this Hezekiah Broad until he died May 18, 1752. He left a widow, a daughter Rebecca, and a son Hezekiah, who was but one year

old at the time. This son became a man of marked character, and in 1787, when 36 years old, he was elected delegate to the State convention, which on Feb. 6th, 1788, ratified the newly-framed constitution of the United States. Mr. Broad voted against the ratification; but when it became the supreme, organic law of the land, he supported and defended it with the earnestness and heartiness of true patriotism which always distinguished hint. He lived to the age of 78 years, and died March 7, 1823. His son Hezekiah inherited the old homestead, and remained upon it till the year 1867, one hundred and thirty-four years after his grandfather settled there. The present house was crected by a family named Brown, who occupied it several years, and were succeeded by Mr. Cook, who now (in 1882) resides upon it.

Amos P. Cheney in 188: [Reprint]

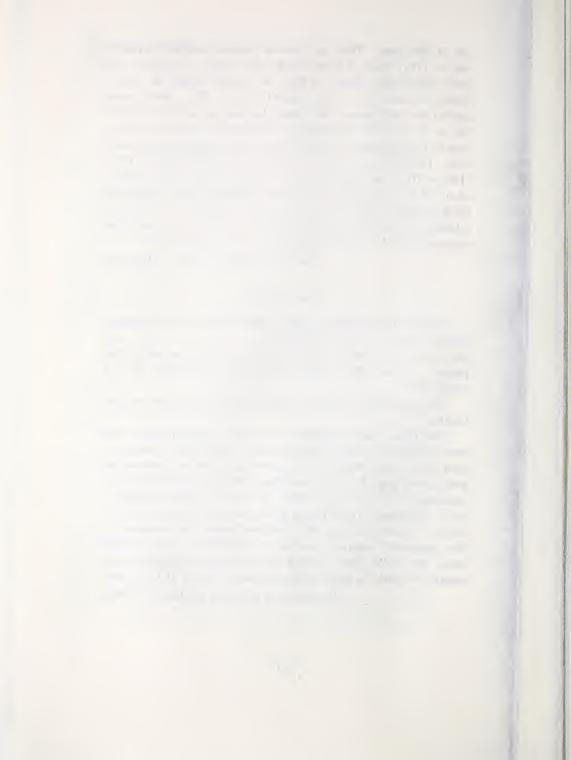
JOSHUA BRAND

Owned and occupied a small house which stood beside the old well just beyond the Walker house. He was an Indian, and one of the most noted of the physicians so numerous among that people. He married a white woman, who was spoken of as a "tidy wife."

Mr. Austin Bacon spoke in high terms of the doctor and his family.

Dr. Brand and Jonathan Carver were contemporaries and near neighbors; and that the intercourse between the families was most intimate and constant, the beaten path from one house to the other amply proved. It was said the children of each house were so warmly welcomed in the other as to feel equally at home in both. The doctor died, and his widow was long known as "Number Brand," which indicates her vocation during her widowhood. One daughter was married and went to Medfield, where she died about 1837. The house passed away long ago, and only the well remains to mark the spot which was once the home of Dr. Brand.

Reprint from pamphlet published in 1884.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATICK

ANTECEDENTS OF THE WRITER.

Natick was never a dull town, and if this paper be not interesting the fault is with the writer, not with the subject.

I am a descendant of the earliest settlers of the town, South and North—on my mother's side of John Sawin, said to be one of the two first white inhabitants of Natick; on my father's, through his mother, of Lieut. John Bacon who was killed at the battle of Lexington.

The story, as it was told to us children, of our great-great-grandfather is as follows: Though an old man, he was detertermined to go, himself, and fight the British (his four sons were going). They, with their mother, tried to persuade him to stay at home. His clothes were afterward found in a school-house rolled up together with those of others slain in the fight. These facts made a deep impression on our minds.

I can easily remember fifty years back, in the autumn of '46, when my 14th birthday occurred, and I was so well pleased with life that I wished I might remain at that age for the rest of my days.

THE INDIAN BIBLE.

That same autumn I attended the gathering at the town hall, with my older brothers and sisters, when the Indian Bible was presented to the town, and I heard Alexander W. Thayer read a chapter of those jaw-breaking words. They said, then, there was but one other perfect copy of the Bible known to be in existence and that was in Harvard College Library. It was considered a very fortunate thing that the town was able to come into possession of this by paying what seemed then quite a large sum. Patience Pease, the last descendant of the tribe, of Natick Indians, was present, the guest of the evening.

I shall have to confine my reminiscences to this part of the town, my time being limited, though I should like to talk of South Natick people, for whom I have a great admiration, having many friends among them.

CHURCHES.

The only churches in this part of the town in my early days were the First Congregationalist and the Methodist. own friends were chiefly in the Congregationalist church. these times, nearly everybody of any account went to church, or meeting, as we called it; it was never a hardship to go, for there we met our friends and made the acquaintance of people from other parts of the town. There were two services, with Sunday School between. We carried crackers for lunch, and went over to Mr. Kimball's house for water, spending the rest of the intermission reading inscriptions on the stones in the buryingground, which occupied the place where Winch's and Masonic blocks now stand. Mr. Kimball's house stood near the centre of the common as it now is. There were very few houses in the village at this time. Pegan Brook ran the south side of the railroad, with a little bridge over it for teams on the road. oldest sister, Lucy Ann, coming from a private school, at my aunt Patty Bacon's, one day stopped to play on the bridge, dropping her dinner paper in the stream and watching it come through on the other side. She fell in and came home drenched with water.

MINISTERS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Martin Moore, pastor of the Congregational Church at the time of my birth, left before my remembrance. Throughout his long life, however, he preached for us occasionally; his wife being a sister to Dea. Samuel Fisk, our neighbor, I knew him well. He did much for the town; encouraged the young men to go to college and incurred the lasting displeasure of a neighbor of ours by persuading one of his sons to study for the ministry. He was fond of droll illustrations, always bringing into sermon or prayer "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." When

Mr. Abram Biglow brought his six children for baptism, Mr. Moore gave out the hymn to be sung, beginning

"How large the promise, how divine To Abram and his seed!"

THE DEBATING CLUB.

Erasmus D. Moore, an able preacher followed Rev. Martin Moore. During his ministry the famous old Debating Club was organized, which had a great influence among the young men in town by creating a desire for knowledge and developing ability in argument. The book, containing the Constitution and By-Laws, with the names of members and the records of the meetings, has recently been put into my hands. The names are suggestive, as these boys afterwards made their marks in town and in the world. I give the first list in the order they were signed:

Austin Bacon
G. H. G. Butterick
George H. Herring
John E. Moore
A. Wheelock Thayer
Samuel S. Whitney

Henry Wilson John Whitney Jonathan Walcott William Wight Calvin Leland Edwin Morse

Those who have lived long in town will remember most of these in middle age and active life, and recognize that the Debating Club was a good foundation of power and influence. J. B. Mann's name appears on the second list. His ability as a writer and thinker is recognized by everybody. It is well known that J. B. Mann and Rev. Mr. Hunt were of great assistance to Henry Wilson when he started in his political career.

Rev. Samuel Hunt was ordained when I was six years old; he left when I was seventeen. He had much literary ability and was quite rigid in his views. As I remember him, he was agreeable in manner, and interesting in conversation, particularly interested in good English literature, and he encouraged the study of it by young people. In later years I often heard a gentleman say that he owed to Mr. Hunt his interest in good reading and his love of Shakspeare.

In those days the manner of living was very much simpler than now. We wonder how our mothers could accomplish what they did. They had fewer rooms, though larger, and fewer things to care for. The wide fireplaces and open fires received the dirt brushed from the white or nicely painted floors. There were few carpets and a healthier atmosphere in the house on this account. I remember when there was but one piano in this part of the town, which was in the house of Wm. Ferris, Esq., where were many other pieces of rare furniture.

When we went out to spend the afternoon, we carried our sewing; went as early as 2 or 3 o'clock and returned home after supper, but before dark. Our little evening parties were delightfully lively and informal. Refreshments often consisted only of apples, nuts and raisins, and we rolled the platter, played stage coach and Simon says thumbs up, and we had great fun, with little trouble to the hostess. All the young people in the family were considered old enough to go out in the evening when invited.

I remember the stately dames of this period, in their beautiful lace caps, and with their faultless manners. The young girls were brought up to do some kind of light work besides assisting about the house. Braiding straw for bonnets, knitting stockings and sewing patchwork were considered the right employments for children, together with the older members of the family. One would read the while, or tell stories, and much useful information was gained while doing our work.

Every one was expected to be up, washed and dressed before breakfast was ready; and, when I was quite young, each one stood back of his or her chair at the table while my father asked a blessing on the food. After breakfast came family prayers, when bibles were distributed to each one, including guests. We read from them in turn and my father offered prayer.

Mr. Hunt was succeeded by Rev. Elias Nason. Mr. Nason was fond of music; he compiled a hymn book while he was our minister, which was used in our church. The meeting house, at this time being too small for the congregation, was sold to the

Universalists, and a new one, the third on this spot, built. Mr. Tyler, now Dr. Tyler of Ithica, Professor of Christian Ethics in Cornell University, followed Mr. Nason. He was an eloquent speaker, bright and interesting in conversation, and almost universally beloved by his people. My mother used to say that he reminded her of Rev. Mr. Sears the beloved first pastor of this church. Mr. Tyler was our minister during the war, and went as chaplain for six months in Gen. Wilson's regiment, the 22nd Massachusetts Volunteers. Gen. Wilson, my brother, Judge Bacon and many prominent middle-aged men united with the Church during Mr. Tyler's pastorate.

TEMPERANCE.

There was great activity in the temperance cause at More than one hundred years before this, this time. Rev. Oliver Peabody had exerted his influence to suppress intemperance among the Indians. From that time till now, the cause has always had its strong advocates. In 1845, the Martha Washington Society presented a banner to the Young Men's Temperance Society. The gathering was in our Church. My sister Catherine, now Mrs. Ham, with Mary A. Wilson and Susan Morse as aids, marched up the centre aisle at the head of the ladies composing the Society, and presented the banner with a neat little speech. Henry Wilson received it with a speech for the voung men. Dr. Dio Lewis gave a course of stirring temperance lectures while Mr. Tyler was here, and ladies were chosen to help the cause. We visited the saloons and tried to persuade the dealers to give up the sale of intoxicating drinks. The wives of all the ministers in town, the deacons' wives and very many prominent women were of the number. We elected Mrs. Jane Kendall of the Baptist Church, who was sister to Capt. Ephraim Brigham, the elder, for our leader, and her wit and wisdom were a marvel to ns.

EDUCATION.

A great deal of interest in educational matters was always manifested in this town. There were five school districts as long ago as I can remember. Our district was No. 4, the North

Brick, and included all of Felchville. There were two terms of school in the year, usually about twelve weeks in the summer and the same in the winter. Our teachers in the winter, were often students from college, who helped themselves to funds for their own expenses in this way, and afterwards became quite famous Professors, Lawyers and Doctors. Everything was taught in school from the alphabet to the higher mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, etc. I remember recitations by the older girls in "Watts on the mind." The older scholars only attended in the winter. The winter evenings were enlivened by spellingschools, for in those days we were not afraid of the alphabet. Each scholar brought a candle or oil lantern to light the school house. Often scholars from other schools came to these gatherings, and we had great fun choosing sides and spelling down-Once in a while, there was a match in spelling or speaking between West Natick school and ours. Among those from West Natick, I remember Dexter Washburn and Jater, Newton Morse who excelled in declamation. Deacon Wight, when our teacher, had evening writing schools, speaking schools and once had an evening for teaching politeness. The session began with reading all round in the testament, and a prayer by the teacher.

One teacher, a nephew of Rev. Mr. Horsford of Saxonville, began and closed school with prayer, but he stayed only two weeks, for we had unruly boys in those days as well as now. Sometimes a teacher who had been successful in another school would come to us. Mr. Lucius Hunt, who had taught in West Natick, was our teacher in the winter of '47 and '48 - an excellent manager of a school. He called upon me about a year Said he followed teaching till he was seventy years old and then retired, being worth one hundred thousand dollars, all made and saved by himself. Think of this, you who are teachers and take courage. The older girls swept the school room by turns, and the boys built the fire and cared for it. That they did not spare wood, the red stove often testified. Sometimes a spirit of mischief would lead the boys to cool off the room at intermission by firing snowballs all about it, the result dampening indeed. Both boys and girls joined in cleaning the room and trimming it with evergreens for the examinations at the

end of the year, when the committee, our parents, and others came to pass judgment upon us.

HIGHER EDUCATION

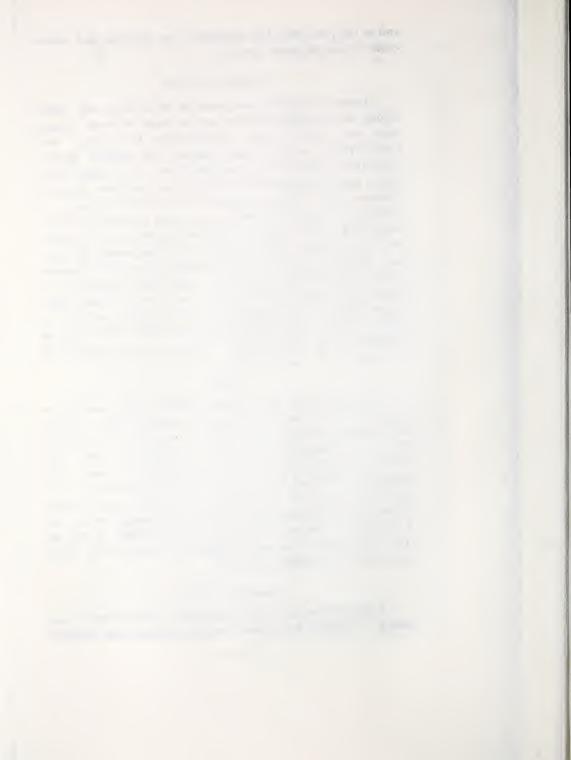
Having no High School proper in those days, our public schools were supplemented by private high or select schools where one oould do much toward fitting for college, Rev. Daniel Wight, a very successful teacher, Rev. Samuel Danion. afterwards chaplain at the Sandwich Islands, my brother Judge Bacon, and other prominent men had charge of these schools at different times. Those students who wished for greater advantages than were to be had in town, went to boarding schools. Many boys went to Leicester Academy, my father, his brother, Mr. Austin Bacon, and three of his sons being among the number. Bradford Academy received several of us girls; Andover, Norton, South Hadley and others. Mr. Allen's school at West Newton, was enjoyed by many, also the Normal School, under Father Pierce. In the Spring of '52, after hard work by my brother, J. W. Bacon and others, our High School was established to our great delight. Many of us have enjoyed its privileges.

MUSIC

We had one or more singing schools every winter, for Natick was ever above the average in musical talent. Among the singing teachers were Timothy Travis and A. Whelock Thayer. The latter had a keen can and coltivated taste. The older people will remember how finely the Whitneys sang. The Brigham family were full of music, and the Broad family of two generations ago gave much pleasure with their sweet voices. Luther Broad had schools for teaching instrumental music, and I attended the concert at the close of one of them, in the old Town Hall when I was nearly deafened by the roar of music from every conceivable instrument.

PROFESSOR STOWE

Among celebrated people who came to town when I was young, I remember Prof. Stowe and his wife on their frequent



visits to his aunt, Mrs. Col. Adams. Prof. Stowe, when a boy, was a pupil of both my father and my mother in school, who said he was a fine scholar, but exceedingly roguish. When I was older, I had the pleasure of calling on them with my mother at their delightful home in Andover.

LAWYERS

The first lawyers in Natick were J. W. Bacon and B. F. Ham. A clergyman in Wayland at this time remarked that the legal profession in Natick was decidedly porkish. George L. Sawin followed, of whom it was said that there was no more convincing pleader before a jury than he. He was also a great worker in the temperance cause, and wonderfully quick in wit. At one town meeting when the temperance people were working hard for no-license he with others proposed to divide the house. The vote was carried before the opposition realized the effect of it, for what respectable man would like to be seen with the crowd of topers? At another exciting town meeting where things were going badly, one of the leading citizens remarked, "We need our women here."

THREE MEN FILL ALL TOWN OFFICES:

I forgot to mention in its place, an episode of town history that occurred earlier than this when Deacon John Travis, Mr. Thomas Hammond and my father were elected to fill all the offices of the town, Selectmen, Assessors, School Committee, etc. After being elected to the first two named, some of the young shoemakers, in fun, elected them to every thing. There was an impression that the farmers were rather behind the times, and would not be able to fill all these offices; but the affairs of the town in all departments prospered in the hands of these men. An extract from the report of the School Committee that year, appeared in the Massachusetts Board of Education, of which Horace Mann was then the Secretary. This was the first and only time our town was thus honored.

HONORED CITIZENS

So many memories of the happy past come to me which I have not time to mention. I can only give the names of a few of the men who have been an honor and a help to the town:—Col. Chester Adams, Capt. William Stone, Mr. Nathaniel Clark, Capt. Willard Drury, Mr. Edward Walcott and many more.

WAR TIMES

I can say but a few words about war times. These memories are too hallowed for speech. Natick was loyal to the very core. I recall one large gathering on the Common, where, after some addresses, we all joined in singing "America," as I never sung it or heard it sung before, every word coming from our hearts. I have sometimes thought that those who remained at home, having friends among the soldiers, suffered almost as much as those who went to the war. It was one dreadful fear.

HARRIET F. BACON.

REMINISCENCES OF A QUIET LIFE

In looking backward through the vista of more than sixty years, many memories come, thronging the mind with pleasant visions of childhood's happy hours, and busy school days, with all the companions and associations which make up the picture of the past.

While these recollections are very dear and precious personally, they can hardly be expected to interest others; yet a glimpse of an old fashioned district school may serve to show the advance which has been made to the commodious and well equipped schools which the present generation enjoys.

Let me bring before your mind's eye the little one-roomed school house at South Natick, which, in 1840 stood back of the

Unitarian Church, beside the old "grave-yard," where the children would often wander among the graves at recess time, spelling out the inscriptions, and lingering pensively around the resting places of children they had known, yet ready to run to their play again with unclouded spirits; so near were life and death, and joy and sorrow, as they have ever been.

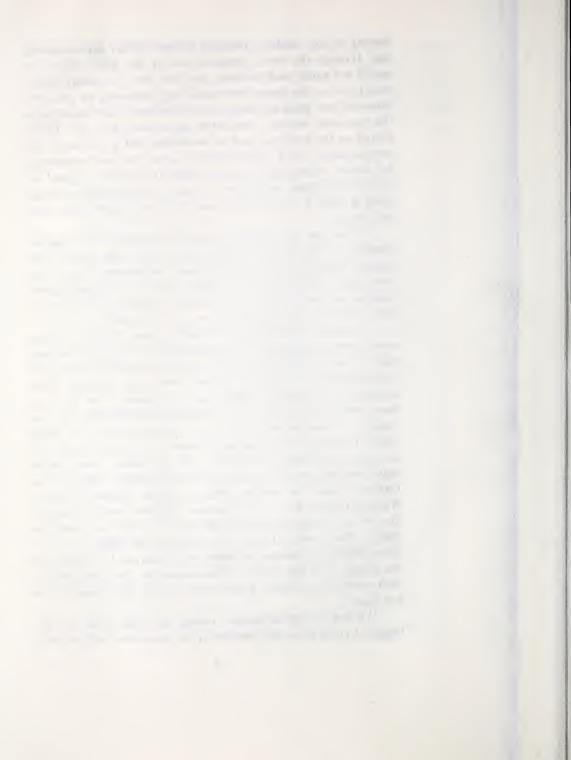
At that time there were two oak trees, one on either side of the church; the one on the west side, standing where the drinking fountain is now, was the one which history and tradition pointed out as the true "Eliot Oak," under which the Apostle preached to the Indians, of whom one descendant named Patience Pease, was living in the village, This tree had become decayed, and its hollow trunk was a favorite hiding place for the children; but when some of the town's people declared it dangerous, and it was cut down without the consent of the authorities, a great cry of indignation was raised, whose echoes have hardly yet died away. The wood was cut' up and distributed among the people and many canes, boxes and other articles made from it are still preserved as precious relics. The other tree, which is still standing, hale and vigorous, was a great delight to the school children, who used to climb among its branches and play under its shade. Another place where the little girls loved to play was on the meetinghouse steps, the same steps which they soberly and reverently climbed on Sunday to go to "Meeting" as we always called it, and in my father's family we always went twice every Sunday; no one ever thought of staying away unless they were ill. I have very pleasant memories of that dear old meeting house with its high pulpit, having a background of crimson drapery and a deep crimson fringe all around the desk, which I greatly admired. The Sunday before Thanksgiving Day when the Governor's proclamation was unfolded and spread out over the pulpit, the children all listened with great interest, exchanging glances and smiles which told their glad anticipations. How well I remember the people who used to sit in those pews, so very few of whom are left now. Their names are familiar to the older people, but their places have long been filled by others. There was dear old Mrs. Richards who used to be my

Sunday School teacher. Often in the cold winter days we would stay through the noon gathered around the stove where we would eat apples and crackers, and then Mrs Richards would read to us, — she always had something interesting to pass the time—till our good old minister, Mr. Gannett, would come in for the afternoon service. We had no organ then, but Mr. Holls played on the bass viol, and we sometimes had a clarionet accompaniment; but I must not dwell further on these memories, but return to the school house so near the church, typical of the New England idea that religion and education must go hand in hand if we would have our children become true men and women.

I can see the children coming to school on a summermorning, the little girls in calico dresses with long calico pantalets to match, and wearing gingham sun-bonnets, while the boys came trooping in bare footed, and often bringing great bunches of water lilies, from which they would give a few to their favorite girls and always some to the teacher.

After the roll-call came the reading from the New Testament in which every one who could read joined, each realing one verse. Then, while the primer class and the other little ones were being instructed, the older scholars were busy studying their lessons; for in those days they used text books, and did not have their work written out for them on the blackboards by the teachers. One teacher would have charge of forty or more pupils, ranging in age from five to fifteen or sixteen years, requiring a large number of classes. In the winter when older boys and girls attended school a man was usually employed as teacher, - and the studies often included Ancient History, Natural Philosophy, and sometimes Algebra and Geometry, Dr. Watt's "Improvement of the Mind" was also a favorite study. The young children, or at least one of them, used to listen with great interest to these recitations, and "Watts on the Mind," as it was called, was associated in her imagination with warts on the hands, which caused some bewilderment to her ideas.

We had no Superintendent, though we were liable to unexpected visits from the Committee, for whom the children had



a wholesome awe, which kept them on their good behavior while they were present. The personality of the teacher was the most important factor in determining the success of the the school and when we had one who was able to arouse our enthusiasm for learning and also maintain the necessary discipline, good results were accomplished, and some of those faithful teachers have been kept in lifelong remembrance in many hearts, while their labors have borne fruit in useful and honorable lives.

There was no janitor in those days, but the boys built the fires, and the girls swept the school room. Just before Examination day they would wash the windows and scrub the desks, which were carved with numerous initials and hieroglyphics, and when the day came the room would be decorated with evergreens and flowers.

But the day to which the children looked forward with most eager anticipations every summer was the Temperance celebration. The scholars were all enrolled in the "Cold Water Army," each one wearing a badge, and on this day all the schools met at the central district, each school carrying its banner and singing,

"With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong,
To fight against the hosts of rum,
And this shall be our song:"

We love the clear, cold water springs Supplied by gentle showers, We feel the strength cold water brings, The victory is ours.

They marched in procession to the top of Walnut Hill, which was then covered with a beautiful grove of walnut trees, where, after listening to songs and addresses on Temperance we had a picnic luncheon and enjoyed a right, good time.

I suppose such a method of teaching Temperance would not be practicable now with the great number of children in the schools, but it made a lasting impression on those children of long ago.

In comparing modern methods, which are such an improvement in many ways, I can only suggest that possibly too much is done for the children of the present time. So much is lavished upon them, both at home and at school, that it leaves too little play for the imagination, which adds so much to the happiness of the young. They would be more contented with fewer toys and amusements, and would have more to look forward to and enjoy as they grow older if such an effort were not made to bring everything down to their childish comprehension. Children require guidance and sympathy more than instruction. Let them grow up more simply and naturally, and find out more by their own experience, (which it used to be said was the best teacher), and they will be satisfied with simpler pleasures and a more quiet life. We used to have a theory of the gradual unfolding of a child's mind, like a flower, leaf by leaf, but now children are taught so many things that a witty lady has likened their mental unfolding to the opening of an umbrella, "expanding equally and simultaneously at all points; and fortunately for the child, it also resembles the umbrella in shedding more than it retains."

I am not disparaging modern methods, for I consider them a long way in advance of the old times, but I wish to give the scholars of those days due credit for the education that so many of them obtained under difficulties that would discourage the children of today; and perhaps the surmounting of these difficulties gave a sturdiness to their character which the easier methods lack. I well remember when our High School was first established, and it was my good fortuue to attend it for a short time, when it was held in two rooms of the Wilson School house with only two teachers. But school days soon passed away, and after a brief experience in school teaching, the next great change in life is the settling down to one's own home and housekeeping. In my own case, it was only moving to the centre of the town, where my life has ever since been passed, and except the first three months, I have lived all the time on the same street, and have watched the growth of the town and its development to its present flourishing condition, with all its modern improvements, its Library, its Hospital, and all the

numerous activities that keep our people so busy. The electric cars have done a good work in bringing the different parts of the town closer together and making us better acquainted with each other. In those earlier years when I so often walked the two miles between the villages, I could not have believed that I should see the time when I could be whirled over the road in fifteen minutes in a comfortable car without steam or steed. It would have been a great blessing to me then when I had so many friends in South Natick.

Time would fail me to speak of the many interesting events that might be recalled, and I will mention but a few.

My first memories are of the stirring times of the antislavery struggle, and the exciting Fremont Campaign of 1856. The speeches and processions and flag-raisings, and all the interest and enthusiasm that was displayed, will never be forgotten by those who participated in it. Fremont's defeat then led to the breaking out of the Civil War a few years later. Those sad four years I will not dwell upon; its history is too well known to us all.

Before the War, our usual winter entertainment was a course of lectures, and we enjoyed listening to such men as Wendell Phillips, Starr King, Dr Holmes, Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, and many others who were brilliant and interesting speakers. This was a great education, and listening to such men was an inspiration to higher thinking and nobler living

At the close of the war when peace was restored and business revived, an era of prosperity began, and with larger means, our style of living was much improved. With the introduction of water works, gas, electricity, housekeeping became easier and we had more leisure for social enjoyments; many societies were formed, some for benevolent purposes, and some for the study of literature, art and history. Among these, the Shakespeare Club has been notable for its long existence, having been organized in 1876, and many of our town's people can testify to the pleasant social character of the meetings, and also to the intellectual culture gained there. It is one of my happiest memories.

The great fire of 1874 is fresh in the memory of mauy of us, and I have a vivid remembrance of the awful splendor of the scene as I watched it from my window, and when the church steeple fell I wept over the desolation, feeling that the town would never recover from the blow; but like many other calamities its result was beneficial, for far better and more enduring structures were raised upon the ruins; improvements are still going on, and we hope sometime to make this an ideal town.

But what impresses me most at the present time is the pace at which we are living, — everyone seems to be in a hurry. I cannot begin to keep up with the times, so content myself with watching to "see the procession go by."

There is so much to do and to enjoy that with our social and church work, we have too little time for rest and quiet, and I sometimes question the value of all these activities. young people crave excitement, and are not satisfied with simple pleasures. They should learn moderation, and not be always striving to outdo others, but enjoy their pleasures rationally. I rejoice in all the out door activities which are doing so much for them physically, but the demands of our complex modern life upon both the young and the old are so great that the problem before us seems to be how to simplify our living in some way. I am unable to furnish a solution, but I will suggest that more simplicity in dress would save us much anxiety, and would really be more beautiful, especially for children; and we might simplify to advantage in other wars. so as to ensure more time for quiet family life, yet we would not wish to go back to the times when each family was a little world by itself — this is the age of altruism, and a sharing of all the good things of life with those who are less favored. And if our Woman's Club will try to bring about a better, social life, where people will be valued for what they are, and not what they have, they will accomplish a good work, and justify their reason for existence.

ABBY F. GALE.

THE CENTENNIAL HOB NOB

HOW AND WHY IT WAS ARRANGED

On January 24th, 1876, was given a unique entertainment by the ladies of Old Town. This occasion was note-worthy since it brought out so well the atmosphere of the historic time of Parson Lothrop and Deacon Badger.

The name, "Centennial Hob Nob" was a suggestion of Miss Amanda Miles, whose personality, literary and artistic, contributed much to the enterprise. Mrs. Hosmer, whose rare literary power and bright wit is well remembered, did valuable work as one of the committee. The energy and executive ability of Mrs. Chapin, another member of the committee, was also an important factor.

The Society had suffered a great loss in the fire of 1872. The collection of historical articles, among which were the sounding board under which Parson Badger preached, the fire frame of carved wood telling the story of Jael driving the tent nail through the head of Sisera, the continental uniform given by Mr. Hickox, and the valuable specimens of native birds and flowers, largely the patient work of Mr. William Edwards, had been entirely destroyed. - Rising from this great discouragement, the Society had done strong work in re-organization the founding of the Society, able men, among whom were Rev. Horatio Alger, Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, and Mr. William Edwards, had given their counsels; now, some money was needed for the expenses of the Society. The whole village gave generously in carrying out the plans of the committee. In every household were prepared loaves of bread and cake, doughnuts, baked and boiled meats, brown bread, baked beans and cider apple sauce, for the antiquarian supper.

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The entertainment was opened by a song by "Mump Morse," who, it is remembered, was wont to boast that "he could chord with thunder and lightning better than any man in the parish." On this occasion, Mr. Barton Bigelow added to the old time energy, an inborn appreciation of music, and a voice of fine quality. His solo "Cousin Jedidiah" brought out the hearty applause of the audience.

In spite of the desire of Aunt Lois to make a fire in the best room, on Sunday evening, in Grandmother Badger's Kitchen, were seated Grandmother Badger, (Mrs. Elizabeth Stain), Grandfather Badger, Aunt Lois, (Miss Anna Clark,) Aunt Keziah, (Miss Jennie Richards), Brother Bill, (Mr. William Chapin,) home from college for Sunday, when the noise of milk-pans, tumbling in every direction, was heard. Uncle Fly, (Mr. Sheafe), came dancing into the room, his clothes tattered by the blackberry bushes he had encountered in his short cut through the grave yard. Soon appeared Miss Mehitable Rossiter (Miss Miles), and Major Broad, (Mr. Elijah Perry), the social nobility of Old Town. The conversation of a most approved genteel style, was interrupted by a sound at the door, and Sam Lawson, (Mr. John Robbins), walked in. He immediately began to relate his visit to the North Parish and the Hopkinsian theory, with his amusing discouraging application of it. His difficulty in getting out of that well was a good piece of acting. From this, the talk extended to the works of Edwards, and Hopkins, the Cambridge platform, the Convention for the acceptance, by the state, of the National Constitution. The coming of Betty Poganut, (Miss Mary Clark) Sally Wonsamug, (Mrs. Chapin) and Hannah Dexter, (Mrs. Walcott), somewhat interfered with these dissertations. Grandmother Badger placed before the Indians a generous supply of baked beans and brown bread for their supper, in which they were joined by Sam Lawson. After the departure of Miss Rossiter and Major Broad, Betty Poganut, Sally and Hannah Dexter took the blankets given by Grandmother Badger, in order to spend the night before the fire.

The second scene was devoted to Readings by Aunt Lois upon some of the characters and customs of Old Town.

THIRD SCENE. — MUSIC BY THE OLD-TIME CHOIR, AND A GLIMPSE
OF DAME WILKINS' SCHOOL

In the next scene was shown the school room of Dame Prudence Wilkins, who was so well personated by Miss Miles. The bell rang. The big boys, among whom were Mr. Sheafe, Mr. Elliot Perry, Addison Bean, and Frank Perry, wearing long sleeved gingham aprons, and the girls, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Mary Clarke, Ada Caswell, Lizzie Wheeler, Nellie Robbins, Alice Edwards, Lillie Hanchett, Cora Bean, and Eliza Townsend marched in. After noisy preparation, they stood with feet on a crack in the floor. Dame Wilkins sat with the New England Primer in her hand. - Question after question received not very apt answers. Mrs. Hosmer, in long, white pantalets, short gingham dress, hair in two long braids, stepped forward and swinging herself from side to side, in a drawling, sing-song tone, recited her piece. The biggest boy, six feet tall and proportionately broad, gave in faltering accents, "You'd scarce expect, etc." Meantime a boy snatched an apple from the teacher's desk, and surreptitiously passed it on until there was nothing left but the core. Sly hair-pulling and flying spit-balls did not disturb the calmness of Dame Wilkins. Remarkable spelling was listened to. Suddenly, a profound quiet fell upon the pupils as Parson Badger, as school committee walked in. His dignified bearing and exhortations to the pupils to improve their great privileges are well remembered.

In the next scene, Sam Lawson was heard singing, "And must these active limbs of mine lie mouldering in the clay?" when the long-suffering Hepsey, with her broom and caustic tongue appeared and proceeded to give a well-deserved lecture to Sam, and later to carry him off to shoe a horse which had been waiting for him since early morning. Hepsey was most ably personated by Mrs. L. V. N. Peck.

The old-time choir, its ranks filled with men and women dressed in old fashioned costume, accompanied skilfully on the small organ by Miss Ida Morse, and led by Mump Morse, (Mr.

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Bigelow), made music which can never be forgotten. I seem to hear now, Jerusalem, Complaint, China, Sherburne, Northfield, David's Lamentation, and Russia, given with such zest as I never expect to hear again. "Strike the Cymbal," would carry one away in its heights of enthusiasm and energy. The "Ode on Science" was worthily done.

The arrival of Tina into the household of Grandmother Badger brought out her ideas on education. Aunt Lois with positive theory of system in the management of children, enforced by the sermon of Parson Moore, called out a vigorous exposition from Grandmother Badger. "O, yes! Of course there must be government" said she, "I always made my children mind me, but I would'nt keep long fights to break their wills. They turned out pretty fair too."

FOURTH SCENE. - THE THANKSGIVING FEAST

The thanksgiving scene belonged to the olden time. Aunt Lois attempted timely warnings to Grandmother Badger against gifts to old Obscue and his wife Betty Poganut, which were met by fitting quotations from the Bible. Later, the Indians went away well laden. Sam Lawson, remembering the generous hand, related his piteous story, and carried home to Hepsey, provision for a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner. Evening came and the guests arrived. Parson and Lady Lothrop, well represented by Rev. Mr. Hosmer and Mrs. Louisa Edwards were among the first. Mr. Hosmer dressed in a gown of Mrs. Hosmer's making, bands and a full bottomed wig, looked the stately clergyman of the period. Mrs. Edwards, in her own wedding dress, well carried out her part. Miss Rossiter, Major Broad, Uncle Fly, Brother Bill, Horace Holyoke, (personated by Frank Morse) and others, were there. The dancing of the Virginia Reel finished the scene.

FIFTH SCENE. — THE RECEPTION TO GEN. AND MRS. WASHINGTON, AND TABLEAUX

After this came the reception to General and Mrs. George Washington, represented by Dr. Townsend in the conventional costume of the period, and Mrs. Townsend in a wedding dress

of a former generation. All the characters of the evening passed in the procession. A most interesting member in it was Mrs. Elizabeth Stain wearing the beautiful brocade, embroidered heavily in sprays of roses. This was the wedding dress of Lady Lothrop. When John Bacon bought the house from Parson Lothrop's heirs, this dress, with the house passed into his hands. It is now to be seen in the case at the rooms of the Historical Society at South Natick.

Now came the tableaux. — "The Mysterious Letter." Miss Mehitable and Horace Holyoke, looking at the unfathomable letter.

"The Unexpected Guest." Emily Rossiter at the home of her sister, Miss Mehitable. "The marriage of Tina and Horace Holyoke." Miss Julia Walcott as Tina, was lovely in a light blue silk dress. Frank Morse, as Horace Holyoke well carried the part.

SIXTH SCENE. - THE ANTIQUARIAN SUPPER AND DANCE

Then came the antiquarian supper, spread out on tables extending the length of Bartlett's Hall. To this, the possessors of tickets sat down.

The choir delighted the company again with singing. The festivities closed with an old-fashioned contra dance.

Many guests were present from neighboring towns. The funds of the Society were increased by more than one hundred and twenty dollars.

LUCY M. TOWNSEND

MARY ANN MORSE

About eighteen hundred or a little later, Mr. Ruel Morse, a descendant of Samuel Morse in the seventh generation, came from Weston and built a small house where the Morse Institute now stands. His wife was Mary Parker, a grand daughter of Jacob and Alice Parker whose nurseries and gardens in Wellesley, then West Needham, were greatly celebrated for their extent and beauty.

Mr. Morse and his brother Samuel set up a trip hammer on Pegan Brook in the immediate vicinity of the present J. W. Walcott shop, and engaged in the manufacture of plows. Only two houses were in sight, that on the common, (afterwards known as the John Kimball house), and the minister's house, now called the old Walcott house on West Central Street. This faced the common but was turned round to make place for the Edward Walcott, now Middlesex Block.

Mr. Morse was a man of strict honesty and integrity and was quick to resent any interference or aggression upon his rights or property, and many stories have been told of his conflicts with persons and societies in his later years. Mrs. Morse was a thrifty woman and assisted her husband by painting and marking the plows. Mr. Samuel Morse soon left the business, and his brother continued it alone. Later he had a blacksmith shop at the corner of E. Central and Clarendon Streets. Mr. Leander French afterwards bought this building and converted it into a dwelling house. In a few years the dwelling house of Mr. Morse gave place to a commodious brick structure, afterward removed to Clarendon Street, to make a place for the present Morse Institute. children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Clarendon who died unmarried, Darwin — who married Phoebe Ann Huntress, and was the father of Charles H. Morse, Esq., of Wakefield, Mass., - and Mary Ann.

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Mary Ann never married, but remained at home caring for her parents until their death. Mrs. Morse died in 1849, Mr. Morse surviving her three or four years.

Wishing in some way to benefit her native town, Miss Morse conceived the idea of a Public Library, and left all her property for that purpose. Miss Morse was, for many years a semi-invalid, and one morning, failing to appear, her room was entered and she was found to have died during the night.

Miss Morse had often expressed the wish to be buried at sunset, and at that hour, on a beautiful summer day, her body was laid in the Parker tomb at Wellesley, with the remains of her parents and brother.

The present beautiful building, the Morse Institute, is her monument. On the wall at the head of the stairs leading to the distributing room is a marble panel, bearing this inscription:

"In Perpetual Memory of MARY ANN MORSE

Born June 16, 1825. Died June 30, 1862

She gave her whole estate to establish this Library for the use and benefit of all the Inhabitants of Her Native Town."

MARY R. ESTY

THE FIRST IRISH SETTLER IN NATICK

As far as can be learned, after numerous inquiries, Thomas Lynch was the first Irishman who settled in Natick. His residence in Ireland was in County Mead. He came here about 1840. His first wife was Elizabeth McCuskey, whose maiden name was Burgess. She was a widow, with two children, one of whom, Jane McCuskey is still living in Wellesley, and from her much of the information contained in this article was gained Thomas Lynch's first marriage occurred in 1844. It was said to have been a great occasion, and the whole village was invited to attend it. His first wife lived but four years; she died Feb. 20, 1848. A priest from Springfield conducted the services, and there being no cemetery at that time in Natick, the body was taken to Saxonville just after a snow fall so deep as to cover the fences, so that the roads could not be located.

The same year Mr. Lynch married a second wife, Catherine Lyons of Boston, who died Feb. 9, 1872, and was buried in Cambridge.

Thomas Lynch had the reputation of being a very honest man, kind in his family, and a very good provider. He always disliked a disturbance, and was known as a peacemaker wherever there was a quarrel. He was quite a conspicuous figure on the street, as, although not a person of great height, he always wore a tall, silk hat at funerals and when going to church. He died August 2, 1865, and was buried beside his first wife in Saxonville.

It seemed to be the custom in Natick in the early days, for the Irish settlers to assist their friends in the old country, to come to America. Two of the leaders in this work were Timothy Healey, who came from the south of Ireland, and Charles Fair who came from the west part of that country. They would advance money to bring over a few friends, and house them and board them for a month or more until they could pay their

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indebtedness. Then these latter would, in turn, send for their relatives, and in this way the work went on until quite a colony of Irish parentage was established in Natick.

The Irish, as a class, have been the subject of much criticism in various ways — yet, the characteristics of many of them are not to be wondered at when one considers how long and how severely they have been oppressed by England. The writer of this article could tell of deeds of heroism and faithfulness performed by the Irish that could not be exceeded in the annals of any other nation.

They are noted as being a bright race. Their patriotism has always been marked. It is claimed that in the war of the Revolution, more than one half of Washington's army was composed of Irishmen. They were also well represented in the Civil War.

Senator George F. Hoar said the Irishman was "the mint in the julep," and Ex-Governor Long, in his touching and eloquent eulogy of Patrick A. Collins said, "To be born an Irishman is to inherit the daring spirit inspired by centuries of resistance to political and religious oppression, by the heroisms of a subject but stubbornly resisting race, and by the traditions which associate every inch of native soil with legend and story of brave deeds. It is to inherit the contagious ardor that springs from the song of the native poet, the eloquence of the orator, the intense passion of the patriot, and the height of religious and national enthusiasm."

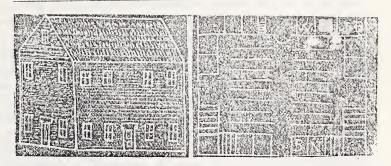
We place the name of Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance beside that of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians; we speak of John Boyle O'Reilly in the same breath with Henry W. Longfellow; and we think of Patrick A. Collins. Thomas J. Gargan, James Jeffrey Roche, and many another of the same race as active in every cause which has for its object, the benefit of society, and the welfare of humanity.

O. AUGUSTA CHENEY.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSES

The first meeting house erected in Natick was in that part of the town now called South Natick. It was a plain, wooden house 25x50 ft., English style, and two stories in height.

John Eliot went into the forest himself with the Indians while they felled and squared the timber, and then the Indians carried the timbers on their shoulders to the place of building. One white carpenter assisted in raising the building, and it was soon completed. That was in 1651.



[This picture represents the Badger meeting house—the fourth Church in Natick—which was raised on June 8, 1749, but the last of the pews were not put in until 1767 when it was resolved that the meeting house was "finished," and that no more pews should be built. There is an outside sketch and a plan of the lower floor. The "B" pew was Capt. Brown's; "N," Capt. Newel's; "W," Samuel Welles, or, "The Welles' pew; "J. B.," Josiah Bacon's, and the pew with a blank place, Deacon Bigelow's. The cut of this picture was made by Austin Bacon.]

As this building was to serve the place of church and schoolhouse, store and study, it must be a safe place, so they surrounded it with a large handsome fort, circular in form, and palisaded with the trees. This was the *first* meeting house.

THE PART OF SELECTION AND



In 1699 the Indians petitioned the General Court, saying, "Our church is fallen down, and we wish to sell to John Coller, Jr., carpenter, a small nook of our plantation, to pay him for erecting a new meeting house." John Coller went forward with the work, and was obliged, as he says, to expose his own estate for sale to meet the expense of building the house, and in 1702 the General Court granted him the land upon which he was already living, as pay for building the meeting house.

This was the second house on this spot built about 1700. The evidence for this you will find in the files at the State house.

A new minister, Mr. Oliver Peabody, comes in 1721 to live and labor in this Indian settlement. It is a great event, and great enthusiasm prevails. As a matter of course, the Coller meeting house is only 21 years old, but a new minister must have a new meeting house. On the old records we read that in 1720 a meeting of the people was called to consider the plan of a new meeting house. A committee was chosen and empowered to have the new house built near the spot where the old one stood. Surely they would not empower the committee to build a new house where the old one stood if they meant by it that the committee were to repair and refit the old house as some have supposed. But it is evident that the work of building the new house was carried forward at once, for on the 13th of September, 1721, the record says, a meeting of the proprietors was properly named, at which time they granted unto Moses Smith, of Needham, 40 acres of land on the southerly side of Pegan Hill, said land to-pay for finishing the meeting house.

This was the Peabody meeting house, and the third on this spot; and when the people went in and out on Sunday, they used to step across the ditch, which surrounded the circular fort in the days of Eliot.

The fourth meeting house is the Badger house, or the Parson Lothrop church, which was raised on June 8, 1749; and John Jones, deacon of the church, made the record at the time. But affairs were in a troublous state. The Indians and the English interests were divided, and the Badger meeting house was not entirely finished till 1767. This house remained standing,

though in a sorry condition, until 1812, when the young men in an election frolic pulled it down and distributed it upon the neighboring wood piles.

Thus ended the fourth meeting house; and after the lapse of sixteen years, the present edifice was erected, and dedicated November 20, 1828—the fifth meeting house upon this spot, and a lineal descendent of the Eliot Church, which name it bears.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE, IN 1882.

[Reprint.]

THE OLD ELIAKIM MORRILL TAVERN

On the 29th of April, 1782, (one hundred years ago), my maternal Grandfather, Eliakim Morrill, made his first purchase of two and one-quarter acres and thirty-three rods of land of the heirs of Jonathan Carver, which land is now occupied by this (Bailey's) hotel building, Mrs. Bailey's dwelling, J. H. Robbins' dwelling, and the school house buildings and yard.

On this land he built a tavern which he kept for seventeen years, followed by Ebenezer Newell, David Dana, Peter Twitchell, Luther Dana, John Brown, Samuel Jones, Calvin Shephard, Job Brooks, William Drake, Daniel Chamberlain, John Gilman, James Whittemore. Goin Bailey took it in 1849 and kept it till his death in 1875. The tavern which Eliakim Morrill built stood till March 2, 1872, when it was destroyed by fire, and Mr. Bailey erected this hotel on the old site in 1873. It has become famous, and is known throughout the country and is visited by persons from all parts of the United States; not only for its salubrious location and the historical renown of the town but also for the picturesque and charming scenery of its neighborhood and the excellence of its management. And yet probably it does not so fill the public eye, nor is it so much a part of the life of the people as was the humble,

unpretentious Inn, before which the sign board swung, in those first seventeen years, when Eliakim Morrill, and Ruth (Russell) his wife, dispensed its hospitality and entertained weary and hungry travellers, sheltering man and beast from the storms of winter; when fires of hickory and oak wood blazed upon the wide open hearth, in the low-studded "common room," and the loggerheads were heating in the coals and the fragrant smell of the turkeys, or beef, or pork roasting on the spit before the open fire place in the kitchen filled all the house. There were no railroads and no stage-coaches then, and nearly all the travel on this road between the cities of Boston and New York, was on horseback or in rude wagons.

Whatever idea of my grandfather may have been conceived by the readers of the caricature of him in that remarkable book, "Old Town Folks," (announced to be the production of Harriet, daughter of the late Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., who became the wife of a learned and distinguished Professor of Sacred Literature, born and bred in this village, the incidents of whose early life are well known to me): this may be said of him, that he and his wife, Ruth Russell, were praying christians; and my mother, Elizabeth Morrill, who was born in the front north-east chamber of the old tavern in 1788, and her brother, Joseph Morrill, who was born there two years later, were accustomed to attend the family prayers in that room, which their father never omitted, morning or evening, till his last sickness and death in 1825, in Dedham village. I can recall his manner of conducting this devotional exercise in my early boyhood, when he used to read a chapter in Scott's Family Bible, and then pausing, he would say, "Practical Observations," and read what those who are familiar with that Bible will recognize. He was a good man, was born in Wilmington, Mass., and was the son of Rev. Isaac Morrill, who was the son of Abraham Morrill, of Salisbury, Mass., who came to New England in 1632, was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in 1638, came to Salisbury in 1650, and there died in 1682.

Jacob Morrill, his son, was the representative from Salisbury in 1689. Rev. Isaac Morrill, son of Jacob, was born at Salisbury May 20, 1718, was graduated at Harvard College in

1737, settled in the ministry at Wilmington, Mass., May 20. 1741, died August 17, 1793, leaving five sons, Isaac, Eliakim, James, William and Nathaniel, and two daughters, Nabby and Dolly. Isaac studied medicine and settled in that part of the town set off to Needham, and died at the age of 93 in the village of Wellesley. James became an opulent East India merchant, at the head of India wharf, Boston, and was deacon of the First Church in 1825. Nathaniel lived on the homestead in Wilmizgton. William was a physician in the western part of the State. Eliakim was born in 1751, and was thirty-one years of age when he built the Old Tavern. He removed from Natick to Dedham about the year 1799. He and his household were members of the ancient First Church of Dedham during the pastorate of Rev. Joshua Bates. When Mr. Bates, in 1818, left the pastorate to become the President of Middlesex College, Vt., and a successor was ordained by the parish without the vote of the church, the majority of the church seceded and formed a new society, known today as the "Allen Church." having taken the name of the first minister of the Dedham church, Rev. John Allen, in 1638. He went with them and was a pillar in the new church to the day of his death, in 1825. The late Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, D. D., who was ordained first pastor of the new society in 1821, in a note to a centennial discourse delivered by him Nov. 8, 1838, mentions Eliakim Morrill as one of the aged members of the church who had died within a few years, "whose names are written in the book of life." He could not have been of the frivolous character depicted in "Old Town Folks." He died forty years before the book was published. Calvin Stowe hardly ever saw him after he left Natick for Dedham in 1799, and Harriet Beecher never saw him. The traditions of Eliakim Morrill in the Bigelow family as related by the mother of Prof. Stowe, are too shadowy, too much colored by the peculiar eccentric love of mirth which characterized William Bigelow and Calvin Stowe, and William Stowe his brother to be believed as truth. Let us honor our ancestry by disbelieving it. But let that pass. This old tavern stand will never cease to be an interesting spot in this old town. This old tavern stand will never cease to be an interesting spot in this town. The old

tavern was famous in its day and generation, like the Inns made famous in London by Ben Jonson and Sir Walter Raleigh and Shakespeare, Beaumont and Sam Johnson, Goldsmith, Cooper and Dickens. I delight to dwell upon its picture as presided over by my grandfather,—not as he was in his old age, when he used to take me with him in a square-topped "one-horse shay" from Dedham to Boston, a distance of ten miles, and back in the same day; he, dressed in short clothes, black silk stockings, silver knee buckles and shoe buckles; we stopped at every tavern on the road,—but as a younger man, a host on hospitable thought intent, as he was always in his later years. I associate his Inn with the Inn sung by the polished muse of William Shenstone in the lines:

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it, at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store—
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Who'er has traveled life's dull round Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an Inn.

[Reprint]

S. B. Noves, of Canton, in 1882. (Grandson of Eliakim Morrill.)

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THE OLD MORSE TAVERN.

Rufus Morse, brother of Ruel Morse, was one of the thirteen children of Samuel and Sybil (Jennings) Morse. He married Hannah Drury, of West Natick, and worked at brick-making in the clay pits on the shore of Long Pond, now Lake Cochituate. After some years he built a tavern in Natick, whose long front and many doors and windows faced East Central street, with its western end on Hayes street.

There being no tavern in the town between Morrill's in South Natick and Haines's in Felchville, it seemed that so necessary a part of village life might flourish and be profitable. The second story was in one long hall, and when completed was dedicated by a grand ball. Eighty couples came, by stage, from Boston, and the magnificence of the occasion was a subject long talked of. In this hall were held the dances, the parties and the lectures of the village for many years. When Takawambait Lodge of Odd Fellows was instituted in 1845, the meetings were held here. In the lower part the family lived, and Mr. Morse kept a small store, where he sold milk, West India goods, and like all groceries of the period, New England rum. Tradition has it that Mrs. Morse kept a bowl of silver and a bowl of gold in the front room closet from which she made her change.

After the railroad was built in 1835, the Long Pond Hotel was put up near the depot, and such trade as there was in that line gravitated to it, leaving the old stand with but little to do. Mr. Morse, after a few years, gave up his store and turned the house into tenements. Among the many families who made this house their home were the parents of Henry Wilson.

About the time of the civil war the building was sawed into three parts by Mr. Nathaniel Smith, then the leading carpenter of the place, and moved in different directions. The long barn

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gradually went to decay, and one night in the seventies the sky was illuminated by the flames which consumed it. The house of the Catholic priest occupies the lot where the old landmark formerly stood.

The Morses had five children. Williard lived always at the "West Part," and left a family there when he died. Maria married Stephen Hayes and built a house next her father's. Calvin, Rufus and Caroline never married. After the house was gone they built a cottage on Mulligan street, where, one after another, they all died.

MARY R. ESTY.

PATRIOTIC NATICK

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(On this centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, it is fitting that Natick should chronicle some of the deeds of her patriotic citizens in the past. The aborigines and the foreign-born, with their descendants, were alike intensely patriotic. In the present year of 1909, Natick furnishes a Representative to the General Court of Mass., a State Senator and a member of the National Congress at Washington. We do not forget that in 1873 she contributed a Vice-President of these United States whose name is known and honored all over the world. Our greatest desire is to so train our youth, at the present day that, although none of them ever attain that distinction, there may be among them, some exceptional individuals who are worthy, in character and fitness, to fill even the highest office in this enlightened republic. Ed. Hist. Collections, Feb. 12, 1909.)

From the earliest days of Massachusetts, Natick has been a historical and patriotic town. Soon after the Pilgrims landed they journeyed from Plymouth to Providence. Their minister records in his dairy that they camped or "tarried by a rock that is cleft in twain, near a brook emptying into a river." This is at Cleft Rock Farm, So. Natick, near Orocco farm. Thirty

years later we find the peace-loving Indians leaving their homes in other towns and with the preacher, John Eliot, locating at the foot of two large hills near the river in a place they called Natick, "The Place of Hills." Here for many years they lived, hearing the teachings of the Bible, having a local government established by John Eliot, and subject to British Rule. Here was the first town of Praying Indians, later followed by Canton, Grafton, Marlboro, Lowell, Littleton and Hopkinton, in which dwelt about 3000 praying Indians. It is said but for the assistance rendered by these Indians, King Philip would have entirely destroyed the English settlers. Here was located the Indian saw mill, one of the oldest in the United States, only three having been built before. This was fin-The timber for the Indian Meeting-house in ished in 1658. 1651 having been sawed in pits. This mill was destroyed during King Philip's war and was not rebuilt. Horace Mann says at the time it was built there were none in England.

Here in 1658 came the first white settler, Thomas Sawin, a soldier and patriot, to make his home, followed soon by John Carver and David Morse, and as years passed others came to make their homes until in 1762 Natick was no longer an Indian town with Chief Waban and Takawampbait for judge and town clerk, but having a white board of officers and a population of 535 souls.

Later we find Natick the home of Stephen Badger, Uncle Bill, Sam Lawton and many other well known characters of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Old Town Folks."

Natick formerly extended to the Sudbury river. The first land grant extending from a given point to John Smith's house near the Sudbury river (now called Wayland) and then four miles along the Sudbury river. Many changes have since been made, but we have always felt as if we were near neighbors to Sudbury people. Natick has the distinction of having probably the first muster in the United States. In 1663 a grand muster of the Indians was held at So. Natick with attendance of 1000 Indians. A few years later in 1676 a company of 52 Indians was organized to fight against King Philip

and we find them on April 20 of that year going to the relief of Sudbury in their great struggle against this cruel leader.

Thomas Sawin, the first white settler, was a soldier, and his son, also called Lieut. Thomas Sawin, was a soldier of the French war and commanded a detachment of Natick military at garrison duty in Springfield in 1757. The house of Thomas Sawin 3rd was a rendezvous for some of the minute men, and to this place came Abigail Bacon and her niece, Abigail Smith, the night of April 18, 1775, to warn the Sawins that the British were marching from Boston. Abigail Bacon afterwards became the wife of Thomas Sawin and was one of the surviving pensioners of the Revolution in 1840. Abigail Smith married James Stafford, a lieutenant under John Paul Jones in the battle in the British Channel 1779. Ezekiel Sawin was a soldier of the Revolution and also a member of the Expedition to Canada. Abigail Sawin was the wife of Lieut. John Bacon, who was killed April 19, 1775. Many other members of this very patriotic family served in different wars until the time of the signing of the Independence. Early in 1774 Natick showed her patriotism by appointing a "Committee of Inspection and Correspondence" to carry into execution the agreement and association of the Continental Congress" as town records say. When the convention was called at Concord to adopt measures to organize opposition to the schemes of the British Ministry Aug. 30, 1774, Natick was represented by Hezekiah Broad.

During the early part of 1775 much dissatisfaction arose among the Colonists regarding the injustice of the King of England and his officers in this country. A town meeting was called in Natick to talk over the state of affairs and see what could be done. March 6 a company of 18 minute men was raised by Capt. Joseph Morse. About two weeks before April 19 word was received that the British in Boston were planning some expedition to destroy the stores of ammunition at Worcester and Concord. When early April 19 the alarm was sounded by Captain Dudley of Sudbury, Historian Bigelow says: "Every man was a minute man and 76 out of a population of 535 responded to the call. Some veterans of the

Frnch and Indian wars, some negroes, some slaves, all pattriots." Having such a distance to travel only a few reached Concord or Lexington until the retreat of the British.

Capt. Dudley lived near the head of Lake Cochituate near the present site of the Simpson mansion. He had been appointed at a meeting held in Sudbury to carry the alarm to Natick and Framingham. His wife used to tell the story with great glee and say, "Yes, and when you heard the British were coming you ran the other way as fast as you could run," not explaining why he ran. Many familiar names appear in the State Archives as minute men. An incident of the battle at Lexington was told of Caesar Ferrit and his son John, who arriving at a house in Lexington before the British troops, entered, fired upon the regulars and successfully concealed themselves under the stairs until the enemy had gone. sar Ferrit was called a natural curiosity. He was a native of one of the West India Islands and coming to this country married a white woman. His son John fought throughout the war and was a pensioner.

Although a patriotic town, Natick was at the time of the Revolution about equally divided in sentiment as to the best Many thought the Colonists could method of government. never overcome the British and perhaps it would be best to remain loyal to the King. So we find Natick sending a delegate to the convention to vote against the new constitution and when the call came for guns and blankets the article was passed over at town meeting. We also have a tradition that the selectmen were arrested and put in jail for their opposition but they failed to make any record of it in their reports. Natick's company brought home several prisoners from Lexington who afterward settled in Dover. During the early part of 1775 a military company had been formed and officers chosen, to be ready in case of emergency. When the call came just before June 17, the ever to be remmbered day of Bunker Hill, our company of 7 (seven) officers and 34 privates were among the first to respond. They were all residents of Natick and fought in Col. Samul Bullard's 5th Middlesex County Regi-

ment, Bullard being a Sherborn man. The original muster roll of this company is now at the historical rooms at So. Natick, a much prized relic. About this time we find on the town records a meeting called to allow Capt. Mann, Lieut. Wm. Boden, Clerk Abel Perry, to be dismissed from their duties as selectmen and appoint men in their places, as they were going into the Massachusetts war. This company was allowed 1d. per mile for travelled miles and as they went 33 miles the pay roll of the company was for two days, amounting to £11 8s od. Many of these men did not return home. Capt. Baldwin fell at Bunker Hill. Some came home soon to die, while others lived as ancestors of many of our best townspeople. names of Broad, Smith, Bacon, Mann, Morse, Felch, Drury, Fiske, Travis, Reed, Sawin, etc., are all familiar to us and were all names of our Revolutionary patriots. Lieut, Wm. Boden was an influential citizen serving in many offices, giving to the town the cemetery at West Natick. He died in 1807. The following inscription was placed on his tombstone:

"Erected by the Town of Natick, Aug. 1855, in memory of Wm. Boden and his wife. He was the first white Justice of the Peace who resided in Town. He was a patriot in the Revolution, served his country faithfully in the army, and at home was a good citizen and neighbor. He gave the town the land for this cemetery, and also a site for a schoolhouse. He owned a good farm, which he bequeathed to an adopted son, who soon squandered it all away, not even erecting a stone to mark the place of burial of his adopted friend and benefactor. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'" He did not leave any children to carry on his good works. Nearly all of the company who went to Bunker Hill fought throughout the war. Capt. Morse's company was with the army at Cambridge with Col. Patterson's regiment until Aug. 1, 1775. Capt. Aaron Gardner had 11 Natick men; others were in Capt. Mellin's company. Many responded to every call, to New York, Rhode Island, White Plains, Canada, Dorchester, etc. During these years 120 negroes enlisted to help free their country. Many men enlisted in companies formed in other

towns. Dea. Wm. Bigelow, who was Mrs. Stowe's Dea. Badger was a minute man from Weston. Family tradition tells the story of a minute man and a British soldier going in opposite directions around a house in Lexington. Upon meeting, the British soldier was killed and the minute man returned home safely. The minute man was Dea. Bigelow, grandfather of Wm. P. Bigelow and his sister, Mrs. Isaac Gale. Capt. John Felch fell in the battle of White Plains. John Jones took command of a company in 1775 and while serving on duty at Crown Point was taken with smallpox and died July 4, 1776, the very day of the Declaration of Independence. His father was one of Parson Lothrop's deacons. Major Joseph Morse served from 1775 to 1779. Asa Drury answered in all the calls until 1781. These are only a few of our loyal forefathers.

Many meetings were held during the next few years to provide clothing and pay for the volunteers. We learn the soldiers who went to Boston received 16 shillings per month for 9 mos.; 22 shillings per month for 5 mos. Old soldiers who went to New York £2 10s for 6 mos. White Plains £2 10s for 2 months.

Although our neighbor, Framingham, claims Crispus Attucks, Natick also was the home at one time of this first victim of the Boston Massacre. He was not brought home but was carried to Faneuil hall and buried with great honors in Boston.

The Constitution adopted in 1776 we find copied in full in the Town Records by order of the Government. It is in a plain round hand and is most interesting. I suppose it was also recorded in every town record. When the call came for men to reinforce the army attempting the Conquest of Canada, a number responded to join Arnold. The town voted 7 pounds bounty additional to the bounty of 7 pounds already offered by the Government for those who would go. A little story of the Revolutionary days is the following: A Natick recruit needed a suit of clothes. The sheep were sheared, 12 maidens carded and spun the wool, wove the cloth and cut and made the suit in 24 hours.

The first town meeting was held May 20, 1776, under the new rule, all meetings previous to this being called in the name of the Government of Great Britain. It is interesting to know that to be a Republican at that time meant that every citizen possessing the sum of £60, whatever his occupation or profession in life, be at perfect liberty to act for himself in the choice of men to rule over him.

Natick people were always opposed to the Constitution and instructed their delegate to the convention for adopting the Constitution in November 1787 to vote against it. This delegate afterward changed his mind and voted for it. In view of the fact that in 1778 the town voted at public meeting not to accept the Constitution the Continental Congress expressed doubts as to the allegiance and loyalty of Natick. So we find a solemn oath of allegiance recorded in the town books signed by 17 leading men of the town, renouncing allegiance to the King and pledging faith to the Constitution of the Commonwealth. After the close of the war Hezekiah Broad was made a member of the Constitutional convention.

So we see Natick contributed her share to the patriots of early days, as she has ever done in the days since.

When the call for defenders came in 1812-1860-1898 children and grandchildren of the first patriots following their father's example in supporting this Government, gladly enlisted to serve their country and to give their lives if need be. Natick also had the distinction of being one of the towns where "Cornwallis" in celebration of the surrender of Yorktown, was held. July 4, 1809, the town had a grand celebration. Bands led a procession of people through the streets, the village choir singing a hymn written by Freeman Sears, who was one of the many educated and cultured men for whom Natick was then and has ever since been noted.

Hail to the morning the day star of Glory, Hail to the banners by freedom unfurled, Thrice hail the Victors; the freemen of story Liberty's boast, the pride of the world.

FLORENCE LOVELL MACEWEN.

A TALE OF PEOPLE AND INCIDENTS IN SOUTH NATICK IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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Bigelow was an honored name, represented, principally, by Dea. William Bigelow and wife, who came from Weston, Mass., and lived in the house (long since torn down), situated nearest the north end of the bridge across Charles River. He was the miller of the vicinity. He owned, and worked, the grist and saw mills, and two of his sons succeeded him in the business. Whether Mr. Bigelow was deacon of the church under Mr. Badger, I cannot say. However, during the latter part of his life, I recollect his holding that office in the church at West Needham, -now Wellesley, -- under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas Noves. He was a man of kindly nature and benevolent bearing. Mrs. Bigelow's light did not shine under a bushel. She possessed salient traits of character that were not unknown to the public. She had a taste for literature, a thirst for knowledge, and was social and hospitable, drawing round her persons of kindred tastes.

They had a family of ten children, all but one of whom lived to take an active part in the duties of life. As a family, the Bigelows stood well in the community, were intelligent, witty, and some of them were distinguished for literary and poetic productions. Jocoseness was a prominent family trait, often demonstrated at the fireside, and at the expense of whoever was near; even the good mother did not always escape the pungent jibes of her offspring.

One night, after the labors of the day, she sought solace and comfort, as usual, in poring over the contents of some The state of the s

favorite author, but, too weary, she fell asleep and dreaming. On waking she found her tallow candle melted upon her book. She was thenceforth spoken of as the History of Grease. On another occasion, while she was napping with her book in hand, a jocose nighbor stole into the room, drew her cap from her head, and hung it upon a gridiron, which was suspended on one side of the great fireplace; then, assuming to have just entered the room, she called out: "I have heard it said that you wash your caps in a mud puddle, and dry them on a gridiron. Now I see it to be a fact." Only one child of William and Hepsibah Bigelow now survives, Mrs. Adams, the voungest of the family, who resides in Cambridge. One son of the family was a graduate of Harvard University, and acquired distinction by his literary attainments and poetic effusions. A grandson, Calvin E. Stowe, graduated at Bowdoin College, and has a name to live after he has passed away. Another grandson, A. W. Thayer, graduated at Harvard, and is now United States Consul at Trieste, having attained special distinction as a musical critic, and as the writer of a life of Beethoven. Yet another grandson is at the head of the University Press, Cambridge, and received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard University.

Eliakim Morrill, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Bigelow, and resided in this place in early times, was a tallow chandler in business. He removed to Dedham, and lived to a good old age. Talent and respectability were represented by this family. Dr. Isaac Morrill, brother of Eliakim, was the much esteemed physician for many years, in Natick and vicinity. Many of us remember him in his professional journeys on horseback, with his saddlebags of medicines. He was always a welcome visitor personally in families, as he brought a cheerful, happy greeting to all. Neither the aged, nor children, were left without a kindly word. He sold his old homestead to the Willis family, and removed to Wellesley in 1835, where he died in 1838, having attained a great age.

Samuel Stowe, whose wife was Hepsibah Bigelow, they being the parents of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, was the baker of

the place. His bakeshop was between I. B. Clark's, and the hotel. Mr. Stowe died in 1808, aged 36 years. His widow lived to be eighty-seven. She died in 1866.

Hannah Dexter, the famous Indian doctress of her day, who inherited the Indian farm from Hannah Thomas, was a welcome visitor in the Bigelow mansion, taking especial pleasure in talking as she sipped her favorite cup of tea, which was always given her. Her accounts of her professional journeys and medical experience were always listened to by Mrs. Bigelow; and all persons who could communicate information, or enliven the hours by their witticisms, were readily admitted to the family circle.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Oldtown Folks" makes Sam Lawton a frequent visitor at this fireside. I regard this representation as alike untrue, and unworthy of the taste and intelligence of Lawton was the gossiping, improvident, loafing the family. blacksmith of the village. "Lord o'massa!" was the salutation ever dropping from his lips. "Lord o'massa, children! What's the news? What's your father doing?" and questions of this kind, were continually asked of us children as we passed his door, going to and from school—he sitting upon the threshold of his door, or upon his chopping block, with a very scanty or no supply of brush at hand. Lawton is remembered as residing in the house where William Selfe now resides. The ground floor of his house he then used for his workshop. From there he removed to a small house opposite. After this he had a small shop, where he sometimes did a little work, which stood near "the great oak" till 1828, the year in which the Unitarian church was built. It was then that a small collection of money was made, and the unsightly building was disposed of. Soon after this, Lawton removed to Newton Lower Mills, and died in the almshouse, Jan. 22, 1862, aged eighty-eight years. I deem this more than an adequate notice of the man who has been made so much a character of in the Oldtown stories. I think it not amiss to make a note of him as he is remembered.

Ephraim Whitney, or "Uncle Eph.," as he was familiarly ealled, was the father of Lawton's wife. He lived in a house

torn down more than sixty years ago, on the site of Mr. Halpin's house, on Glen street. He was the cobbler of the village, and could well be classed with Lawton in idleness and shiftlessness. Mrs. Whitney was a weaver, and had the reputation of being an industrious, worthy woman. Whitney frequently threatened, in his bad humor, to run away. On one occasion his wife took him at his word, and, tying up his needful garments, encouraged him to go. Whitney started, went as far as Hopkinton, but returned the same night. On being asked for an explanation, he replied: "I couldn't find the way."

About the year 1796, John Atkins, a retired sea captain, came to Natick and made his residence among us, bringing a family of sons and daughters. Three of his sons engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston, and were successful in business, amassing large fortunes. The eldest son remained on the homestead, and outlived them all. He passed away in 1872, aged eighty-five. One of the daughters who had never left home for any length of time, the oldest of the children, lived to the great age of ninety-two. Captain Atkins was a useful and respectable member of society. He served the town many years, acceptably, as one of its officers; was a justice of peace, and had a large share of public trusts; was an habitual attendant on public worship, and in all relations in society was exemplary and respected. The only representative of the Atkins family now living among us, is a grand-daughter, who is also a great grand-daughter of John Jones, Esq., on the paternal side.

John Jones, a native of Weston, Mass., as early as 1742, took his residence on the south side of Charles river in Dover, but was, in every particular, a member of Natick society. He was deacon of the church under Mr. Badger's pastorate, was for many years teacher of the public winter school, was justice of the peace for the county of Norfolk, under King George, and held the office many years afterwards. He was a public surveyor, and left many valuable and interesting events of his period. He was twice married, first to Hannah Morse, by

whom he had five children—three sons, and two daughters, and afterwards, to Tabitha Battelle, by whom he had five, one son and four daughters, the youngest of whom died in 1849, and who if living would now have been one hundred years old. There are but five grandchildren of Col. Jones now living, and but one who remembers the grandparents. Col. Jones died Feb. 1st 1801, aged eighty-four. The old Jones homestead was sold in 1804 to Captain Israel Loring who lived on the farm many years, and by whose name the place has been called.

Daniel Hartshorn, who was the carpenter of the village, and married Rebecca Morse, daughter of David Morse, built on to the old Jonathan Carver house, which is next west of William Selfe's. The Carver house is known to have been the second house erected by white people in Natick, which, with the hill, has always retained the name. The Pratt house, where Eliot Walker now resides, is one of the old landmarks, and has been owned by the family for nearly a century.

The local butcher was Ebenezer Newell who owned the house now occupied by Patrick Welch. He had a family of six daughters and two sons. There was taste and refinement in this family. One son and several daughters yet live, the youngest of whom must, at this time, be more than sixty years old.

The travelling butcher who was always to be met with his basket of knives on his arm, was Primus King, one of the colored people. Although uneducated, he was shrewd, and had a good share of wit, but, of course, was superstitious, as that class of persons usually are. On returning home once from night prowling, he was terribly frightened, thinking he saw old cloven-foot. Ebenezer Newell afterwards met him at a much frequented resort, ramed King about his fright and asked him what the old fellow wanted. King quickly replied, "He wants more butchers." It was Primus King, with his family party, who strutted into Esq. Atkins' front door to get his daughter Elsie married, and offered to pay the fee in digging potatoes.

est Boston Fridy and his wife Jennie. He was quite aged when we first knew him. He was tall and erect, and very courteous in his manners. When it was the fashion for every child in the street to make obeisance to all they met, it was our special delight to receive his salutation, he taking his hat from his head and showing his white woolly hair. "Jennie he" as Boston always lovingly called his wife, followed, going to Boston market with fruit, vegetables and herbs. For many years she paced over the road on horseback, carrying her merchandise in panniers; but in after years, as they prospered, they had a little cart in which she rode like a queen.

The Bacons have an ancient and respectable record in our history. They have very successfully represented the trade of pump making in Natick and surrounding towns. An honored representative of the family now resides in the Badger house.

The first hotel keeper of my recollection was Peter Twichell. This was in 1805. He was succeeded by L. Dana, then by Shepard, Drake, Draper, Gilman. And it was here that the veteran, Daniel Chamberlain, of the Adams House, commenced his famous career as a hotel keeper.

The history of our churches and church edifices has been much more written upon than our schools, and schoolhouses. The last year of a school in the "old house"—as it was called—was in the summer of 1805. The house stood on the east corner of the old cemetery. The next winter the school was kept in a small house opposite the one where Mr. Selfe now resides. In the summer of 1806 it was kept in the Pratt house. In the succeeding winter, we occupied the new house which was erected on the site where Hamilton Morse's house now stands. In 1835 a new house was built on the old site in the cemetery, which was used just twenty years. Then our present commodious schoolhouse was erected in 1853, which does credit to the good taste and progress of the times.

There were lovers of literature in our earlier years. We had a Periodical club which received American and foreign

Monthlies and Quarterlies. I do not know that there are more than two of the old Association now living.

The only lawyer who ever tried this peaceful locality was Ira Cleveland, a young man of respectable abilities who was with us a few months between the years 1828 and 1830. He soon left for a more fruitful harvest of litigation. He settled in Dedham, where he yet lives. Many families who lived here in 1800, and for many years previous, are worthily represented among us at this time. Among the names are Sawin, Morse, Broad, Draper, Bigelow, Perry, Jones and Bacon.

Every trade and profession was as well reprsented in those early years as in later times. Society was then, as now, marked by its peculiar characters. Lydia Ferritt, a spinster who resided in the Pratt house, had been a servant in the Welles family and supported by them, was the embodiment of superstition. She always kept horse-shoes suspended on the crane in the fire-place and on the door-latch to keep witches from entering her room. She told marvelous stories of night vigils and encounters with ghosts and witches, which were enough to last the children of that day a long lifetime.

Masquerine, a little, dapper, frisky Frnchman, was a boarder for a time, in this community. He was a representative of aristocracy, and a fruitful source of amusement. The fun lovers of his time found ample resource in his queer sayings and manners.

Tom Connor was another of our especial characters. He was a simple child of wealthy parents, and was boarded in this place. He travelled the streets with his violin always in his hand, continually sawing away to charm some damsel whom he was always seeking, but never found, to be his wife. He was not particular about age, beauty or wealth; for, in imagination, he had enough to endow his favored one.

The old cemetery near us has many interesting records of those who have long since departed this life. It is sadly to be lamented that so many of our friends who have preceded

us, have had no headstones to mark the spot of their burial, or to record their names. Their memory can only be cherished for a time, by friends, then pass into oblivion.

When another century has passed with its revolutions and changes, we will hope that posterity may justly give us as fair a record as we give our predecessors.

MARY PERRY RICHARDS, in 1875.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

In selecting a spot for the burial of the dead, it was a custom among the Indians to choose a warm, sunny slope; and whenever such a spot could be found on the shore of a lake, or, still better, on the bank of a running stream, it was especially pleasing to the Indian mind.

It will readily appear that the place where we now stand would meet most admirably the conditions of the ideal Indian Burying Ground a southern slope where the river, unobstructed by dam or fall, sang ever its low and soothing melody. This place was chosen at a very early date, and set apart as a place sacred to the memory of the dead. Where the old town pump stood for so many years, and where the drinking fountain now stands, is about the centre of a burying ground; and as far as the present sources of information avail, the boundaries may be given as follows:

Beginning with the Eliot Oak, at the East side of the Unitarian Church, and extending in a straight line to a point near the corner of the school yard, just in the rear of the church, thence the bound sweeps round toward the farther end of Merchants' Block, the residence of Mr. I. B. Clark; from this point we follow across the street in front of the Bacon Free

Library, and down over the green in the rear of the building nearly to the south-east corner of the enclosure, where, in times gone by, stood the residence of the Old Town Deacon Badger.

From this point we run the line back again to the Eliot Oak, from which we started, including on the way the grave of Daniel Takawambpait, the head-stone of which may be seen in the edge of the sidewalk near the front of the residence of Mrs. White. The foot-stone, with the name of the Indian preacher inscribed, has been placed, with many other historic stones, in the wall of the Bacon Free Library.

Looking at this spot as it presents itself to-day, with its wide and much-traveled highways centering here, there is little to suggest the secluded quietness of on Indian burial place. The change which has come to the inhabitants of this valley has transformed also the face of the earth. Civilization has laid its hand upon this spot, and the word of ancient writ has been fulfilled, — "The valley has been exalted and the hills made low."

Let the imagination picture what the memory fails to grasp, and you shall see this place in 1651, when the apostle Eliot and the Indians located here—a smooth, rolling slope from the heights of Carver Hill down to the bank of the stream. When at length the roads were laid out, they were not exactly as at present located. The street from Wellesley (or West Needham as it was then called) did not extend in front of the church as now, but turned toward the north, passing at the rear of the church and on to the north part of the town.

The Sherborn road, the ancient records inform us, lay farther to the west, passing in the rear of what is now the estate of Mr. John Robbins, back of the school-house as it now stands, and meeting the West Needham road a short distance beyond.

The place whereon we stand was holy ground; and it is only with the increase of business and traffic that the busy feet and laboring wheels have made thoroughfares over these sacred relics of a race almost though not entirely extinct.

To my knowledge there is but one Indian grave-stone now standing in this place to mark the spot and record the name of

a son of the forest, whose dust reposes here. That one stone which now remains was erected to the memory of Daniel Takawambpait, an Indian preacher whom the apostle Eliot ordained to assist him in the years of failing strength and to carry on the work when his departure was at hand.

This Indian preacher died Sept. 17, 1716, as the humble slab relates; and the stone may be seen by the fence near the front of Mrs. White's residence. The Eliot monument on the common betokens the grateful memory of the Apostle's labors here.

Had the record been preserved, we might to-day point with a feeling of melancholy interest to the graves of such as Thomas Waban and Thomas, Jr., Deacon and Joseph Ephraim, one of the deacons of the church at the time the Rev. Oliver Peabody was minister here. John Speen and all his kindred lie here; this was the Indian family who formerly owned nearly all the land of the original town; and they gave it to the public interest here, that the praying Indians might have a town.

The names of many others who have been conspicuous in the early history of this town deserve honorable mention here, such as Samuel and Andrew Abraham, Simon Ephraim, Solomon Thomas, Benjamin Tray, Thomas Pegan (for whom Pegan Hill was named), Joshua Bran, the Indian doctor; these and many more have their names and deeds written in the sacred dust of this consecrated spot.

When Mr. William Biglow, in 1850, wrote his excellent, though brief, history of Natick, he states that within his memory the remains of Indians were brought to this burying ground and deposited beneath the green slope of yonder common.

It is hardly possible to this day to remove the earth anywhere within the limits described without opening these Indian graves. When the present face wall was built around the church green, many of these graves were disturbed; and when the water pipes were laid through the street, from the church to Merchant's Block, they passed directly over a long row of Indian graves.

It is a well-known fact that the Indians have a custom of burying various articles in the grave with the departed. Many of these things have been found in the graves that have been opened — articles such as beads, spoons, Indian pipes, a glass bottle and Indian kettle. Many of these relics have been preserved, and may be seen in the historic collection of this village.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE, in 1882. [Reprint.]

THE CARVER HOUSE AND FAMILY.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The Carver family was among the first settlers in this place, and according to the best light which we now have, it was the second in order of time.

The Carver house, too, was one of the first frame houses erected in this wilderness, at a period when red men constituted the principal population. It is situated on the south-east slope of Carver Hill, which took the name which it now bears from its first white proprietors. The descent of the hill is gradual to Charles River, intersected by the Main street; and this slope commanding views of variegated scenery, with the river for its lowest point, and Pegan Hill for its highest, furnished favorite building sites for both aborigines and Europeans.

Here lived, at this early period of civilization, Jonathan Carver and Hannah Fiske, his wife, with their noted family of six daughters. His nearest neighbor on his right was Jacob Pratt, and in close proximity the esteemed Indian, Dr. Joshua Brann. Report of the notable harmony and good will that prevailed in this neighborhood of whites and Indians has been handed down to our time.

The Carver homestead remained in the family a long time, finally coming into the sole possession of Betty, the fifth daughter.

She was born March 21st, 1737, and remained at home, a spinster, until after middle life. She appears to have been an energetic person, of large, executive ability, and also of a kindly nature, as she took home and supported a widowed, childless sister. In 1771-2 and 3 she came before the public as a teacher in the South Natick district school. One of her bills for services stands thus on the town records:

"NATICK, Septm. 5 1773

The Deestrict of Natick Dr. to Betty Carver for keppen scolle & Boarden 10 weeks at 4 shillins & ten pence per weke £2, 8s, od. Errors excepted By me.

BETTY CARVER."

The selectman who accepted this bill was a Harvard graduate, Samuel Welles, Esq., and the only error he noted was that this lady was married during her term of service, and he warns the treasurer not to pay unless her husband receipts the bill.

She was married in 1773, by the Rev. Stephen Badger of Natick, to Joseph Day of Walpole, and died in Walpole July 26, 1837, aged 93 years.

Anecdotes of Betty Carver's bustling activity, of what Betty said and did, of her ballad singing, keeping time on the treadle of her flax spinning wheel, have amused family circles through successive generations and we cannot but regret our inability to hand down specimens of her songs and ditties for the pleasure of those who may come after us.

The Carver house remained and was occupied by Daniel Hartshorn, whose wife was Rebecca Morse, daughter of David Morse. The new proprietor was a carpenter, and soon transformed the humble one-story dwelling into a two story square-roofed house. Under his agency the front yard was terraced, a face wall was built upon the street, and a low, picket fence placed upon the wall. Some twelve or fourteen years passed, and the Hartshorns removed to Boylston, Mass. The property next passed to Dr. A. Thayer, our new family physician, who, with his bride, Susan Bigelow then settled here, and everything flourished again. The front yard was full of flowers, and the house beautified with climbing roses and honeysuckle. During

their residence in this house three children were born to them, one of whom only is left—our worthy fellow townsman, Mr. Alexander Wheelock Thayer.

The fourth occupant and his wife, proprietors of this historic estate, merit honor which no passing words can indicate. Their names are enrolled as benefactors of this neighborhood. Oliver and Sarah G. Bacon began their wedded life under this roof. Here, avoiding all show and ostentation, clinging to the virtues of industry and honesty, they entered upon a career of lasting usefulness and honor. Their memory will endure when the house in which they lived has perished.

Carver Hill is the highest point of land in this neighborhood, is convenient and easy of access to the numerous population that are destined to live around its base; on its summit may be enjoyed a surpassingly beautiful landscape and breathed in an atmosphere that shall give health and vigor to those who seek its beneficial effects.

We submit the proposition that the crown of this hill should be a common or park, where all may [enjoy the privilege of its invigorating air. Then will this hill and village have a crown worth wearing—a monument ever speaking good will to the multitudes below.

MRS. MARY P. RICHARDS, in 1882. [Reprint]

THE EBENEZER NEWELL HOUSE.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Among the heirs at law of the estate of Jonathan Carver of this town were two spinsters, the Misses Lydia and Abigail Carver. In November, 1795, these ladies sold this lot of land to Ebenezer Newell, a butcher, who probably built this house soon after that date, and dwelt here about twenty-one years. Mr. Newell's children, including two sons and six daughters, may be esteemed a remarkable family: for while one son was

content to follow his father's calling, the other children were more ambitious. The son William became a Doctor of Divinity, and his sisters, who, chiefly by their own exertions, secured to themselves superior education, fitting them to grace high social positions, became distinguished as teachers; and the husbands of those who were married were eminent men in the church and other walks in life.

Mellen Battle, the next owner, bought the estate November 16, 1816. He was an ingenious mechanic, and invented some improvement in wheels, or method of manufacturing them, which led to the erection of a factory at the southerly end of the dam in this village, for the purpose of supplying the market with his goods. But this enterprise proved a failure, and in consequence Mr. Battle's title to this house and land passed into the hands of Mr. Warren White, who sold to Calvin Shepherd in 1822.

Mr. Shepherd owned the adjoining estate, on which Merchant's Block now stands, and was at different times a paper maker, a trader, and also landlord of the tavern. He afterward removed to Framingham, and engaged in trade there; but becoming insolvent, his property was transferred to Messrs. Macomber and Swain, merchants in Boston, and by that firm it was sold to Martin Broad.

Mr. Broad was a man of energy, and as a farmer and a butcher he did a large business and gave employment to quite a force of men during a long term of years. His social standing was high, and his house, famed for its lavish hospitality, was the frequent resort of the best society of this and neighboring towns during the time he occupied it.

In 1850 or early in the following year, Messrs. J. and W. Cleland purchased the estate, and Mr. John Cleland made it his home until his removal to Natick village in 1852.

Since that time it has had several owners, among them Albert Mann, who manufactured shoes here several years; also Aaron Classin of Milford, by whom it was sold at auction in 1865 or thereabout, Mr. Patrick Welch becoming the owner. It has been a tenement house from that time to the present.

AMOS P. CHENEY, in 1882. [Reprint.]

THE DANA HOMESTEAD.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

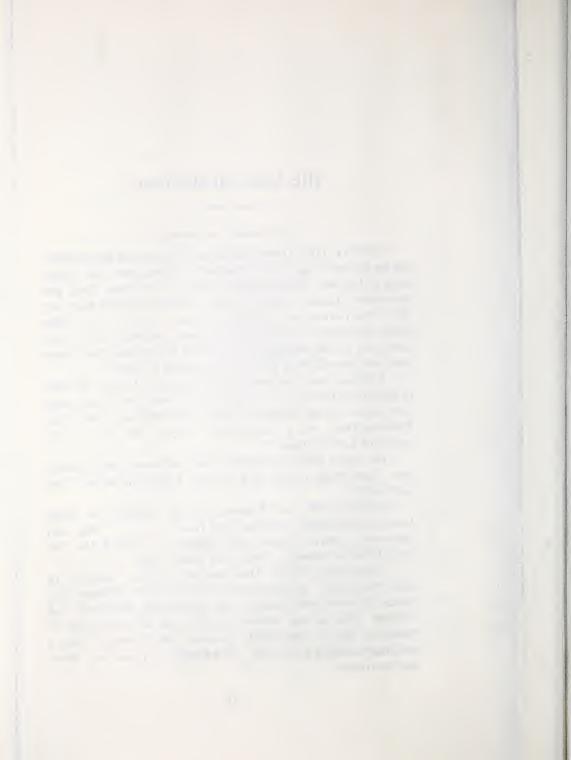
April 14, 1761, David Morse, who lived on the farm adjoining on the west, deeded this farm of 48 acres, with the buildings, to his son, William Morse. This son William died, and his widow, Lucretia Morse, sold to Charles Haynes Sept. 2d, 1770, who in turn sold to Ephraim Dana, April 27, 1779. This Dana homestead is of unusual historic interest, and it was nominally in the possession of the Dana family from the above date until the death of Mrs. Tabitha Leach in 1869.

Ephraim Dana was born Sept. 26, 1744. He was the son of Nathaniel Dana, who was the son of Samuel, who was three generations from Richard Dana, of Cambridge, in 1644. Ephraim Dana was a blacksmith, and had his shop at the corner of Leach's Lane.

He was a man of character and influence, and patriotic also, answering to the call of the Lexington alarm April 19th, 1775.

His first wife was Rebecca Leland, daughter of Caleb Leland of Sherborn. She was born June 10, 1751. They had three sons, David, Dexter and Ephraim, of whom the last named died in infancy. Mrs. Dana died in 1777.

April 20th, 1780, Mr Dana married Tabitha, daughter of John Jones, Esq. By this marriage he had five children, Rebecca, Ephraim and Tabitha, who were twins, Nathaniel and Luther. Four of the brothers spent most of their lives in Portland, Me., in mercantile pursuits; but Ephraim, also a merchant, resided in Boston. As a family, they bore an excellent character.



Ephraim Dana, Sr., died Nov. 19, 1792, and in April, 1801, his widow was married to Jacob Homer, a retired merchant of Boston, who came to this homestead to reside, and died here Oct. 15th, 1815.

Rebecca and Tabitha, daughters of Ephraim Dana, Sr., built the eastern extension of the house for a store, where they followed the dry and fancy goods business many years. They also kept house, and in their family was their aged grandmother Dana, and two orphan cousins.

In time, the grandmother passed on to her rest, and the orphan boys to the care of the Dana brothers, while the sisters retired from the mercantile life, and entered upon married life.

Rebecca married Rev. Jesse Fisher, who preached at Scotland, Conn., from his ordination, May 20th, 1811, until his death in 1836.

Tabitha married Joseph Leach, of Lancaster, Mass., where she resided several years, but finally returned to the homestead to take care of her then aged and feeble mother, who died in 1827. Mrs. Tabitha Leach's kindred ties were many and varied. In her neighborhood she is remembered as a devont, helpful and kindly woman, corresponding in character to her scriptural namesake. None knew her but to honor her.

The store, given up by the Dana sisters, was taken by their cousins, the Misses Holbrook, with their mother, who was the sister of Ephraim Dana, Sen.: and these ladies carried on the business for a term of years.

The house has associations of loved relatives and congenial friends, where the good and true have lived to brighten, cheer and help.

In later years, we all knew the scholarly teacher, author and preacher, Rev. Gorham D. Abbot, LL.D.; also the quiet, cultivated and refined Mrs. Abbot, who was a step-daughter of Mrs. Tabitha Leach, and who faithfully performed her filial duties to her honored step-mother. Dr. Abbot died here Aug. 30th, 1874. Mrs. Abbot died at Fairhaven, Conn., in the Spring of 1876.

The present speaker succeded Dr. Abbot in the ministry in this place, and lived in this house several years. As he bears

the name of Samuel Dana, and is connected by an ancestral link with the line which occupied this homestead so many years, he cherishes a family pride in the good character they bore in Natick. Perhaps, also, that was the reason for assigning to him the duty of preparing the address about this ancient dwelling.

REV. SAMUEL D. HOSMER, in 1883. [Reprint.]

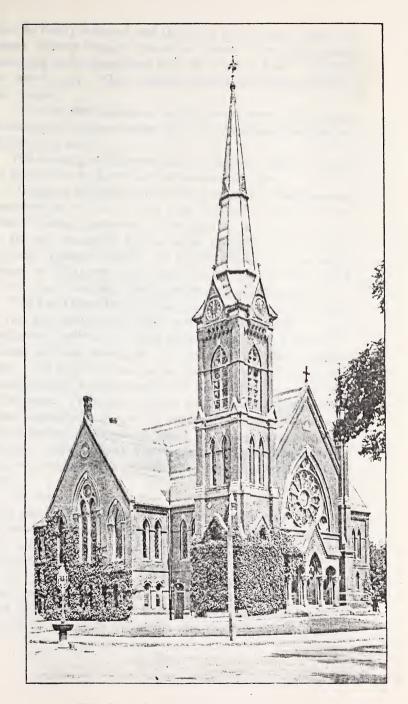
THE MINISTERS OF THE FOUR INDIAN MEET-ING HOUSES AT SOUTH NATICK.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The Rev. John Eliot commenced his work here with the Indians in 1650, but it was a continuation of the work which he began in their behalf in 1646 at Nonantum (now Newton) where he met with most gratifying results. However, after laboring there for four years, the increase of converts was so great, and they were situated so near the English, some of whom did not appreciate their Indian brethren as neighbors, it seemed advisable to seek a new location farther in the wilderness, in which to found a larger settlement.

This shows how it happened that Eliot came here and worked among the Indians from 1650 until 1690, though it is but a brief outline of a most interesting story which cannot be told now.

Although the meeting house was built in 1651, yet it was not until the summer of 1660, after the fifteen Catechumens had been tested by years of probation that a church was embodied here, the first Christian Church in North America to be formed among the Indians. In 1670 the communicants numbered from forty to fifty. Eliot was assisted often by his son, John, Jr., but generally by a scholarly Indian, Daniel Takawampbait,



THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NATICK



whom he finally ordained and appointed his successor, when he became "feeble through fulness of years." But the Natick community sadly depreciated after the death of Eliot. In 1698, the record says: "The Church consists of seven men and three women."

"Here are fifty-nine men, and fifty-nine women and seventy children under sixteen years of age—no schoolmaster and but one child that can read."

The ministry of Takawampbait lasted from 1690 to 1716, and was held in both the first and second churches.

His grave, and the quaint Indian grave stone firmly secured in an enduring boulder, not far from the Eliot monument, are objects of historic interest in South Natick.

He was succeeded by two other Indians, Josiah Shonks, and John Nemunin, assisted by Daniel Gookin, Jr., the white minister of Sherborn; their labors began in 1716 and lasted till 1721, and took place also in the second meeting house.

The Rev. Oliver Peabody came as a missionary to the indians in 1721, and ministered to their needs until his death in 1752, being greatly beloved by all his parishioners. He was the only minister in Natick during the existence of the third meeting house. The record of this period gives one hundred ninety-one Indians and four hundred twenty-two English, beside several Negro baptisms. Thirty-five Indians and one hundred thirty white persons were admitted into Mr. Peabody's church; two hundred fifty-six Indians died, one of whom was one hundred and ten years old. The Peabody grave stone, with a lengthy Latin inscription, may be seen in the old burying ground near the church.

The Rev. Stephen Badger was the only minister of the fourth church on this site. His services commenced in 1753, and ended in 1799. He also was buried in the old cemetery. Three hundred eighteen baptisms and sixty-nine communicants are enrolled during his ministry.

He was the original of Parson Lothrop in "Oldtown Folks," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. His second wife was a rich Episcopalian lady of Boston. She frequently drove to the city in her coach to attend the festivals of the church,

(Kings' Chapel), then the only Episcopal Church in Massachusetts.

The ministers of these four churches were, in part, supported by the Society in England for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England. The deacons of these churches were: first to be appointed, an Indian, baptized April 14, 1728, by name Joseph Ephraim. Others were Ebenezer Felch, Micah Whitney, Nathaniel Mann, Nathaniel Chickering, John Jones and William Biglow.

A record of that time states that the White people occupied the front pews; the Indians, those in the rear; and the Negroes sat "in the hind seats in the north part of the gallery."

The sounding board under which the Rev. Oliver Peabody and Rev. Mr. Badger preached, was among the collections of the South Natick Historical Society which were destroyed by the fire that swept away the business portion of that village, March 2, 1872.

IDA H. MORSE.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FIRST CONGRE-GATIONAL CHURCH

[Based on "The Historical Sketch" by Rev. Daniel Wight in the Church Manual of 1877.]

The preaching of the gospel in Natick was, in olden days, a responsibility of the town. The records of the town embody much history of its early ministers, its meeting-houses, and the payment of the "salery."

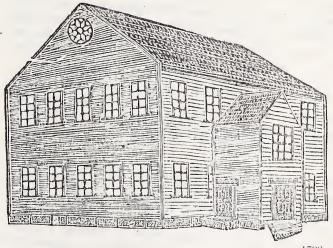
The last house of worship built by the town was erected in 1799 after fifteen years of controversy. Some of the disturbing causes were the Revolutionary War; friction consequent upon the mingling of races; the increasing proportion of white

people chafing under the ministry of "an Indian Missioner;" and, the population having spread over the township, preaching was desired "at the centre of the town, the centre of travil, or the centre of taxes."

The site was fixed by vote of the town "at the cross roads where the old pound formily stood."

A town meeting held May 27, 1799, was adjourned "to where the meeting-house is now framing. . . . Voted to have the meeting-house where the Committee have staked it out on the Parsonage lot."

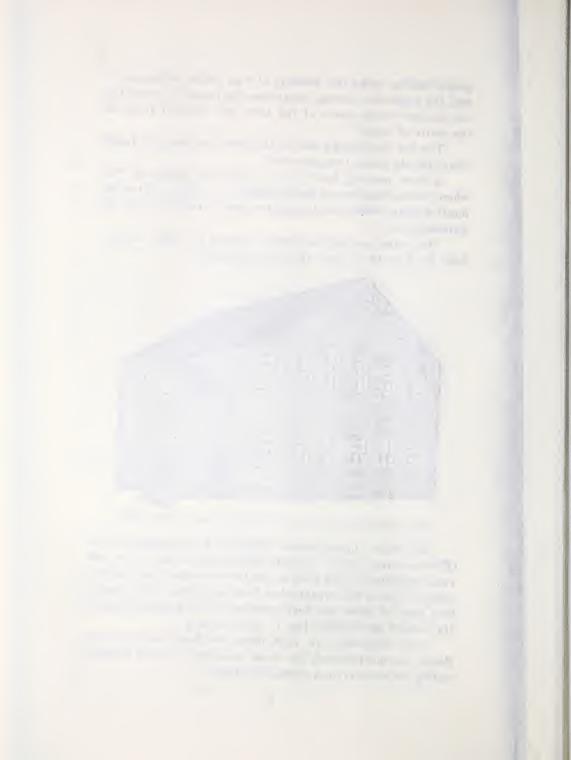
This is the now familiar corner occupied by other edifices, built in 1835, 1853-4, and 1875-80, successively.



THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NATICK, ERECTED 1799

The church organizations formed at South Natick in 1660 (Eliot's church) and in 1729 had become extinct about 1721 and 1799 respectively; and what is now known as the First Congregational Church was organized in February, 1802, with 23 members, some of whom had been members of the previous church. Its resident membership, Jan. 1, 1908, was 493.

Until September 20, 1820, when the first Congregational Parish was incorporated, the town voted on all parish matters, calling the minister, and paying his salary.



The Pastors have been as follows:

ı.	Rev.	Freeman Sears, 1806-1811	- "	5 :	years
2.	"	Martin Moore, 1814-1833	-	19	4.6
3.	66	Erasmus D. Moore, 1833-1838	-	5	"
4.	"	Samuel Hunt, 1839-1850	-	11	4.6
5.	"	Elias Nason, 1852-1858	-	6	6.6
6.	"	Charles M. Tyler, 1859-1867	-	8	"
7.	"	Jesse H. Jones, 1869-1871	-	2	66
8.	"	Francis N. Peloubet, D.D., 1872	-'83	II	"
9.	"	Frederic E. Sturgis, D.D., 1884-	1904	20	66
IO.	"	Morris H. Turk, Ph.D., 1904-			"

The "Natick Ministerial Fund" is an interesting legacy from an early period. Probably at the time (1719) when a lot of sixty acres was assigned to each of the twenty proprietors of the town, the "Ministerial hundred acre lot" was set aside. The sale of this, authorized in 1812, together with the sale of pews, established the fund, amounting to about \$4,650.

The location of this lot may be roughly indicated as included between lines drawn from the John Whitney house to Pond street, somewhat west of Palmer Avenue; then to the south-east corner of the Common; again to the corner of Walnut and Grove streets, and through Grove street to the beginning on North Main street.

This church was among the first in the region to establis a Sunday School which it has sustained from 1818 with vigor and success. The church early took a strong stand on temperance which it has maintained even under peculiar difficulties. A list of questions proposed to each member in 1835, indicates a very high standard of Sabbath observance and of piety.

After the great fire of 1874, which swept away all the Protestant churches in the village except that of the Baptists, who extended hospitality at once, a rude structure called "The Tabernacle" was quickly erected which served as a place of worship for about two years, till the vestries of the new church could be occupied. The audience-room was completed in Sept. 1880. The bell now in use was presented by Leonard Morse, and the town clock by Nathaniel Clark.

The life of the church has been that of the steady, quiet river; it has enjoyed spiritual refreshings, and periods of special growth; it has nurtured many young people, and been honored by a host of godly men and women, many of whom have joined the church triumphant.

Organizations of young people and of women have ever assisted in the benevolent and other work of the church.

It has frequently reached a helping hand to outlying districts, and has not forgotten "the stranger within its gates." This is now evidenced by the Sunday services held in an appropriate room under the church roof for Swedes, Greeks, and Albanians, each in its own language, and a winter evening school for our "Twentieth Century Pilgrims."

More than ever, perhaps, is it rousing to opportunities of civic usefulness, and of closer fellowship with other churches of the town, in the one work which engages them all.

LUCY ELLEN WIGHT

THE LAST WORD

The Historical Society of this town herewith present to the public a series of sketches of events which transpired in the earlier years of Natick. Their aim has been to gather all the information possible while some of the older people are living, since much interesting matter has never been written out. Each article has been signed with the full name of the writer, simply as a voucher for its accuracy as far as possible.

No doubt, in the years to come, a more full and complete history of Natick than has yet appeared will be written. It is possible that these sketches of the olden time which we have collected may include some items which will be of value in pre-

paring such a work.

The publication committee desired to arrange the sketches in chronological order, but they found that, for various reasons, this was impossible. They have therefore been obliged to place the articles in the order in which they could obtain them.

The difficulties which had to be overcome in order to gain results which were in any way satisfactory, were many. Yet they look with pleasure at the measure of success which they have attained. This is very largely due to the cordial assistance which they have received, and especially that rendered by the people living in the centre of the town who, although they had not the distinction of being born in in the historical locality in which Eliot labored, and where Mrs. Stowe gathered the material for her delightful story of "Oldtown Folks," yet have co-operated with the publication committee in every possible way in order to further this work. They have shown their patriotism and their loyalty to the town by contributing to the museum of the Society their most precious treasure, the Indian bible, written by Eliot. Some of the most prominent citizens in the centre of the town advocated doing this, and the town itself, in the most friendly spirt, voted to give the custody of this valuable volume to the Historical Society. In doing this they acknowledge that this society is located in its rightful

11 311

place among the scenes where most of the important deeds of historic interest were enacted in the original town of Natick.

Our thanks are especially due, first to George C. Fairbanks, editor of the Natick Bulletin, who inspired and encouraged us to begin this work by the most generous offers of assistance. He gave our articles a most prominent place in his paper, often at a great disadvantage to himself; and by his long experience in such matters, he made many wise and valuable suggestions which we carried out, greatly to our advantage.

We are very largely indebted to Mrs. Lucy Bacon Thorpe who put at our disposal the valuable historical plates and maps as well as facts and data contained in the books and papers of her father, the late Austin Bacon, who was a most devoted col-

lector of historical matter connected with this town.

We also tender our grateful appreciation to Bendslev, the photographer of the Society who has made most admirable pictures for us, far and near, which we desired, at no expense to us.

We are under great obligations to Miss Ella Drury, who sacrificed a much-needed summer's vacation to mount and prepare for the museum of this Society more than 1200 specimens of plants in its Natural History Department, thus emulating the devotion to the town's interests of her father, the late Willard Drury, who was so largely instrumental in securing for Natick our valuable public library, the Morse Institute.

We must not omit to mention, in this list of benefactors, Mr. Paul Roberts, our efficient curator of the Natural History department, who has not only contributed many specimens from his own private collection, but has also given every spare moment at his disposal to mounting and arranging many birds and

animals presented to the Society by other parties.

Every family in Natick, or elsewhere, which contains a paid-up member of the Historical and Natural History Society of this town will receive a copy of this pamphlet, free of charge of anything but postage (when sent by mail) by applying for them at places to be designated later.

For the Publication Committee,

O. AUGUSTA CHENEY, Secretary.

INDEX.

Early Settlement of Natick					3
How John Eliot Laid Out the Town					4
Life of John Eliot					8
The Eliot Oak					18
The Old Burying Ground					2 I
Indian Settlement and About "Oldto	own "	Natio	ck		25
Early White Settlers					29
Old Natick Farms					31
Personal Recollections of Natick .					34
Reminiscences of a Quiet Life .					42
The Centennial Hob-Nob					49
Mary Ann Morse					54
The First Irish Settler in Natick .				.'	56
The Old Meeting Houses					58
The Old Eliakim Morrill Tavern					60
The Old Morse Tavern					64
Patriotic Natick					65
A Tale of People and Incidents in So	uth N	Tatick	in th	ne	
19th Century					72
The Indian Burying Ground					79
The Carver House					82
The Newell House					84
The Dana Homestead					86
The Ministers of the Four Indian C	hurch	es			88
A Brief History of the First Congres	gation	al Cl	nurch		90
The Last Word					94



THE

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

OF THE

HISTORICAL NATURAL HISTORY AND LIBRARY SOCIETY

2 11 8 H . Hall

VOL. 11

1910

SOUTH NATICK, MASS.
Published by the Society

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THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH IN NATICK

There have been five incorporations of either church or parish of this first Unitarian Society in Natick, as follows:

It was first incorporated March 1, 1828, under the name of the "South Parish in Natick."

Second, The Church also was incorporated March 11, 1830, under the name of the "South Congregational Church in Natick.

Under the name of the "Proprietors of the Eliot Meeting House in Natick," the incorporation was dated February 29 1844.

The Parish was again incorporated on May 9, 1870, under the name of the "First Unitarian Parish in Natick."

The last incorporation bore the date of Dec. 3, 1908, and was incorporated under the name of "The First Unitarian Church in Natick."

The present Unitarian church in South Natick is a lineal descendant of the church formed here by John Eliot in 1651.

Other churches in town whose religious views differ from this, claim to have their origin from the same source and date their beginning from the early labors of Eliot.

This is not remarkable. He was one of the most devoted preachers the world has ever seen and very liberal in his views. Puritan that he was, Eliot's love for mankind was so deep, his liberality of spirit and breadth of character were so great that he was ready to lay aside all sectarian spirit and work even with the Jesuits for the redemption of mankind.

But no other church in Natick is so closely connected with this eminent apostle as the one where the Unitarians still hold

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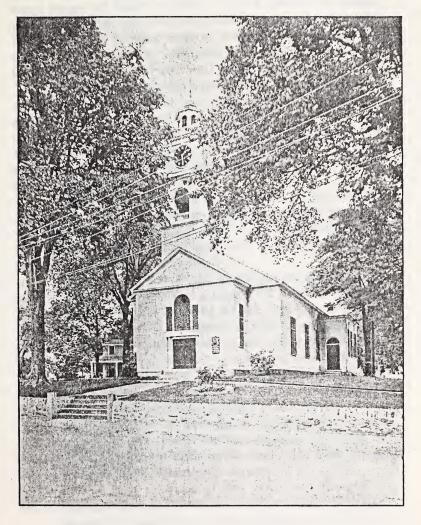
their services. This was the site of the original church and this spot is consecrated ground. The soil is hallowed by the footsteps of John Eliot and his devoted followers. Here on this very location the Indians came, as children to a father, to learn not only religious truths but even to read and write. Many of them were educated and trained by Eliot to such a degree that they went about to neighboring towns to spread the gospel of Christ.

The present church is the fifth one on or near the spot where Eliot preached. The first one, built in 1651 was a rather small house of two stories and was used on week days for a school, mostly for the Indians. Daniel Takawambpait was probably educated there, as were other Indians sent out as missionaries. This was the first structure erected in Natick for the worship of God and the service of man.

This meeting house having become unfit for use, a second was built about 1702; a third in 1721; a fourth was commenced which was not finished till 1767. In about forty years this fourth church building had fallen into disuse. In May, 1812, some young men "in an election frolic" according to Bacon's History of Natick—completely demolished it. This fourth church was built principally by the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians.

A new church having been formed in the north part of the town in 1799, many of the former members of this ohurch connected themselves with it. Some also went to West Needham, and others to Dover and Sherborn, so that but few were left. The people remaining became dissatisfied and a party of men met, Feb. 11, 1828, at the tavern, then kept by Job Brooks, and discussed the project of a new meeting-house. At this meeting committees were 'appointed; and the money for erecting a building and purchasing a bell was obtained by village subscription. The dedication of the meeting-house took place Nov. 20, 1828.

The Parish was incorporated March 1, 1828, under the name of "The South Parish in Natick." The petition was signed by Isaac Bigelow, Elijah Perry and twenty-eight others, one of them being a woman, Hannah Draper of Pegan Hill.



THE ELIOT CHURCH



The act of incorporation was approved by Levi Lincoln, Governor, and Edward D. Bangs, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Several individuals, desiring to form a church, were invited to meet at the house of John Atkins, March 11, 1830. Rev. Ralph Sanger of Dover presided. After a prayer, Mr. Sanger read a Declaration and Covenant, which were signed by six men and assented to by nine women. Then after a sermon at the church, it was publicly announced that a church had been formed according to congregational usage.

In 1843 some difficulty arose between the original subscribers to the building fund, and it was decided to petition for a second incorporation, and under date of Feb. 29, 1844 we find upon the state records the following, "An act to incorporate the Proprietors of the Eliot meeting-house in Natick" and the property was described as "the meeting house erected near the South burying-ground in Natick."

But the trouble seems not to have ended at that time, for on March 3, 1848, it was voted to choose a committee to confer with the new corporation that claims to own the meeting-house. This committee reported that they could find no one who was authorized to make any proposition.

In 1850 it was determined, by the proprietors, that the meeting-house should be sold at auction; and a committee from the parish was appointed to attend the sale, and then and there, in the name of the church, to protest against it and forbid all persons interfering with said house in any way or manner whatever. They, the parish, claimed to be the only legal owners of said house it having been built by subscription for said society for religious purposes, and it had been and was still so used. This appears to have settled the difficulty at that time.

The first mention of an organ in the church is in 1854. Miss Elizabeth Kingsbury was the first organist. Previous to this the choir had been assisted by the violin, the bass viol or the clarionet played by volunteer performers in the society.

Feb. 19, 1870 the name of the parish was changed, by act of the Legislature to the "First Unitarian Parish in Natick."

In 1870 the parish received its first bequest, Miss Martha Sawin leaving to it the sum of five hundred dollars.

The first marriage in this church was that of Mr. Adams McCullough and Miss Ella Massuere. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Alger, May 28, 1872.

On April 4, 1872, the parish voted to erect a tower upon the church and place a clock in it; but the villagers coming forward generously, the money was raised by popular subscription, and a clock, with four dials, was put in position.

In 1874 a set of by-laws relating mostly to membership was presented and accepted. For a long time these by-laws (unpublished) were lost sight of, but a copy of them has recently been discovered among the private papers of Mr. Alger.

Nov. 28, 1878 the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the church was observed. At this celebration historical addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Sheafe and Rev. Horatio Alger. Original hymns were sung, written by Josiah Bigelow, Horatio Alger, Jr., and Rev. Samuel D. Robbins.

In 1879, a second bequest was received, from the estate of Oliver Bacon who left, by will, the sum of five thousand dollars to the church.

March 1, 1883 it was voted that women be admitted as members of the parish. The first persons to take advantage of this decision were Annie R. Wisner, Fannie T. Rankin, Melissa R. Perry, Olive A. Cheney and Anna M. Walcott.

In Sept. 1885 a simpler form of covenant was adopted and is still in use, as follows, "In the love of the truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man."

On the fifth day of July, 1901a model of the apostle, John Eliot and his praying Indians, made by John Rogers, was presented by Dr. Ellsworth Eliot of New York to this church. It has been temporarily placed with the Historical Society for the convenience of the public.

In 1903 a tablet showing the genealogy and services of the Perry family to their country was given by Mrs. Elizabeth P. Kendall, daughter of Mr. Amos Perry at the request of her father who had been formerly a member of this church.

For the first fifty years after the establishment of the church the families of Bigelow, Broad, Bacon, Morse, Perry and Sawin were the most prominent figures in its history.

In 1903 tablets were placed on the wall, near the pulpit, giving the names of the founders and the ministers who had preached here. The following is the complete list of ministers:

MINISTERS

James W. Thompson, 1830-1832 Edward Palmer, 1833-1834 Ira H. T. Blanchard, 1835-1840 Thomas B. Gannett, 1843-1850 James Thurston, 1850-1852 Nathaniel O. Chaffee 1852-1853 Edward Stone, 1853-1855 William G. Babcock, 1857-1860 Horatio Alger, 1860-1874 Joseph P. Sheafe, 1874-1885 George H. Badger, 1886-1892 Leverett R. Daniels, 1893-1903 John F. Meyer, 1903-

Who is the present minister of this church.

At a meeting of the parish held April 22, 1904 a vote was taken to have drawn up a set of resolutions in memory of Alex-

ander Hamilton Morse who had been church clerk, collector and treasurer for more than thirty years. These resolutions expressed the appreciation of the virtues, the sterling qualities, the honesty, fidelity and devotion to the church and its interests which Mr. Morse had shown during his many years of service in the offices which he had held in the church.

About 1904 investigation showed that no by-laws for the government of the church could be found. For this, and some other reasons, it was thought advisable that the church should be incorporated as a church. In accordance with this decision Rev. J. F. Meyer and the parish committee, prepared a new set of by-laws and the church was incorporated December 3, 1908, through the services of Mr. Francis Welles Hunnewell who acted as attorney for the Society. The name of the Society under this last incorporation is "The First Unitarian Church in Natick."

In the winter of 1904-1905 the members of the Hunne-well family united in placing the church edifice in perfect repair at their own expense. A rising vote of thanks was given them by all the members of the parish in recognition of their appreciation of this munificent gift.

This church stands on an elevation commanding a view of the village and the river. A smooth lawn surrounds the house which is reached by a flight of stone steps on each of three sides. Beautiful trees shade the grounds. The structure is plain and dignified, with a noble front, and an extension on the northern corner. The color has always been white.

At the lower corner just outside the retaining wall stands the giant Eliot Oak, said by forestry experts, to be four hundred years old, and across the square rises the eloquent shaft erected to the memory of the first Apostle to the Indians and the founder of the first Indian church and school in America and in the world.

[Written by Mary R. Esty, under the authority of the Executive Committee of the Unitarian church, South Natick, and subject to the supervision of the Editor of "Historical Collections."]

THE ORIGINAL FORTY-NINERS

When the news of the gold finding in California in 1848 spread over the country, the excitement struck Natick, and, as in every other city and town, the old men saw visions and the young men dreamed dreams of great and sudden wealth. Many had what was known as the gold fever, and the song,

"I came from Natick city with my washbowl on my knee, I'm going to San Francisco, the gold dust for to see,"

was sung and whistled in every direction. Several from the little shoe town made their way as soon as possible to the gold regions, all going round the Horn. Among them was Willard C. Childs, then a young man of twenty-three. With George Washington Pierce and Charles A. Davis, he shipped on the sailing vessel "Reindeer."

Think of having to get a passport to go to California! But California, although just ceded to the United States, was still in bitter contention, and to possess a passport was considered a safe and necessary thing. This passport, signed by Governor George N. Briggs and William Tufts, Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, has been sacredly preserved by Mr. Childs; also the receipt for two hundred dollars, passage money, for a second cabin berth. The vessel sailed November twenty-first, 1849, with one woman and two hundred men as passengers. Two weeks out the vessel was struck by lightning, but no person was injured. The food on the vessel seems not to have been very good, considering the price paid. They appear to have carried a boat, tents, hammocks, powder and many other things with them. The passage was made in one hundred and thirty days

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and was considered a quick one. They made San Francisco on the first of April, 1850.

Here they found laborers receiving from four to eight dollars per day, and machinists from eight to sixteen dollars. Board was from eight to sixteen dollars per week. Potatoes and flour were fifteen cents per pound, pork twenty five and other things accordingly. They made themselves a gold washer, such as were sold for two hundred and sixty dollars apiece, painted their boat, obtained more provisions and proceeded to Stockton. Then they sought the mines. After locating, they built themselves a cabin for winter weather, and wandered about from mine to mine in search of better diggings; but no great fortune came to any of the Natick men. Occasionally there was a meeting with others who went out earlier. Drinking and gambling were almost universal, while theft and murder were not uncommon.

Mr. Childs did not find the life at the mines to his taste, and one year satisfied him On returning to San Francisco, he made the prediction that that city would become the proudest in the world. From that port he shipped for home and reached Natick safely, having been gone about two years.

The names of other men from here referred to in the diary of Mr. Childs, from which these facts are taken, are Thomas H. Brigham, Simon Mulligan, Calvin H. Perry, Ambrose Sloper, John Beatty, William McCulloch, William Knowlton, Alonzo Gould, R. Jenness, George Stone, Samuel Whiting, J. Whiting, W. Whiting, Ephraim Hayes, Marcus Q. Jackson, George Travis, Horace Dewing,—Raymond—Harrington—Pray—Moody—Varney and David Clough, twenty-four in all. Of these, all came back but Clough. He married and spent his life in California, dying about 1890.

When the society of forty-niners was formed, Mr. Childs, Mr. Mulligan and perhaps some others joined it, but Mr. Childs is the only one who went from Natick living today. At this writing, 1909, at the age of eighty-three, he is active in body and mind, and still in business.

MARY R. ESTY.

THE FIRST FOURTEEN YEARS

OF THE HISTORICAL, NATURAL HISTORY AND LIBRARY SOCIETY OF SOUTH NATICK

South Natick is famous in history as the place where Rev. John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," founded his first town of "praying Indians;" the place where he did much of the work of translating the Bible into the Indian language; and the place where that Bible was first used. It is also worthy of note because it contains the only monument erected to honor his memory.

With such an origin and such a record, it is natural to expect that among its people there should exist a strong desire that some means be adopted for the collection and preservation of whatever material there was obtainable, that could be of use in recording or illustrating the history of the village and its vicinity, including not only all of the present town of Natick, but those portions of Sherborn, Dover and Needham which were formerly within its limits.

No doubt there was such a desire; but during the long interval from 1651 to 1869, only individual effort was made in this direction, except that in 1851, as the bi-centennial of Eliot's coming drew near, some of the more active citizens, feeling that it would be discreditable to allow that day to pass without some recognition, succeeded in arranging a public demonstration, including an address, a dinner, and speeches, with music, which program was carried out.

This meteoric outburst of patriotism seemed to exhaust the sentiment. It made a little history, but did very little toward preserving history.

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The results of the individual effort already mentioned were a few historical discourses delivered by resident ministers and afterwards published; next, a pamphlet history of the town, by William Biglow, published in 1830; and last, a more pretentious history of the town, by Oliver N. Bacon, published in 1856, Messrs. Biglow and Bacon being natives of the town.

In 1869, there became manifest a desire for organization for work in this field, those most in earnest making it their leading subject of thought and conversation. But their number was small, and that was a great obstacle in the way.

Finally it was suggested that, as there were many in the neighborhood strongly interested in natural history, it might be practicable, by combining the forces of history and natural history, to form a society with a membership large enough to sustain it.

This idea was adopted; and arrangements for a preliminary meeting being made it was held January 26, 1870, at the house of Rev. Horatio Alger, with whom there were present Messrs. Oliver Bacon, Elijah Perry, Josiah F. Leach, Austin Bacon, Wm. Edwards, Joseph Dowe and Amos P. Cheney.

Two other meetings were held, February 15, and February 22, in which Henry S. Edwards, Elijah Edwards, Rev. G. D. Abbot, LLD.; M. V. B. Bartlett, John B. Fairbanks and Dr. Geo. C. Lincoln took part. Others had also signified their intention to join.

At the last meeting there were adopted, a name, a constitution and by-laws, and the organization was completed by electing the following list of officers of "The Historical and Natural History Society of South Natick and vicinity": President, Rev. Horatio Alger; Vice-President, Rev. Gorham D. Abbot, LLD.; Recording Secretary, Joseph Dowe; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Stephen C. Strong; Treasurer, Wm. Edwards. These five, ex offiis, with Dr. G. J. Townsend, Dr. G. C. Lincoln, Elijah Perry, Esq., C. B. Dana and A. L. Babcock, constituted the first board of Directors. Historical Curator, Rev. H. Alger; Natural History Curator, Wm. Edwards.

The constitution provided that quarterly meetings should

be held in January, April, July and October; that of January being the annual meeting.

At the next meeting, the April quarterly, Dr. Abbot read a paper upon "The Value of Societies like This of Ours," and urged the young people, especially, to join as active members, stating that such connection would be of incalculable benefit to them.

A paper entitled "Reminiscences of Natick" was read by Mrs. Dowe.

The proceedings at the quarterly meeting in July included an address by the president, upon the "Importance of Historical and Genealogical Research," and he recommended that the Society take up the work of preparing a complete history of the town from the first settlement, there being no reliable one extant.

A paper upon "Humming Birds" was next given by Mr. A. L. Babcock, of Sherborn.

The Curator of the Natural History department, Mr. W. Edwards, reported, showing that a good collection of specimens was already made. This collection had been placed in the chambers over his store, in Mr I. B. Clark's block, the use of which he presented to the Society. This report called forth a vote of thanks to that officer, for the efficiency and zeal with which he had conducted his work.

The directors decided to have a course of lectures in the latter part of this year, and completed the arrangements in season to have the first given September 26, when Professor Calvin E. Stowe, a native of this village, spoke upon "New England's place in history." Eight other lectures were delivered in the course, which closed December 28. The subjects treated included history, travels, natural history and philosophy, and were much enjoyed.

The first annual meeting was held January 4, 1871. The reports of the officers afforded a gratifying view of the first year's work, not only in the number and character of the meetings, the variety, amount and quality of the collections in the several departments, but also in the increase in active membership, and the number and standing of the honorary members. Of the latter many had responded, acknowledging the compliment, some

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offering words of counsel and encouragement, and some contributing more or less to the collections and to the treasury.

The election of officers resulted in the retention of nearly all of the first Board, but some of them changed places.

In 1871, besides the quarterly meetings, at two of which addresses were made by members, a course of eight lectures was given, the first, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert Haven, upon "To-day and To-morrow," October 18, and the last by Dr. Geo. B. Loring, upon "American Society," delivered December 12.

At the second annual meeting, held January 3, 1872, the official reports were satisfactory; there had been a healthy growth in numerical strength, and the collections had increased to such an extent that the rooms provided by Mr. Edwards could not properly accommodate them; therefore the directors had secured from Mr. Clark another room, next to the others. This added space made possible a re-arrangement of the whole, so that all parts could be easily seen and studied.

Among the relics were the sounding-board under which the Rev. Oliver Peabody preached, the bridal robe and slippers worn by the bride of Mr. Badger, a portion of the paper-hangings which once graced a room in the old mansion of Sir Harry Frankland in the present town of Hopkinton, specimens of the pottery works of the Natick Indians, and many other articles having historical associations which rendered them precious.

In the bird collection were many specimens of native but not common varieties, also several from foreign countries. So also, the insects represented distant lands as well as America.

The library, which was almost wholly given by members and friends, included books of history, relating in part to this locality, also some works upon several branches of natural history.

The officers elected at this meeting were, with two or three exceptions, the same as of the preceding year.

In the belief that by the incorporation of the society, some greater benefits might be secured, Rev. Horatio Alger, Hon. J. W. Bacon and Rev. G. D. Abbot, were chosen a committee to apply to the Legislature for a charter.

At this meeting also, notices were given of motions to amend the constitution and by-laws.

But fortune's smiles were not to be continuous. Early on the morning of March 2, 1872, a fire was discovered in the basement of the building in which the Society's collections were kept, and before the sun rose, the whole edifice, with all its contents was reduced to ashes. The old tavern, then called the "Eliot House," and several other buildings, including nearly all the business portion of the village, were destroyed in the same conflagration.

But the Society did not suffer a *total* loss, for, although money could not replace the lost relics, nor the record book of donations to the library and museum, which were burned, a policy for \$500 had been secured through the wise thoughtfulness of the secretary, Elijah Perry, Esq.; and with this money in hand the work of gathering a new collection was begun.

The name of the postoffice and village having been changed to "Eliot," the name of the Society was, at the April quarterly meeting, changed correspondingly.

The committee on procuring a charter of incorporation, reported at this meeting "that a general law had been enacted under which corporations could be formed without special legislation."

The vice-president then offered the following: "Moved, that a committee be appointed to prepare and report all the papers necessary to complete our organization under the statute providing for the same, and to report such accessory papers as may be convenient and desirable for the due presentation of the state and claims of our Society upon sister societies at home or abroad, and to individuals whose co-operation and aid may be valuable in our future proceedings, and to report thereon."

This motion was adopted without debate, and the mover, Rev. Gorham D. Abbot, L.L.D., was chosen that committee, but later, Wm. Edwards, Esq, was chosen an additional member.

At an adjourned meeting, held one week later, Art. III of the constitution was amended by adding a clause providing for life membership.

As the collections made since the fire of March 2 had become quite large, Messrs. William Edwards, C B. Dana and Henry S. Edwards were, at the July quarterly meeting, chosen a committee to procure and fit up a suitable place in which to arrange them.

When the October meeting was held, Mr. A. L. Babcock of Sherborn, a member of the board of directors, gave the synopsis of a plan of a visit to British Guiana, contemplated by himself and wife, for the purpose of studying the natural history of the valley of the Demarara river and adjacent country, and procuring specimens. He proposed that the Society advance a sum of money toward the expenses of the trip, and receive therefor an equivalent in the form of specimens of natural history from the collections he would bring home with him; and his proposition was accepted.

Another course of lectures was given this season, opened October 16, by Rev John S. C. Abbot, a brother of the vice-president; and closed by H. H. Lincoln, Esq., one of the leading teachers of Boston.

This was the third course of lectures given under the auspices of the Society. As all the talent employed came from a distance, there were expenses incurred for each lecture, even if the lecturer made no charge for his services, which was the case in several instances.

One of the honorary members, H. H. Hunnewell, Esq., knowing and appreciating the matter of expense, and taking a lively interest in the work and success of the organization, very kindly presented to the directors a check covering the entire cost of each course.

The third annual meeting was held January 1, 1873, and continued by adjournment, on the seventh. The reports of the treasurer, librarian and curator showed the affairs of the Society to be in a flourishing condition.

In view of expected incorporation, some changes were made in the constitution and by-laws, after which, the election of officers and committees on the several departments of the museum, was in order.

It soon becoming apparent that all efforts thus far made to procure the incorporation of the Society had proved abortive, a fresh movement was begun toward the end of January, 1873, this time under instructions from the State commissioner of corporations.

The subscribers to the agreement of association, which was dated February 1, 1873, met, upon due notice, April 11, and again by adjournment, April 14, at which meetings a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and a board of officers elected, after which, Messrs. Jackson Bigelow, Amos P. Cheney and Thomas E. Barry, were chosen a committee to present the necessary papers to the commissioner of corporations and procure the much desired charter.

The committee attended to their duty, and in due time the certificate of incorporation of the "Historical, Natural History and Library Society of South Natick," was received, bearing date, April 26, 1873.

This corporation, although composed of members of the old Society and designed to take the place of that organization, was, in fact, a new and distinct society, with its own constitution, by-laws, officers and members.

In May two meetings were held, at which, beside other business, a resolution was adopted in relation to the transfer of the books, collections and other property of the old Society to the new corporation, and it was

"Voted, 'That any member of the 'Historical and Natural History Society of Eliot and vicinity, who shall have paid all dues to that Society up to April 1, 1873, may become a member of this Society by signing its constitution."

On the second of June following, the Historical and Natural History Society of Eliot and vicinity

"Voted, To transfer the cases, books, collections in natural history, together with all other property belonging to this Society, to the 'Historical, Natural History and Library Society of South Natick,' provided, said Society will assume any and all debts and liabilities which this Society may have."

The new Society held a meeting on the same date, at

which the above transfer was accepted, whereupon the old organization was, by vote, dissolved.

The first bequest left to the Society was received in the summer of this year, from the estate of Prof. John L. Russell, late of Salem.

This accession included about five thousand botanical specimens, representing the most of the orders of plants excepting ferns, but the collection of mosses, lichens and fungi were very large in proportion, and were particularly valuable acquisitions, as the donor was a specialist in crytogamous plants, and is still esteemed as an authority upon questions in that department of botany. He gave also some six hundred shells, which formed the chief part of the Society's collection in that department until 1881. About two hundred and fifty specimens of minerals of very choice varieties were also included in the gift from Prof. Russell.

During the summer a "seal" was procured. This seal bears a design representing the apostle Eliot presenting the Bible to a group of Indians, while all stand beneath the spreading branches of the "Eliot Oak." Below the picture the word and date, "Incorporated 1873," are inscribed, and around the whole is the name, "Historical, Nat. Hist. and Lib. Soc. of So. Natick."

On November 11, a special meeting was held, at which Mr. A. L. Babcock read a paper giving a graphic account of his experiences during "Six months in South America."

The annual meeting, the next one held, took place, by adjournment, January 21, 1874.

After the reports of the officers had been rendered and accepted, thirty-one honorary members were elected, being the same persons who had held that relation to the original Society.

During the year there was greater activity than ever before. Nineteen meetings were held, of which twelve were devoted to lectures, two were public readings, one was for discussion and the others were the regular business meetings.

The library and museum received considerable accessions, among which were books from public departments at Washington, many valuable public documents from Hon. Henry Wilson,

and single volumes from other individuals, beside pamphlets and manuscripts, some of which were rare and valuable. Some choice birds were presented by Brewster & Co. of Boston, two large cases of birds were sent by H. H. Hunnewell, Esq.; and in return for the money advanced to Mr. A. L. Babcock, before he went to British Guiana, he brought a large and varied, yet choice collection, including mammals, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, shells, botanical and mineralogical specimens, also various utensils and ornaments of the native inhabitants of that country.

In the last quarter of this year, there was received a valuable donation from Judge G. W. Clinton of Buffalo, N. Y., who sent four hundred and fifty specimens of fungi, carefully put up in little packets. This gift was acknowleged by electing the donor an honorary member, at the next meeting. Beside these, there were received beads and other ornaments, some domestic utensils and also two skulls and other bones, with some locks of hair, which are relics of the Natick Indians. They were found in the trench opened through the village for the pipes of the Natick water works. Altogether, the additions were larger this year than during any preceding one.

The year 1875 was a more quiet one than the preceding, in the annals of the Society. Beside the quarterly meetings, there was a spelling match,—held as an entertainment, April 27, to raise funds,—which was successful in all respects. During the last quarter of the year a course of seven lectures and a public reading were given.

At the close of the year it was found there were five hundred and twenty bound volumes, and more than one hundred unbound volumes and pamphlets, with some manuscripts, in the library. There were five hundred and fifteen mounted birds and a good assortment of mammals and other classes of animal forms in that department of the collections.

The next annual meeting was held, by adjournment, January 17, 1876.

The reports upon the library and museum showed that the collections had become so large as to require additional room; therefore the directors were instructed to procure better accommodations, and also to have five hundred dollars additionthe state of the s the state of the s al insurance placed upon the property of the Society, making the total one thousand dollars.

Early in January, an entertainment was given, under the name of "Centennial Hob-Nob," at which a leading feature was the presence of quite a company, representing characters of Mrs. Stowe's book, Oldtown Folks," who amused those present by rehearsing dialogues, speeches and stories taken from that famous book, the scene of which lies mostly in this village. This entertainment brought into the Society's treasury a net profit of more than one hundred and twenty dollars.

The construction of the new Boston water works through the town brought to this place several trained engineers, who, taking a strong interest in this Society and its work, prepared papers upon a variety of scientific subjects, which they read at the meetings, thereby contributing much to make them attractive and profitable to all who attended.

Five special, beside the regular quarterly, meetings, were held during the year.

There were two hundred and ten bound volumes, and some twenty-five unbound and pamphlets, added to the library; among the latter were some rare old historical discourses and documents. The relic and natural history departments received some choice and valuable additions.

There were eight meetings of the society in the year 1877, at which eleven papers were read, two of them on local history, the others upon the arts and sciences.

On two occasions there were receptions of quite large parties of visitors, by appointment. One of these, numbering about thirty persons, came from the Normal School at Framingham, expressly to inspect the collections made by the Society, and did so with a great deal of interest. The other party included about one hundred and ten members of the Rhode Island Historical Society, from Providence, who, beside visiting the rooms of the Society, went about the village to see the old homesteads of the early days, and other historic objects, which are still in existence.

Since this visit, many contributions to library and cabinets have been received from members of the party, as well as

from the Rhode Island Historical Society. Indeed, the latter has been a constant, and not infrequent, contributor to the library ever since that time.

Eighty-one bound volumes, forty-one unbound, and twenty-pamphlets, beside files of the local papers, were added to the library during the year 1877. The growth of the other departments was in fair proportion.

The year 1878 was a comparatively quiet one, there being but five meetings of the Society. Five papers were read at these

meetings.

In March, an entertainment was given on two successive evenings, and proved so popular as to return a net profit of several dollars to the treasury.

Each department of the museum had more or less accessions. Several relics were held to be valuable as memorials of the very early days of this village. One of these was a handmade wooden mill for grinding the petals of roses, in preparing "rose conserve," a favorite sweet-meat in colonial times. This mill is believed to be two hundred years old.

The library had grown to eight hundred and seventy-four bound, and one hundred and ninety-four unbound volumes and pamphlets; also the local papers.

Among the books were a set of Vice-Pres Henry Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in Anterica;" also six volumes of "Mass. Colonial Records," presented by Mrs Barden of Newton.

In 1879 there were five meetings, but only four papers were read before the Society.

Early in January notice was received of the death of James Watson Robbins, M. D., of Uxbridge, Mass., and that, in his will, he had directed that ceratin books from his library, and a portion of his collections in natural history, should be delivered to this society if acceptable.

The bequest was accepted, and on the 10th of May it was received. It included a small collection of choice minerals, about seventy volumes of valuable botanical books, a large number of pamphlets upon special topics of botany, and an herbarium comprising thousands of specimens, representing the

tlora of nearly all parts of our country and some portions of foreign lands.

This botanical collection was made largely in personal visits to the places where they grew, as Dr. Robbins made a tour of New England, and resided at times in Eastern Virginia, in the vicinity of Lake Superior, and in the Gulf States. The other portion was obtained by exchanges with fellow botanists, resident in districts he could not visit, but with whom he had extensive correspondence. This acquisition raised the botanical department of the Society's museum to the rank of some much older organizations, both in amount, variety and quality.

Beside the foregoing, some donations of birds were received, not only of the species common in our own State, but also some from Florida. From Mr. Josiah F. Leach came a fine specimen of the fallow deer, from Barnstable County, Mass., where a small number still exist in the wild state, and from another friend, a life-size bust of Hon. Henry Wilson, late Vice-Pres. of the United States.

At the April quarterly meeting Mr. E. M. Marshall of Natick read a paper upon "Light and Color," with stereopticon illustrations by Mr. E. S. Hayes, also of Natick.

The following action was taken at the July quarterly meeting:

"Resolved, that in the opinion of this Society, the centennial of Natick's incorporation should be observed by appropriate ceremonies, and that this Society will co-operate with the town for that purpose."

This year was an eventful one in the history of the Society, but it is necessary to go back a little in order to properly state the facts.

Oliver Bacon, Esq., died April 3, 1878, at the advanced age of eighty-one years and six months. He was a native and life-long resident of this village, was one of the founders and oldest members of this Society, in the objects and success of which he had ever manifested a deep interest. By his will, after giving certain legacies to his several heirs-at-law, he gave "all the rest and residue" of his estate, both real and personal, to five persons named, but in trust. These trustees were to

erect in South Natick, upon a lot of land assigned for the purpose, a fireproof building, at a cost not to exceed fifteen thousand dollars, to be called "The Bacon Free Library." This building was to be of such design as to accommodate the proposed free public library,—for the purchase, increase, maintenance and care of which, provision was made,—and beside that the trustees were instructed to assign and fit up, in said building, suitable rooms for the use of the Historical, Natural History and Library Society of South Natick.

By this noble bequest, Mr. Bacon provided for the Society a permanent home, where its collections could be properly arranged both for preservation and examination, and not only rent free, but also without cost of money or care in its erection, or maintenance, thus enabling the Society to apply its entire income to the legitimate objects of its organization.

But the will was made seven years previous to its publication, and of the five trustees named, but two survived the testator, and one of these being in Europe, declined the trust. A year passed before a full board was organized. Then, as the building must be fireproof, it required about eighteen months' time to erect it, and it was August, 1880, before the work of fitting up the rooms could be commenced.

The collections of the Society had been arranged in nice, glazed, hard-wood cabinets, which had been procured at an expense of several hundred dollars, to meet which money was borrowed. This debt had been increased by the expenses attending the necessary preparation and care of the rapidly gathered department of natural history. When the rooms in the building were ready to be fitted up, a committee of the Society conferred with the trustees, and an appraisal of the Society's cabinets was had, the amount of which was paid into the Society's treasury. With the money thus obtained the Society was able to nearly pay off its debt, and as the remainder was furnished at a reduced rate of interest, the prospects seemed bright for the future.

The new home of the Society was ready for occupancy about the first of December, 1880, and the transfer of the collections was commenced. This work was done by the custodian

and the curator of natural history, and it kept them busy several weeks.

On the evening of April twenty-seventh, 1881, the "Bacon Free Library" building, including both the Library and those portions occupied by this Society, was thrown open for public inspection, and appropriate exercises of dedication were held in the Eliot Unitarian church.

When the April quarterly meeting took place, it was determined to have a "field meeting" on the thirtieth of that month, and Messrs. Elijah Perry, Joshua Parmenter, Rev. J. P. Sheafe, Ir., Rev. Pearse Pinch and M. V. B. Bartlett were chosen a committee of arrangements to prepare for it. An account of the proceedings on that occasion is appended to this sketch. At the October quarterly meeting, it was voted to invite the "Veteran Musical Association of Natick," to visit the museum of the society, and to hold a public "sing" in the Eliot church also voted to provide a collation to be served in the vestry after the concert. The invitation was accepted and the visit was paid on the first of November, when the whole of the Bacon Free Library building was opened to the visitors, of whom seventysix recorded their names and ages in the Society's register. The weather being favorable there was a quite large attendance of the members who all enjoyed the occasion very much. As is often the case, however, there was cause for sadness at this time for, during this meeting, resolutions of respect and condolence were adopted upon the death of Charles Bigelow, Esq., president of the association. The president of this Society, Rev. Horatio Alger, was absent, also, from the meeting, on account of the protracted sickness, from which he had suffered for nearly a year.

President Alger died November 6th, 1881, which was the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth. He was the first president of the Society and held the office by annual re election, until his death. His successor was Geo. J. Townsend, M.D., who had been vice-president for several years.

There were six meetings during the year 1882. Of the two special meetings, one was held February 17th, when a double entertainment was given. The first part was in the museum, where eight microscopes of large power were in position

and a variety of objects were shown in each. The second part was in Edward's Hall, Merchant's Block, when Mr. E. S. Hayes of Natick with his large magic lantern and oxy-calcium light, exhibited a large number of beautiful pictures, including some objects of natural history and amusing subjects, but mostly views of scenery in our own country and in foreign lands. The second special meeting was a May-day field meeting, the second of this kind held by the Society. A full report of the proceedings will be found in another part of this book.

A paper upon "The Indian Grants from the Common Lands in 1719," was read at the October quarterly meeting by Mr. Horace Mann of Natick, who also displayed a map of Natick, on which the location and area of the said grants were depicted.

The additions to the museum during this year were not large, but somewhat curious. A white specimen of the gannet, among the birds; a frog-fish, captured near Peak's Island, Portland harbor; and some curious butterflies from South America were among those of the natural history department. A squash presser nearly one hundred years old, a basket, made and ornamented with colors by "Old Patience Pease," some fifty to sixty years ago, and sundry stone utensils of Indian make were added to the relics. The library was increased by forty-four bound volumes and thirty-four pamphlets.

At the annual meeting held January 9th, 1883, it was decided to hold another field meeting on the first of May, and a committee of five were chosen to arrange a program and carry it out. The third field meeting was accordingly held, and although the day was windy and rough, there was a large attendance, and the exercises passed off satisfactorily, as will be seen by the account subjoined. This was the only special meeting of the Society held during the year; and at the regular stated meetings no papers were read, and only routine business transacted.

Our library contains some nine hundred bound volumes, about one hundred unbound, and nearly seven hundred pamphlets and manuscripts. Of maps and charts there are about two dozen, of various sizes, qualities and value. There are also

nearly complete files of the Natick Bulletin and the Natick Citizen, which have been donated by the publishers. Of the Boston Daily Journal we have several years' issues, nearly complete from March, 1861, through 1865, with occasional numbers of earlier and later dates. There is a nite of the Norlolk County Gazette, nearly complete through four or five years, with less full additional volumes for three or four years, all of the Gazettes being presented by Hon. Samuel B. Noyes of Canton, Mass., one of our honorary members. Beside these, we have many occasional publications, and odd numbers of magazines, all of more or less historic value.

The museum comprises about sixty specimens of mammals, and between five and six hundred birds, of which fully onehalf are from foreign countries. Of reptiles and batrachians we have between eighty and ninety specimens, several of very rare species. There are less than fifty specimens of fishes, of which about one-half are in alcohol. Between two and three hundred insects represent that class. The collection of shells is a choice one, numbering several hundred specimens, of which nearly onehalf are named types. Some rare specimens of corals and sponges have also been secured. In the botanical department the collection, as before stated, is very large for so recently organized a society to possess; and it is specially rich in ferns, mosses and lichens. In minerals the collection illustrates several departments of geology, and includes fragments of stone from many noted places in the Old World as well as America. Of relics and curiosities there are many varieties; but nearly all illustrate the daily life or the character of the persons or the communities by whom they were used. The entire collection is one that cannot fail to interest every visitor.

The Society has had singular success as a collector; and its future usefulness can be largely augmented, not by the exhibition of its treasures merely, but by using them as illustrations of instructive lectures or talks upon the departments of study which they represent.

Amos P. Chenev in 1884 [Reprint.]

HENRY WILSON'S BOYHOOD

In the small town of Farmington, N. H., about fifteen miles north of Dover, on the sixteenth day of February, 1832, Henry Wilson was born. It was a small town which had been incorporated only fourteen years, and had a farming population, principally engaged in working a stony soil where the seasons for raising crops were always short, and the results often uncertain. In the spring, the corn around Boston would be laughing in the face of the farmer before the husbandman in Farmington had hauled his plow from its winter quarters or perhaps had made up his mind as to the particular field on which he would use it. The crops were tardy in the spring and the frosts hustled along in summer like passengers, anxious to secure a train already in sight, so hustling became the regular and imperative order for all who intended to live another season. The people were necessarily poor and had little promise of much improvement. Winthrop ('olbath, the father of Henry Wilson was among the poorest and had before him the problem of bringing up a large family in conditions almost horeless. His had been the condition of his father and father's father and hence despair was his chief inheritance. Henry therefore was launched in the world with an additional ancestor to give testimony to the impossibility of getting away from the family fate. But Henry broke the links which had bound the Colbath family fast in the clutches of poverty, and it is the mission of this sketch to show how it was done.

The life of Henry Wilson was one of struggle from the start, and he received the notice of the first person of consequence by being engaged in a fierce tussle with another boy in the roadway near his home in Farmington at the opportune moment when the first lady of the town was passing in her carriage.

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She was Mrs. Eastman, wife of the village lawyer, and sister of Levi Woodbury, who later became governor of the state, senator in Congress, secretary of the treasury, and justice of the Supreme court of the United States. How wonderfully the smallest circumstance sometimes determines the character and career of the important and influential citizen! The lady often passed down the Rochester road, and a hundred times had seen these same lads playing in the dirt, ragged and restless, but had never before encountered them engaged in a fight and this battle attracted her notice and caused her to stop and reprove them for their foolishness. The other boy has not been heard of since. It came into her head to ask if they could read, and how they got books, and something in the manner of the answer of Wilson led her to think he had material in him for the making of a man above the common. She hereupon told him to come to her house and make use of the library of her husband. This was a Godsend indeed, for he was yearning for knowledge, and needed a wise counsellor such as this woman was to help him make selections and how to use them. The son of Mr. Eastman told me in 1872 that he well remembered Wilson used to come to his father's office and read and discussed politics with the men who were in the habit of dropping in there to while away an hour in that manner, when he was about a dozen years of age. The Eastmans soon took a deep interest in him, and their advice and instruction stimulated and guided him in the pursuit of knowledge and started him on the grand career he assumed and held to from that day.

Before he was ten years of age, the poverty of his father had compelled him to bind his boy to service with a Farmington farmer to earn his bread and learn the art and mysteries of that occupation as then practiced among the hills of the Granite state, but quite imperfectly understood at that time.

The farmer, Mr. Knights, was not deficient in the art of how to get the most labor out of a boy under his complete control, and he roused his servants at break of day, and kept them moving as long as it was light enough to see the difference between weeds and corn.

When the weather grew cold, and the evenings long, and the family went to bed and to sleep, Henry crawled into the corner near the blazing light of the huge back log and studied and read until the log had ceased to burn and enable him to continue the task. This was not an occasional exercise, but daily. Farming had few joys for Henry Wilson, and he never dwelt on them with any remembrance of pleasure other than the gratification he had in study by the fire light of the otherwise desolate He had absolutely no companionship, and had there been any of the household willing to partake of the warmth of the burning log, their presence would have been gladly excused for they regarded his proceedings as preposterous, and all he was learning an injury to his success in the life he was following. Book farming had small consideration in the eyes of the master he was under, and when I consulted a surviving member of the family in relation to his manner of living which I did in 1882 I was met with something like the semblance of a sneer as a hint that I might be better employed. He had no play days and no playmates. The location was too remote for the circus to be drawn within reach, and too highly populated to sustain local fairs common in many places Could he have obtained a leisure day, it would not have been spent in idleness or in hunting and fishing and during my acquaintance with him I never saw him out with a gun and we went fishing only once and he was such a novice with hook and line that he caught no fish during the whole day. He could not sing and hence avoided the singing schools and rehearsals and parties, and not until long after he graduated from the apprenticeship of Farmer Knight did he join in the social festivities of the village where he made his home.

Provisions had been made in the indentures committing Henry to the clutches of the energetic farmer of Farmington to have him enjoy one month's schooling in each year for eleven years. It is painfully evident that the community which tolerated and made legal provision for a barbarity of that sort had little conception that they were living in the nineteenth century, and forty years of it had already passed and gone. We must re-

member however, that ten years before this in which occurred the birth of Wilson, the farmers in enlightened England were still walloping with raw cow hide not only their apprentices, but their hired hands at pleasure, and it was regarded as next to impossible to raise enough pork and turnips to keep the British aristocracy from famishing without that wholesome practice. At the same period the gibbet as an institution was in full blast, and the creaking of the rusty chains of a slain culprit made night hideous at many a cross road in the agricultural districts of the country.

At that time in history it had not been supposed possible to make a vice-president out of the material Mr. Knight was working, and he could not anticipate the result of his handling such an unpromising specimen. He accordingly construed the agreement in relation to the schooling to give to him the right to pick the days from time to time as he could best spare him from the farm, instead of letting him have consecutive days, and hence his schooling was deprived of nigh half its value as there was danger of his forgetting much he had learned in one day before the next selected day came round. He went the first day of the term and it was three weeks before he had another chance to climb the ladder of learning. Think of it, ye gods! A young man absolutely crazy for knowledge and obliged to get it in that intermittent manner! Is that a good way to fit a boy for a seat in the Senate of the United States? On that first day the teacher marked a lesson for him to commit in an abridgement of Murray's English grammar, and on his return at the end of the three weeks, put him to the recital. He took the floor and kept on repeating long after the mark had been passed, and at length the teacher, getting short of time, inquired how much more he could repeat and was amused to hear the answer that he could give the entire book and not miss a word. Very few boys in that school or any other, could have accomplished the feat in a year, giving their whole time to the task and having no long days of farm labor to perform under the eye of a hard, exacting master. If this performance has ever been excelled by any country lad, I have never heard of it, and

it is almost too wonderful for belief; but so is the whole story of the life of this extraordinary man.

Now while the attempt of Mr. Knight to curtail the limit of education provided in the indentures below a fair construction of the language used would seem to be an injury, and had all the elements of a wrong, it turned out to be a help instead. It roused indignation in the mind of the boy, and a determination not to be cheated of an education to gratify the cupidity of a hard and grinding master, and he resolved he would learn something in spite of the intention to prevent it. He did not know his powers, and it was a good time to test them, so instead of sitting down and growling at the wrong done him, he let that go and put all his energies into the effect to get the knowledge needed anyhow. And his success was so grand, it induced him to adopt the proverb, "Never say die, let what will happen," and that once firmly fixed in his mind was a principle of action which was worth more to him than can be estimated.

Thus he went on, for eleven long years, receiving, in each year, scattered along at unequal intervals, twenty-six days of instruction of the quality afforded in that part of the country at the period. But his devotion to his studies, and the reading of the books he was able to command left him no time to play when his day's labor on the farm was ended, and he practically lived without playmates and companionship, and in my long intercourse with him, I rarely ever heard him name any persons who seemed to have any strong hold upon his affections, nor could he refer me to any who were able to supply interesting anecdotes of boyish pranks and escapades committed while at school. It could not have been expected that he could have committed any, as he did not attend often enough to get on terms of intimacy with anyone, and it could hardly be said that he had schoolmates. Those who knew him at all were few, and they remembered that he always took the part of a small boy in the fights which were projected from time to time, and would not allow a helpless fellow to be thrashed in his presence.

He had a great longing for newspapers; but as this was before the days of reading rooms and institutes, and the mail

visited Farmington only once a week, but few families took the papers. Knights not being one, he had to employ his mother to borrow the 'Dover Gazette' of a neighbor after it was a week old, and a later one had come to relieve it from service, and he would run home and read it at night so as not to have it kept long from the family or others who were dependent on borrowing. Thus he toiled for knowledge, and literally acquired it on the run. Lawyer Eastman had some old newspapers carefully filed away for reference; a Washington Weekly, and Nile's Register, whose contents he eagerly devoured though they were old; and there were in his library Plutarch's Lives, a memoir of Napoleon and a biography of one Henry Wilson, whose character made such a strong impression on the mind of the youth that he fell in love with the name and resolved to appropriate it for his own which he did on attaining his majority.

When he was about fifteen he read in the Dover paper a severe criticism of Marshall's "Life of Washington." It was denounced as a bad book because it had convinced some prominent man that democratic doctrines were wrong.

The Dover Gazette was the paper he had relied upon for his supply of truth in politics, and it was a shock to him to learn that John Marshall was able to convince any one that democracy was an error. Such a book should be seen. There must be things of importance in it with which he was not acquainted. No doubt they were lies but still worth looking into. He must have that book; how to get it was the question. There was not a copy in Farmington, and the first penny of the many dollars needed to buy the treasure, had not yet found its way into the poor boy's pocket. He heard after searching enquiry that some marvel of fortune in the village of Rochester, was the owner of the wonderful book, and Rochester was seven miles away; could only be reached by him on foot, and after the day's work was done. He must have the book, however, and bring it seven miles and return and repeat the journey to see it back safely in the hands of the owner, making twenty-eight miles of night travel to ascertain whether the editor of his paper was a truthful James or a miserable deceiver. True he could send by some one

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for it; but the messenger might not be careful of it, if he obtained it at all, and it might be stolen from the wagon or be drenched in a shower—calamities he could not repair, and must not be risked. He must go for it and he went. It is so easy to get books now, by merely crossing the street, that it is difficult to imagine that in 1825 it required a tedious journey and a siege of sore feet, the loss of two night's sleep, and the weariness and lonesomeness, unavoidable in such a trip, in order to learn a single item of truth, but so it was. Wilson thought it would pay and always afterwards felt it did. He learned from the book the same truth the other man had as reported by the Dover paper, and was a whig from that day, bearing his sore feet with a composure which was happiness itself compared with the darkness that had enshrouded his mental vision during the years of his boyhood and which had it not been dispelled, would have kept him forever in the ruts of ignorance, cut and travelled by his progenitors. It was so manifestly important to his progress in life that he should escape from the thralldom of democracy as then held by the dominant party in his native state, that he deemed it a cause of profound thanksgiving all his later life.

He could not buy books, but he could sometime borrow by tiresome marching, and his marching paid. He seized with avidity any chance to earn some money, and to this end he became a contractor. There was to be a holiday on one occasion, and he applied to a neighbor for a job. The man had an old stump he wanted removed from his field, and offered him a cent to dig it out and haul it to the dooryard. As it was a chance to earn, he accepted, it was so exhibitanting to be doing business on his own account, and not be working under the eye of a master. The contract proved heavier than he had estimated, and the whole day was consumed in removing the stump; but he put the job through nevertheless, and at the close of the day received his pay in cash, as stipulated—the first money he could call his own. It was small pay; but no matter for that; it was a beginning, and as he was on the road to greater things and must begin somewhere, he may as well begin at the beginning. A cent thus earned would not be carelessly spent. He learned in that day

more of patience and self-denial than he could have purchased with a hundred times the money, so the time was by no means lost. The lesson was of immense value to him.

It is easy to see now that the John Marshall book was worth much more to him than the labor and weariness it cost to get it. It was positively essential for him to become a whig and ship his incubus of democratic theories to the shades of oblivion if he would rise to the elevation he desired to reach. Had he remained a democrat, his associations would have continued to be with democrats, and all the time he was fitting himself for his destiny, the democratic party was fitting itself for destruction. It went down at length, and carried with it the brilliant Douglas, the superb Breckenridge, and hosts of splendid men that Wilson could not compete with. Wilson in the ranks of that party would have been as forlorn as a mouse in the jaws of a tiger. The Marshall book was his rescue. It made a whig of him, and being a whig, he formed the associations which were able to put him in the fore front of the battles he was to fight for freedom and correct principle. That he would have succeeded as a democrat is inconceivable.

Thus, when he was twenty years of age, and only one cent in his pocket, the storage room in his head was much better filled than most boys of whatever age you may select. He could name the place of every battle in the Revolution and the war of 1812, the date, number engaged on each side, and you could not ask him a question relating to those facts that he could not answer. He had studied to some purpose, and thus had a mastery over all his competitors in facts and dates which antagonists had the most profound respect for, and made them very careful how they challenged. Thus he lived, studied, worked and reflected, until his twenty-first birthday came and set him free from the galling bondage of his indentures. He now found work on the farm of Mr. Wingate, for some months at nine dollars a month, and when the time was up, he sought employment at Great Falls, Dover, Newmarket and other places in the vicinity, willing to labor for nine dollars per month and earn twice that considering his activity and muscular strength, but was unable to obtain a situation, and returned home not much

in love with the administration, whose policy had failed to create a better state of things according to the promises of the Dover Gazette which he had persistently read and noted. Thus he was able to inject some telling items of personal experience into his debates with his democratic adversaries which they found were ugly customers at election time, when the workmen all turned out to hear him speak.

For his eleven years' service with Mr. Knight he received one yoke of oxen, six sheep and such information about farming as Knight possessed, which however valuable, proves insufficient to tempt him to put into a book of instruction for the benefit of the race. His service with Mr. Wingate yielded forty-five dollars, so at twenty-one and a half years of age, he started in the great world with a capital in cash of less than one hundred and fifty dollars, but he had read seven hundred books, and probably more than ten times the number of newspapers than any man in town at that date. He had a remarkable memory for facts and dates, and in reading made a point not only to fix the principal incidents in his mind, but also the precise time of their occurrence. This practice vastly improved his memory, and afterwards the great stores of facts treasured in his head with no very definite purpose other than to possess knowledge, not knowing exactly when or where it might be used, became immensely valuable to him, and made him a competitor in debate, that shallow and pretentious men have not been swift to encounter in the Senate or elsewhere. So his worldly capital was not to be despised after all. He had created a confidence in his own powers that encouraged him to push ahead in the same line he had started on and his determination to be somebody had not abated in the least degree.

Jonathan Bacon Mann in 1904.

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WEST CENTRAL STREET

ITS TREES AND RESIDENCES

One of the first things to attract the eye and excite the admiration of a stranger coming into town is the double row of stately trees which fling their arms across. West Central Street, forming a green roof in summer and a brown arch in winter.

This is not one of the oldest roads in town, Pond and Mill Streets having been formerly the travelled path, but seventy-five or more years ago this way to Framingham was opened and men began to build upon the eastern end of it. These trees were set out between 1830 and 1845. The men who planted them are entitled to the remembrance and gratitude of those who enjoy them today. It was done by those who owned homes and wished to make them attractive.

On the south side the residents were, first, Rev. Martin Moore who lived in the parish house, where Middlesex Block now stands. Then Calvin H. Perry, Charles Hayes who built the Chas. Q. Tirrell house, John B. Walcott, Alvin Fuller, Sumner Horton, Seth Walker, Henry Wilson, David and Jonathan Colburn, Lucius Munroe, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Henry Wilson, Hanson Walker and John Felch.

On the north side Jonathan Walcott, Rev. Martin Moore, who built the well remembered Adams house on the site of which Unity church now stands. Richard and Sharington Hayes built side by side. Richard Hayes' house was of brick. A few years later, it was burned and the present house was built. Nathan Rice and the Rev. Alfred Greenwood built twin cottages, and between them where, now is Spring Street, ran a wide ditch which emptied into Pegan brook. Both these cottages had tall gothic windows which have long since been changed for a more modern fashion. A sister of Mrs. Rice, Miss Nancy Livermore,

had her home with her sister and kept a private school. Stephen Hayes who afterwards built on East Central Street, and whose wife, Maria Hayes and their son, Edgar, gave to the town their fortune for an old people's home. Freeman S. Whitney came next, then his two brothers, David M. and George C. Whitney, Ephraim Hayes, Curtis Parker and Peleg LaGro. Some years later Charles Haseltine built the cottage, now the home of Alonzo Drake. This was the last house on the street until about 1857 when Edward Walcott built the Taylor mansion. Since then many changes have been made and some houses built My father, Freeman S. Whitney, disliking elm trees, planted four ash trees which I, then a small child, held in position, while he filled the soil about their roots. Nearly all the trees lived. but a few, dying, they were replaced by maples. Above Forest Street the trees were all planted by Edward Walcott, who also set the beautiful row between Forest and Cemetery Streets. Formerly three or four very tall elm trees stood in a small triangle at the junction of Elm and Central Streets.

LUCIE M. WHITNEY CHILD.

CORNWALLIS IN NATICK, 1833

Before the war of secession, the people of New England had no way, so attractive for the display of energetic and boisterous patriotism as a celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, which event took place on the 19th of October 1781, and ended the contest of Great Britain for supremacy in America. It was a happy event for our country, and consequently the anniversary, in time, came to be regarded as funny; and the fun, as is usual with fun in general that has any stated recurrence, assumed the grotesque form, and lapsed into burlesque.

We speak of a great defeat ever since 1815 as a Waterloo, and a Cornwallis is a small Waterloo with the element of fun

at the fore. The first Cornwallis in Natick of which I have knowledge took place in 1833. At that time there were just four houses between Pegan Brook and the Asa Felch house at the corner where the old Framingham road crosses the road to There were not more than four houses on West Central street, and Summer and Cochituate and Walnut streets had not yet been imagined. All the land from the site of the present Post Office north to the road by the Deacon Fiske place was owned by Dr. Angier, and most of it was pasture. street was the eastern line of Dr. Angier's farm. North of Pegan Brook there was an abrupt rise of the ground forming quite a bluff whose crest was reached about where the ball factory now stands, and with great military acumen this spot was selected as the camping ground of the British army and the scene of Lord Charles Mann Cornwallis' humiliation. spot was Yorktown, but better known, now, as a place for base balls rather than cannon balls. Which are the more destructive missiles is a question undecided at present, but many a poor fellow has met his Waterloo by standing in front of a regulation ball, manufactured at the Yorktown of Natick. North of the crest the ground gently sloped off to within a few rods of Angier's barn at a point where there was a little water shed or run part of the year, commanded by the British position on this occasion, and east of this run there commenced a swamp, always wet, which ran southerly to Uncle Ruel's pond now the line of the Albany railroad at the hat factory. At the foot of the bluff on the west, the Wayland road passed in considerable of a circuit, and so near the British encampment as to be unsafe for travel, but affording a fine chance for Washington to throw a storming party upon the defences. I am particular in describing the situation in order that the present inhabitants of the place may be able to picture the scene as it lay, in October, 1833, when no Natick man had set eyes on a locomotive, and the whistle of a steam engine of any description had not been heard within our limits. Very primitive it was, you may believe.

On this occasion Washington was personated by Major Dexter Drury, and Cornwallis by Captain Sylvius Holbrook,

both of West Natick; and their military achievements touched high water mark on that day for the first and last time, it being the only time when either held supreme command of an entire army. The old warriors were well represented, it was thought, for Major Drury was tall, erect and fond of military adventure to the full extent afforded in a time of profound peace, and Capt. Holbrook was portly as any traditional English lord who dines every day on the best of roast mutton and beef washed down with brown stout and Madeira or old port. It was inspiring to see them dressed in the uniform of the countries they respectively represented. It was fifty-two years from the date of the surrender of Cornwallis, and next October it will be just fiftytwo years from the date of the representation I am describing, How odd it seems. The real surrender looked to me, at that time, as a very far off event, but today the sham capitulation is like yesterday, almost-and not like yesterday, for I am painfully conscious that very few who joined in the parade of 1833 are now living to read these lines.

Col. Alexander Coolidge was captain of a regiment of Continentals, and Joseph Bigelow raised a company of Indians to act as allies of the red coats. This latter body I joined. We met at Dr. Angier's barn, and found the right wing of the British army. While we were putting on our blankets, moccasins and war paint, which was made of the juice of the poke berry, we were re-enforced by about a dozen real Indians from the reservation at South Natick under the lead of Joe Pease, but when our costume was fairly donned, and the long black hair cut from many horses' tails was adjusted to our heads the difference between the real and counterfeit Lo! was not by any means so marked as one might suppose. And the transformation was not altogether in costume, for the spirit of vagrancy sat on us as well as the garments, and the inclination to whoop and yell was spontaneous and general, and the demand for fire-water was real and far from parsimonious. grand sachem, the grave, reticent and stern Joseph Bigelow, jumped over the ground with spasmodic energy as though suffering an attack of St. Vitus' dance, and his war-whoop came out with the clearness of a night-owl's scream. Poor old Joe

Pease looked upon the gathering with deep emotion, and while great tears were rolling down his swarthy cheeks, harangued the company with earnest and pathetic eloquence. Joe and his comrades were the last of the Naticks, and I suppose he may have imagined that, at length, a pentecostal day had come, and the English who had staked off and fenced in the Indian hunting grounds were now repentant, and were about to join the tribe and restore the old nomad life with all the excitement of the chase, and the glories and triumphs af the tomahawk and scalping knife. I could not understand a word of the oration, but the earnestness and emotion of the old Indian were magnetic and impressive.

When all were ready a stealthy movement was made for the woods. The woods were on the farm of Rev. Martin Moore and extended westerly from North Main street to land of Capt. George Whitney, their line extending along the present line of Cochituate street, I suppose, or what used to be Cochituate street. It was designed to have our part of the fighting done in these woods, but when Lord Cornwallis sent out his advance to meet the assault of the Yankees as they came rushing up the ravine of the south fork of Pegan brook at its confluence with the main stream, there was such a paucity of muskets as to render the dramatic effect of small account, and in order to swell the noise into a volume of passing respectability, Sachem Bigelow moved the Indians into the open field, and, contrary to all tradition, they fought without any shelter from bushes and trees, and did their part with all the valor of regulars. There was immense excitement in this sham fight. The rushing of the antagonists at each other, the flash of the guns, the smoke, the smell of burning powder, the noise of rattling musketry, and the presence of a foe firing into our very faces annihilated the burlesque and made it all seem real. It could hardly have seemed more so had I been surrounded by the dead and wounded. It was, of course, arranged that the British and Indians should fall back under the weight of the American and French columns, and we did so, but not by any order to retreat, as far as I know, but because it was so admirably planned that

we were made to feel 'the presence of the enemy, and yielded under the necessity, though no one was hurt. Nothing ever seemed more real as we met the enemy, face to face, and fired, our muzzles and theirs almost touching, and then fell back after a stubborn resistance and full determination not to, come what might. But we were driven into the fort—the fort, made of sticks, old rails and rye straw was set on fire making a grand conflagration, and at last we were captured.

The closing scene, Lord Cornwallis giving up his sword and the men laying down their arms was worthy the general demonstration and Maj. Drury probably slept that night with serene consciousness that a duty had been admirably performed. It is with a sad interest that I write or rather re-write the incidents of this Cornwallis because of the diminished number of people who will be interested in the recital. Yet it was a great day, and wonderfully interesting to actors and spectators—and the talk of weeks while preparations were going on, and the talk of weeks when the drama had been performed. A sham, it is true, yet a part of the life of the period when it was enacted, and a remembrance which lingers fondly in the recesses of a mind which shortly will lose the power to portray.

JONATHAN BACON MANN, in 1885.

Feb. 27, 1885.

NATICK PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND THEIR ORIGIN

In 1804 there was an attempt made to establish a town library in Natick. The records of the town show that, at a meeting held April 2, 1804, there was an article in the warrant which read as follows: "To see if the town will purchase a library." This was premature, and it was not until nearly half a century afterwards, that the town had authority to grant money for any such purpose. By chap. 305 of the acts of 1851, cities and towns in this commonwealth were first authorized "to raise

money for the purpose of establishing public libraries, and to receive, hold and manage any devise or donation for the establishment, increase and maintenance of such libraries." We have no record of the discussion or debate which ensued upon the article to which we have referred, and all we know of the matter is that the plan of establishing a library then, failed, perhaps from the lack of proper legislation; but the interesting fact remains that there were, then, enlightened people in Natick, who foresaw the wisdom, if not the necessity of such an institution.

March 25, 1808, under a general law passed in 1806, authorizing the organization of proprietors of social libraries. Samuel Morse and others, petitioned William Goodnow, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, to call a meeting of the proprietors of a library entitled the Natick circulating library. The original petition, and the warrant issuing thereon, calling a meeting of the proprietors, are now among the files of papers, in possession of the town clerk, and it is a fact, worth remembering, that the Samuel Morse whose name was first appended to this petition and to whom the warrant was directed, was the grandfather of Mary Ann Morse, the founder of the Morse Institute. A catalogue of the library thus organized, printed without date, but about 1814, is still in existence, containing the names of fifty-two proprietors, all of whom are now deceased, except Edward Hammond, Jr., who still survives at a very advanced age. This catalogue embraced ninety-four volumes; and the writer and many of his youthful associates were under great obligations to the valuable instructive and amusing volumes, embraced in this library. It was all the more interesting and valuable to the youth who took books from it, after it became disused by the original proprietors on account of the small number of books acceptable to them.

In 1847 this library had become scattered, and could no longer meet the wants of the increasing population of the town. The Citizens' library was then organized, and the shareholders purchased a collection of well-selected books, which afterwards became the nucleus of the town library, and still later of the Morse Institute. The late Hon. Henry Wilson took a deep interest in the Citizens' library, and was one of its original proprietors. Its catalogue, published in 1852, contains a list of 432

volumes, most of which are still on the shelves of the Morse Institute.

But there was an increasing desire for books among all the people of the town which could not be satisfied by a private collection, and in order to meet this reasonable feeling, the proprietors of the Citizens' library, on the 10th day of February 1857, voted to give it to the town, "as a foundation of a town library, provided the town will appropriate three hundred dollars to be expended the first year, in enlarging the library, and one hundred dollars at least, annually, for the same purpose, and provide a room for the library, and appoint and pay a librarian.

This was accepted by the town April 6, 1857, and thereupon the Citizens' library became merged in a town library. The town made annual grants for its support, generally in excess of the amount it was required to make by the terms of its contract.

A catalogue, published in 1859, shows that it had then increased to 1742 volumes, of which only 483 belonged to the Citizens' library. Another catalogue was published in 1866, and annual supplements of volumes added thereafter. These show a constant increase of interest by the inhabitants, in their library, and when it was transferred by the town committee to the Morse Institute, June 2, 1873, there were in it 3154 volumes of well selected books.

The Morse Institute was founded by Mary Ann Morse who died June 30, 1862, leaving her whole estate, by will, for the purpose of establishing a library for the use and benefit of all the inhabitants of the town. Under these circumstances, the town wisely transferred, by vote passed March 3, 1873, its library to the care and management of the trustees, elected by the town, under the provisions of the will of Miss Morse, thus forming the basis of the library of the Morse Institute.

The value of this bequest was, after the death of Miss Morse, made a matter of debate; but, by a careful and judicious administration of the funds placed by the will at their disposal, the trustees have been able to build an elegant library building, upon an ample lot, reserved for that purpose by the will, costing, beside the lot, twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars; and

have purchased from the funds in their hands, 5962 volumes that have been added to the Town library. The trustees have, besides, a fund of about twelve thousand five hundred dollars reserved for the purchase of books, only the interest of which has been, thus far, applied to that purpose.

There have been added to the library from other sources, about 2900 volumes, largely public documents, the gift, for the most part, of the Hon. Henry Wilson, who, while he lived ever manifested a lively interest in the welfare and prosperity of a library to which the youth of Natick might resort while endeavoring to imitate his example as a self-made and self-educated man.

The library building was completed, and the Town library, with a large addition of valuable books purchased with the funds of the trustees, placed upon the shelves, on the 25th day of December, 1873, and on that day the new library building was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, and on January 1, 1874, was first opened for use. It has been constantly and increasingly patronized by all classes of the people of the town, until it has become almost a necessity to very large numbers. A full and complete catalogue has been greatly needed for several years, so that those who borrow books from it might know what it contains. The trustees attempted to supply this want in an imperfect manner by a catalogue published in 1875, containing only an alphabetical list of authors with the titles of their several works. This answers very well for a small library, but when the number of volumes becomes large a further index is needed to point out the titles of the work and the topics upon which they treat.

Since r875 we have caused six supplementary catalogues to be published, containing a large number of works added annually to the library. In these, two entries for each work were made, under the author when known, and under the title of his work. But these additions have become so numerous and extensive that it has been found impracticable, even by those most familiar with the books, to ascertain whether or not a given volume is in the library.

In the present catalogue, arranged upon the same plan as a dictionary, are presented the names of the authors, the titles of their several works, and often, the subject on which they treat, with numerous cross-references, so that any one may, by means of it, find any book on any subject contained in the library. This presentation of the subjects or topic, of which the several authors treat, will be found very useful and advantageous to those using the library; and the same plan has been adopted in most of the catalogues issued by the public libraries in this country. There are also given, under the author's name, the contents of numerous works, treating upon different subjects with occasional cross-references to the same. In order to accomplish this, it has been necessary to enter each book twice, at least, and often three or more times.

Under the direction of the trustees, this work has been done with much ability and faithfulness by Miss Lucy Ellen Wright, the daughter of our librarian, with such assistance as her father has been able to give her. We do not claim that this work has been so done as to be without mistakes or errors of any kind, for we have found errors in the best catalogues; but we trust it will be found that it will compare favorably with most of the work of the same kind, issued by the several public libraries in this state. Miss Wright has received valuable aid and advice from Miss Bean the librarian of the Brookline public library. She has also constantly consulted various catalogues placed by the trustees at her disposal, such as the Brookline, Boston, Quincy, Fall River and other town and city catalogues. She has also consulted, with advantage, the catalogue of the State library of Massachusetts, the American catalogue, and the bibliographical works of Allibon, Brunet, Lowndes and others contained in the library.

This catalogue embraces 9380 volumes, but does not include the very valuable and numerous public documents and pamphlets which have been gradually reduced to order by the assiduous care of our excellent librarian Rev. Daniel Wright, and which we have felt compelled to leave uncatalogued till some future occasion.

(Judge) John William Bacon, in 1882.

DR. ISAAC MORRILL PLACE

Fifty years ago in November, 1832, being then a boy of seventeen summers, I went to bed one night in Dedham village, full of anticipation of the pleasure which I was to experience on the morrow when I was to come to Natick with my mother and sister and a younger brother. I was to be wakened early, as I was to feed and harness the team which I was to drive. But I needed no arousing. I hardly slept any, and shortly after midnight began to wish for the dawning of the day, and the time to arrive for me to get ready my horse. So I looked, from time to time, impatient through the window of my chamber and suddenly was startled by a remarkable exhibition in the heavens. There were others who witnessed the same phenomena. In your bright and newsy sheet, the Natick Citizen, to which I am a subscriber, and which I and my wife and sisters and daughters and sons and grandsons, eagerly seek and read weekly, I find an interesting allusion to the wonderful star shooting exhibition of that morning, by my maternal cousin, Alexander Wheelock Thayer.

"On the morning of the 13th of November," says he, "about three o'clock, I was awakened by a candle flashing in my eyes, which, as they opened, beheld Travis' pale face, while the ears heard words to this effect:

"'Wheelock, get up, the Judgment day has come; the stars are all falling.' These may not be the exact words, but fifty years have passed since I heard them. Three weeks before, I had completed my sixteenth year. Half a dozen years previously, one of my school books had been a little, thin volume on Astronomy, prepared by Wilkins, later of the firm of Wilkins & Carter. Towards its end was a short extract from Humboldt and Bonpland's travels in South America, describing a wonderful meteoric shower, observed by them (exactly thirty-four years

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before) at Cumana. The words 'the stars are falling' had hardly been spoken when it flashed into my mind this might be what Humboldt saw. I uttered a loud exclamation of delight, which somewhat reassured Travis, as my relation of the Humboldt story did the others, and I sprang to the head of the outside stairs above mentioned. What I saw has been described a hundred times, but no description gives any adequate conception of the beauty and grandeur of the spectacle."

Thayer was afterward with me at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard, and was then remarkable for his power of keen observation. Him we met at South Natick that day, and his mother and sister Susan, alas! not now living on the earth; and his mother's sisters, the late Mrs. Adams and Miss Bigelow and Mrs. Stowe, mother of the now living and learned Professor Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife, Harriet Beecher Stowe, has woven the incidents of the every day life of the people and families of the Old Town into a novel whose characters will always be famous, and whose descriptions and narratives of New England life, as it was a century ago, have rarely been equalled and never been surpassed.

What a day was that! and what a drive from Dedham village to Dover, by Dr. Sanger's, crossing the bridge from east to west, and alighting at the old Bigelow house, which stood on the lot now enclosed in the Eliot Square. After dinner at Natick, we drove to this house. Here then was living Dr. Isaac Morrill. He was born in Wilmington, in 1748, and was the eldest son of Rev. Isaac Morrill, and three years the senior brother of Ehakim Morrill, my maternal grandfather, of whom I had the honor to speak on an occasion similar to this, one year ago today.

Dr. Isaac Morrill came from Wilmington to Natick (Old Town) in the year 1771, being then a young man of twenty-three years; and here, Oct. 2, 1774, he wedded Mary, eldest child and daughter of Nathaniel Mann of Needham, whose wife was Mary, daughter of Rev, Jonathan Townsend, the first minister of the town of Needham, and who moved into Natick between 1761 and 1763, had a farm at the north part of the

** town, which he bought of Abel Perry and one Metcalf, and had three children born in Needham—Mary, Ebenezer, Samuel.

Nathaniel Mann was a descendant of Rev. Samuel Mann of Wrentham (H. U. 1665), a classmate of Benjamin Eliot and Caleb Cheeshahteaumuk, the only Indian graduate of Harvard College. Among his descendants was the late Horace Mann (B. U.), who died Aug. 2, 1853.

It is pretty well established that an Indian named Obsco was once the owner of the greater part of Dr. Morrill's land, who bought it of his wife's father, and built a home in 1775 a few feet in front of this spot, the frame of which was moved back in 1852 and built over into the present style.

Fifty years ago I sat at the table of my granduncle in this old house, of which he was still the owner, and in which he had then lived fifty-seven years with Mary, his wife, who had died Dec. 23, 1831, aged 82. Thayer and I (then at Phillips Academy, Andover) visited the venerable doctor again in the summer of 1838. He then talked of the life he had lived, of his experience as a physician, of the multitude of children who had been born in the town within his intimate knowledge, and of other matters which he thought might interest young men.

Turning to my diary which I kept in the year 1838, I find the following:

"Wednesday, Aug. 22—Went to Needham and Natick. Spent the forenoon in Needham, with Dr. Morrill and Mrs. Walker and Phæbe Morrill. Visited the church—very pretty." And then follow these words: "Dr. Isaac Morrill is 90 years of age, and retains his faculties to a wonderful degree. He practiced physic till he was 80 years of age, but he is now childish, yet manly. It is the way to die, to go down to the grave as a shock of corn ripe for the sickle. Went to Natick in the afternoon, etc." I never saw him again alive. He died the following spring, May 5th, 1839, aged 91 years.

In this house were born his daughter Mary, who married—Walker and died Mar. 8th, 1870, aged 87; Phæbe, who died Mar. 3d, aged 85, and his son Samuel, who died in Brookfield, date unknown. His widow died in Brookfield, Feb. 5th, 1882, aged 92. These and two of Mrs. Walker's and two of

Samuel's sons, all who died in middle life, were buried in the Morrill tomb in the old graveyard by the church in soil hallowed by the tread of the Apostle John Eliot, and John, his son, and that beloved contemporary and historian, Daniel Gookin,—father of Rev. Daniel Gookin, (H. U. 1669) of Sherborn—who was the first English magistrate chosen to be ruler over the praying Indians in 1656 and governing the Indians subject to us, especially those of Natick, Ponkapoag, etc., in the time of the "High and mighty Prince Charles II. by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc."

This whole territory is historical. "Sacred to the memory of" seems written on every wall and aged tree, and field and hill and grove and rock and river, from Nonantum to Sherborn, and it is well to pause here by the spot where once dwelt that good physician who, for more than half a century immediately succeeding the commencement of its civilization, ministered to the afflicted.

Dr. Isaac Morrill sold this place to Nahum Cutter, April 1st, 1836: recorded in Middlesex Deeds (should have been Norfolk), book 350, page 457. From Cutter it passed to John Welles, April 20th, 1836: recorded in Norfolk Deeds, lib. 137, page 177. From John Welles to Mrs. Isabella P. Hunnewell, April 1st, 1846: recorded with Norfolk Deeds, lib. 159, page 317. From her it passed into H. H. Hunnewell's hands. H. H. Hunnewell's house does not stand on Dr. Morrill's land.

Walter Hunnewell built his present house in 1875, on the Dr. Morrill land. In 1852 the old house was moved back its width or a little more, newly covered, enlarged and finished up as it now stands. It now belongs to Mrs. Sargent, Mr. Hunnewell's youngest daughter. The land was originally very poor It bordered on what was in olden times called Saw-Mill Pond, later on Bullard's Pond, now Lake Waban; and he used to say of his estate that he had feed and water enough for one hundred head of cattle. The Doctor, as I remember him, was a pleasant old gentleman, a welcome visitor in a sick room, but strenuous against cold water as a drink in fevers. He always rode horseback with saddle-bags of medicine under him. When he

stopped to visit a patient the saddle-bags were carried on his arm. He always had a little riding stick in his hand, such as he might pick up or break from some tree or bush. It happened one day that he broke off a willow, and when he got home he stuck it into the bank by his house to have it handy to take again; but it was left there, took root and grew till it got to be more than two feet through, and was cut down in 1852 to make room for moving the house back.

West of the doctor's house, opposite his land, stands a mile-stone. The distance from Boston is now about 14 miles. It very likely may have been here when the doctor first came. This part of Needham, to Saw-Mill Brook, was Natick up to 1797.

SAMUEL B. NOYES, of Canton, in 1883. (Grandson of Eliakim Morrill).

[Reprint]

A NARRATION OF OLD TIME INCIDENTS IN SOUTH NATICK

No matter how far, and how long away I am from South Natick, I never forget it, and I have often thought of transcribing some of my recollections of old time incidents and old time residents for the interest and benefit of the present generation. All the people who lived there fifty years ago are as clearly in my memory now as if it were only yesterday that I saw them last. We all were neighbors, near to each other in real, if, in the New England fashion of that day, unexpressed sympathy. And it was a neighborhood of high intelligence. Next to my home on one side lived William Edwards. Whether he was a first class tailor or not, he was a naturalist of the type of Hugh Miller, author of the old Red Sandstone. Wellesley College discovered his value and made him one of its instructors. Opposite was Newell Ingalls, in whose shoeshop I spent many an hour discussing philosophy, phrenology, civics and political

economy. Not that we used all these terms, but those were the things we talked. Then came our good Doctor Townsend, who had been in India, whose brother was a distinguished Adjutant General of the United States Army, and with whose first wife I read German, Schillier's Robbers. His kind of a country doctor will I hope, not pass away. Next to the doctor was that rare controversial theologian, Deacon Phillips, in whose carpenter shop, on rainy days, I heard all about the objectionable thirty-nine articles of the Westminister creed. On the hill just by the boundary between Natick and Dover was the cottage of Isaac Greenwood, who used to help on my father's farm, and to whose unfailing stories of Parson Badger and other worthies of an earlier day, I listened with delight, as I dropped the corn and potatoes which the men were planting.

Mr. Solomon Fuller, (we always addressed the men who worked for us as mister), used to come from his Dover home to help out in hoeing and harvesting, was also interesting in his reminiscences. It was thus that I became familiar with Natick history, and got the foundation of my education in ethical studies and economics, and almost all my practical knowledge of botany and mineralogy, for did I not go into the fields with Rev. Edward Stone, our Unitarian clergyman after Rev. Thomas B. Gannett, and hammer out specimens of quartz, serpentine and other rocks, besides reading Sallust with his sister-in-law, Miss Townsend? Our village politician was our storekeeper and postmaster, Moses Eames, a persistent Jackson Democrat, who never ceased the hopeless effort to convert my father from his errors as a sturdy Webster Whig. He was of the kind which buttonhole their man, and will not let go, so my father would say after coming back from the postoffice in the evening. At the discussion in the village lyceum, in which Aaron Sanford, the cabinet maker, and Col. Abraham Bigelow, the father of my schoolmates, William P. Bigelow and Mrs. Abbie F. Gale were prominent, Mr. Eames would find his audience and hold the floor. William Edward used to go fishing and shooting successfully, as we all did, but usually with scant success, but William Parmenter, the only man of leisure in South Natick, coming there at a late date, with his interesting wife and daughters, Lizzie and

Martha, with whom we boys used to walk up to the Natick high school after it was opened in about 1852 3, was a really professional sportsman.

And who could ever forget Martin Broad, the butcher, Miller Robbins, to whose mill I used to take our corn to be ground, watching the grinding. The miller could not talk while busy with the machinery, but blacksmith John Robbins, and later Charles Bailey, to each of whom I would drive our horse and big oxen to be shod, would make pithy remarks while blowing the bellows and heating shoes to be fitted to the feet of the animals. But Obed Mackintosh, who made and mended our winter boots and the summer shoes we wore when we had to wear them and be denied the delight of going barefoot, could and did talk no end while we watched his cobbling. There was no denying his skill as a fifer on muster days, for he told us of it himself. Charles Bailey's brother, Goin, kept the tavern after John Gilman left it to go to Baltimore with his family to live. I wonder how it fared with his three daughters; the brilliant Angeline, Mary Anne, who wrote such wonderful compositions at school and Elizabeth. Oliver Bacon and his excellent wife are well remembered by their gift of the library building, their house with the great elms in front was Parson Badger's.

Dr. Spaulding, the first village doctor I knew, was succeeded by Dr. Chandler, whose children, Nancy, Maria and Charles, were my schoolmates. The cholera carried off the doctor and his daughter, Nancy, and Dr. Sewall, who had his office in John Atkins' house and who married Joan Gannett, took his place, and gave way soon after to Dr. Townsend.

To this incomplete list of our village people and with no thought of undervaluing their worth, I must say that the influence upon myself of the Gannett family appears to me as I look back over the years in which I enjoyed their friendship, to have been singularly good. I was always allowed to browse in their library which was anything but up-to-date, but it had much that was best in literature. I went to school with their daughters, Joan, Mary (Mrs. Charles Holyoke), Sarah, (Mrs. John Hastings) and their sons, Stiles and Alfred. The eldest daughter, Debby, married Charles R. Sedgwick, a prominent lawyer of

Syracuse and a representative in congress during the Civil war. As a young girl, Mrs. Sedgwick was at Brook Farm, of which she wrote an account in the March Atlantic of 1900, describing in it the game she played, throwing pillows with Hawthorne. I think she was the loveliest woman, excepting my wife, whom I ever have known. The Sedgwick home was frequented by George William Curtis, and his elder brother, of whose worth, as Mrs. Sedgwick has told me, too little was generally known, Governor John A. Andrew, Richard H. Dana, their neighbors, Andrew D. White, later of Cornell, and Rev. Samuel May, with many others of that class.

In thinking of the delightful Gannett family I am reminded of Jackson Bigelow, whose house is just above the canal bridge, his wife and her lovely sister, Ellen, who marred John Cleland. The sisters were relatives I think, of the gifted au thoress, Lydia Maria Childs. The trooping memories bring to mind the family of Col. Bigelow. A much loved niece, Susan Thayer, died early. A nephew, Wheelock Thayer, went to Harvard, and afterwards lived in Germany, where he wrote a valuable memoir of Beethoven. I hope that William Bigelow's daughter will find time from her Walnut Hill school to write the annals of her father's family.

The Ladies' Social Circle met regularly at the houses of the members and discussed the books of the day which were bought for their library. It was the time of George Eliot's stories, Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Wide, Wide World.

No one who lived that country life would ever be willing to forget the village school and its Teachers, its work and its play. The terms were short, perhaps four months in the winter and three in the summer, for school funds soon ran out. It was usually a school master in winter and a school mistress in summer. I went to school to Miss Susan Thayer and Miss Rebecca Fisher, a daughter I believe of Mrs. Leach, whose house is preserved in its old form by the Hunnewells. She was a dear friend and relative of my mother. Miss Fisher married Mr. Abbott, and with him taught young ladies at the Spingler Institute in New York. Miss Joanna Dana was my last teacher. The men teachers were Mr. Kingsbury, who for long after, kept a

boys' academy in Wrentham; Oscar Parker, a Harvard student; and James T. Allen, brother of Nathaniel Allen, at whose West Newton school I attended two terms. They were all excellent teachers, and what famous work we did, going through Adams', Emerson's and Greenleaf's arithmetics and Bailey's algebra, two English grammars, Mitchell's geography, American history, its name I do not now recall, but I remember the history and its pictures of the battle on Lake Erie, the shooting at Lexington and the surrender of Cornwallis, Cutter's anatomy, physiology and hygiene, writing books, composition, drawing, spelling matches, speaking pieces, reading aloud from the New Testament each morning and afternoon from a reader, and repeating mottoes at the close of each day, such, for instance, as "Count each day lost whose low descending sun sees at thy hand no worthy action done." This does not take in the daily singing of "Lightly Row," "Happy Land," "Come with thy lute," etc. The influence was good on the smaller pupils of the big boys and big girls who sat in the back seats and to whose recitations the younger ones listened with great interest. I do not mean that I did this when reading sub rosa, Marryatt's tales lent me by George Sanford, the Pirates which Frank Bigelow kindly furnished for my edification, and the Arabian Knights, which came from some other schoolmates.

We ran, climbed the old oak trees, wrestled, jumped, coasted down hill, played marbles, and occasionally fought enough to make the nose bleed, and generally had a good time. Moses Bullard taught wonderfully good hand writing at an evening school, to which each carried his own small oil lamp. Those were good days. But better still were to come at the Natick High school, taught by Abner Rice and his assistants, Miss Tolman and Miss Harriet Bacon. Walking to school and back every day, taking luncheon along, was no hardship, it was fun. But I was so loaded up with learning acquired at the village and Nat Allen's school, to say nothing of a term at the George Walker Holliston academy, that I soon began Latin and was reading "Jacobus Habuit," poor latin, but so easy, and studying Crook and McClintock's Greek grammar, all of which meant going to college, something never before dreamed of. Of the

delightful high school days I will not now try to write, nor of my winter prior to going to Cambridge, in teaching school in the old North Brook, other than to refer to the reading some of Cicero's orations, and Plato's Georgias with Rev. Elias Nason, John William Bacon and B. F. Ham, the Natick lawyer, and Mr. Rice, while I was boarding with Mr. Bacon's mother.

I have not written of the other South Natick clergymen. Perhaps I have written more than the present generation in South Natick may care to read; but I can assure them that it was a wholesome, sincere and simple life we used to live there. How we pitied the city boys when they came on their summer vacations. What did they know, poor things, of catching pickerel, setting snares for partridges and rabbits, shooting squirrels, making figures to scare off crows, going in swimming, skating on the river, husking corn, eating luscious peaches, plums, apricots, apples, grapes and all kinds of berries without money and without price, of sleigh riding, singing schools in winter evenings, of crops of clover, timothy and herds grass and all the other farm products? In their brick homes and paved streets what could they see of the beautiful country? They could not even stretch themselves on the grass, flat on their backs and watch the clouds, and worse than all as I have come to think, some of them were so rich that they did not have to work or help their parents or learn to do things. It was the real life, the country life and they were real folks in South Natick.

(Gen.) ALFRED S. HARTWELL.

Honolulu, T. H.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE INTRODUCTION OF WATER FROM LAKE COCHITUATE INTO BOSTON

Mrs. Mary R. Esty of this town has presented to the South Natick Historical Society a program of the Water Celebration in Boston when Cochituate water was first introduced into that city. This took place Oct. 25, 1848. As this lake, formerly called Long Pond, but now known by its more musical Indian name of Lake Cochituate— is located within the borders of our town, we feel that any matter relating to it should have a place in Natick's History.

"The weather, on the day of the celebration was propitious, and, at the break of day, a salute of one hundred guns, accompanied by the ringing of the bells opened the ceremonies. At an early hour the streets were filled with people, attracted by the decorations, mottoes and devices by which the principal avenues through which the procession was to pass were embellished. These were very numerous, well-arranged, and in good taste, and some of them very beautiful.

"Previous to the literary exercises of the celebration, there was a procession, embracing a cavalcade, consisting of, first, a Military Escort; second, the Fire Companies of Boston and the neighboring cities and towns, dressed in their various uniform; third, a cavalcade composed of a very numerous body of horsemen; fourth the Civil Procession in eight divisions.

"The route followed was through the principal streets of the city to the Common, to which entrance was made through the Park street gate. It took about two hours for the whole cavalcade to pass a given point."

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The following is the program:

WATER CELEBRATION

BOSTON, OCTOBER 25th, 1848

Exercises at the Fountain

I. Hymn

By George Russell, Esq.

To be sung by the Handel and Haydn Society and the Audience,

-Tune "Old Hundred."

Eternal! uncreated God!

Source of our being! Fount of Love,
Our songs ascend to thine abode;

Thou art the joy of worlds above

The sea is thine; at *hy command, From darkness deep, its waters came The Sons of God beheld thy hand, And in loud chorus praised thy Name,

Rivers and lakes and springs declare, That Thou art wise, and kind, and good; Both man and beast thy bounties share, Thou givest drink; thou givest food.

Behold! from yonder distant lake
A streamour city now supplies
We bid it welcome:—come partake:
To-day its waters greet our eyes!

Let old and young and rich and poor,
Join in one full harmonious song!
Let every tongue its praises pour,
And swell the Anthem loud and long!

II. Prayer by Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D.

III. Ode

By James Russell Lowell, Esq. To be sung by the School Children.

Ι

My name is Water; I have sped,
Through strange dark ways untried
before,
By puredesire of friendship led.
Cochituate's Ambassador;

He sends four royal gifts by me
Long life, health, peace and purity.

1**I**

I'm Ceres' cupbearer; I pour For flowers and fruits and all their kin Her crystal vintage from of yore Stored in old Éarth's selectest bin Flora's Falernian ripe, since God The winepress of the deluge trod." Ш

In that far isle whence ironwilled
The new world's sires their bark unmoved
The fairies acorn-cups I filled

Upon the toadstool's silver board? And 'neath Herne's oak for Shakspeare's sight

Strewed moss and grass with diamonds bright.

IV

No fairies in the Mayflower came, \(\)
And lightsome as I sparkle here,
For mother Bay State, busy dame,
I've toiled and trudged this many a year
Throbbed in her Engine's iron veins
Twinled myriad spindles for her gains.

I too can weave, the warp I set
Through which the sun his shuttle
throws,
And bright as Noah saw it, yet
For you the arching rainbow glows,

A sight in Paradise denied To unfallen Adam and his bride.

VI

When winter held me in his grip,
You seized and sent me o' the wars,
Ungrateful! in a pr!son snip
But I forgive, not long a slave,
For soon as summer south winds blew
Homeward I fled, disguised as dew.

For countless services I'm fit,
Of use, of pleasure and of gain,
But lightly from all bonds I flit:
Incapable as fire of stain;
From mill and washtub I escape
And take in heaven my proper shape.

VIII

So, free myself, today, clate

I come from far, o'er hill and mead,
And here, Cochituate's Envoy, wait
To be your blithesome Garry mede
And brim your cups with metor true
That never will make slayes of you.

IV. Report of Hon. Nathan Hale in Behalf of the Water Commissioners.

V. Address by the Mayor.

VI. Water Let on

VII. Chorus from the Oratorio of Elijah.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land. The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices. The stormy billows are high, their fury is mighty: But the Lord is above them, and Almighty.

"At the conclusion of the addresses the Mayor asked the assembly if it were their pleasure that the water should now be introduced. An immense number of voices responded "Aye!" Whereupon the gate was gradually opened, and the water began to rise in a strong column, six inches in diameter, increasing rapidly in height, until it reached an elevation of eighty feet.

"After a moment of silence, shouts rent the air, the bells began to ring, cannon were fired, and rockets streamed across the sky. The occasion was one of intense excitement which it is impossible to describe, but which no one can forget. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, and all the public buildings, and many of the private houses were brilliantly illuminated."

The literary exercises were all of a high character, and we have given the entire program. The ode by James Russell Lowell is particularly noticeable for its gracefulness, and for its beautiful imagery; and it adds lustre to the name of this distinguished poet and author.

The description of the details of the celebration was taken from the "History of the Introduction of Pure Water into the City of Boston," compiled by a member of the Boston Water Board.

Ed. Historical Collections.

NATICK'S TOWN HALL

My earliest recollection of a town meeting in Natick goes back to the year 1859. The vestry or basement of the Universalist church on East Central Street was the scene and all persons present appeared to be the actors.

On our way to or from school, attracted by the commotion, a party of us boys drifted near the door of the vestry to see what might be going on. Everybody seemed to be busy, we boys were totally ignored and, as may be inferred, we soon managed to get inside. If we visited the place out of idle curiosity, we certainly lingered as long as possible from motives of interest and enthusiasm. For myself I can truly say that the impression produced on the mind by the object lesson presented was both pleasing and permanent.

The basement was comfortably crowded, very few settees available or apparently desired as nearly all the men seemed to be on the alert, bustling about or gathered in little knots here and there, arguing, bantering or prophesying results in a spicy but good humored way. I do not remember that there were any set speeches while we were there. At one side was a small raised platform on which the officials were stationed and a steady

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stream of voters was passing along and landing in their ballots on the candidates or question before the meeting.

Of course, being mere children, we could only imperfectly comprehend or grasp the significance of the various proceedings but to every one of us the affair seemed novel, attractive and inspiring. While we relished the activity, sparkle and fun pervading the assembly we did not fail to notice that there was very little confusion and we then and there received our first and enduring notion of a free people governing themselves and regulating their affairs according to the methods of a New England town meeting. The next time I attended a town meeting was during the war and it was held in School House Hall in District No. 2. This hall included the entire third floor of the building now called it the Wilson school and at and before the period mentioned had been in frequent use for concerts, lectures, dances and entertainments of every description. Here were held the public gatherings during the great strike in 1860 when the shoe-makers vindicated their right to "Cash and Twenty Cents a Pair" to the ultimate satisfaction of the entire community. Some of the eloquence delivered on those occasions and at the war meetings later on, was of the most fervid type but, nevertheless, the proceedings were always fascinating, orderly and very effective. When, in the course of events, the increase of children in the district required that this hall should be partitioned off into school rooms, the town was found occupying the old Methodist Church as a Hall. This edifice stood on the land on Summer Street now occupied in part by the Central Fire Station. Herein occurred some lively wrangles, notably in 1870 when, after a stormy session and a division of the house, the election of a School Committee was set aside on the ground that the check list had not been used at the previous meeting.

Soon after, in 1873, the town began to use the hall in the new brick structure just then erected by Mr. Clark, but the great fire of January 13, 1874 destroyed that with many other buildings in the centre of the town, and subsequent meetings were held for a short period in the Catholic Church basement and in the Tabernacle, so-called, a temporary, wooden, one-story affair put up with wonderful despatch by the Congregational Society on

the vacant land opposite the southeast corner of the Common. Upon the completion of the new Clark Block in 1875 the town resumed under lease the use of Concert Hall for meetings and have continued that practice to the present moment.

From the foregoing it will be seen that, for the past fifty years at least, Natick has had a varied experience in the matter of a hall for town purposes. Inspection of the records shows the same to be the fact throughout the history of our community.

From 1746 when Natick was organized as a Precinct or Parish, later from 1781 when incorporated as a Town, and onward to near the middle of the nineteenth century, meetings of the inhabitants were generally held in the church or school house. The idea of a Town House, properly so called, seems never to have appealed very forcibly to our sturdy predecessors. The population increased slowly, if at all. The hardships entailed by wars and rumors of wars fell heavily on Massachusetts towns.

The incessant "migrating" of those days showed that a large element of the people were not firmly settled as to their place of permanent abode. Moreover, towards the close of the 18th century dissensions were rife on various topics. were founded on local, religious or political reasons, probably, but the upshot was that Natick was sadly divided against itself nd little progress was made in any direction for nearly a generation. If, during this period the notion of a Town Hall existed in the minds of any, it remained undeveloped until 1835 when a determined movement was started to secure a grant for said purpose. The Boston & Worcester railroad had then recently been opened for traffic, the upper village undoubtedly began to exhibit signs of growth and to many it seemed the proper thing to have a building for municipal affairs. Opposition was still strong, however, and it was not until 1841 that the project was carried through and Natick became the possessor of its first and only town hall. How fierce was the conflict may be realized from the closeness of the vote on one of the vital issues of the contest, 65 to 67. Indeed it is doubtful whether it could have been brought about were it not for the fact that the entire expense was to be met by the money refurned at that time, as sur-

plus revenue, by the U. S. Government to the cities and towns of the country; and Natick's share of the same was voted to be applied for the said purpose.

The auditorium of the new building when finished was 34 x 44 feet. Although it may have been roomy enough at first, the rapid growth of the shoe business with the consequent influx of new residents must have soon proved that the accommodations were inadequate and so we are not surprised to find that fifteen years later in 1856 the citizens practically discarded the new Hall as a place of meeting and the town recommenced the roving method as noted at the beginning of this sketch. The edifice itself, while shorn of its glories as a hall, assumed new lustre shortly when, having been moved from its first location to the lot at the corner of Morse and East Central streets, it became the abiding place of our High School and so continued for twenty years or more.

The writer well remembers how deeply he was impressed with the grandeur of the school-room on his first entrance within its portals, The lofty ceiling, the mottoes or proverbs in three languages fastened on the walls, not forgetting the glass case of apparatus and instruments for experiments in the northeast corner. I dare say that many yet living will recall the years spent in that old high school building as the happiest in their Eventually, however, the pressure of scholars and other causes seemed to render imperative a larger and better appointed building for the school and so, in 1877, it was voted to erect a new High School building and the site chosen was where it stands to-day at the corner of Grant and East Central streets. No further use could be found for the old structure and forlorn, deserted and partially neglected for some considerable time, our first and only town hall was finally sold at auction for what sum of money it would bring.

Its service as a town hall was of so brief duration that, as such, not many hallowed recollections can cluster around it. No doubt it was the arena of numerous desperate forensic battles. Eloquence, wit and strategy abounded, while it is traditional and obvious that the men of those days were valiant fighters and

could generally express themselves anywhere so that you could easily know what they meant.

It is in its secondary character as the home of our high school for a considerable period that the building commands the widest interest. Comparatively few living to-day are aware that the dingy, awkward looking structure now located on the east side of Washington street, just south of Wood's block, removed thither by the purchaser at the said auction and remodeled into a tenement house and blacksmith shop, had ever served as a town hall for Natick; but scores yet survive who recognize with affectionate regard the ancient building as the Old High School House.

Of the various attempts to persuade Natick to found a suitable town hall, commensurate with its wealth and prospective growth, but one requires a passing notice. In 1868 a determined effort was made to commit the town to the project. It proceeded so far that the Partridge lot was secured for a location but the building is not yet in evidence. The situation is ideal, on the south side of East Central street between Park and Church streets and next eastward of the Common. The lot is sightly, roomy and convenient; and there can be no doubt that a municipal building of fair proportions and style installed thereon would create a favorable impression of our town in the minds of the numerous transients who use the electric lines. But it is doubtful if our people could be induced, at present, to tax themselves for a new Town Hall. A goodly number are well satisfied with things as they are now, and consider that it is wiser, safer and cheaper to hire accommodations for town purposes. seems to have been the controlling idea of our citizens from the outset.

When Natick becomes a city, as the signs are now, it will doubtless be advisable if not necessary, to found a municipal building and it is thought that no more eligible site could be procured than the lot secured and reserved since 1868, as pointed out above. Moreover, it is likely that the erection of a fine city hall on that spot would stimulate activity to cover the neighboring lots to the eastward, now desolate and dreary and so near

the centre of the village, with noble structures which would be more in keeping with modern progress and with the general aspect of the town.

Then, assuredly, and until then, probably, the old building on Washington street will enjoy the unique distinction of being the first and, in a proper sense, the only genuine Town Hall ever possessed by Natick.

JAMES McManus, Town Clerk.

A NATICK ROMANCE OF COLONIAL TIMES

The events connected with the history of our fathers cannot fail to interest the reader; and he will, I doubt not, feel amply repaid for the perusal of the following "plain unvarnished tale" of facts.

The indefatigable, and in many instances successful, labors of the apostle Eliot, in civilizing and christianizing the Indians of Massachusetts, are very generally known and highly appreciated. He, in fact, adopted the only rational method for the accomplishment of his purpose. It was a favorite maxim with him that the savages must be in a good degree civilized before they can be evangelized. Hence he fed them at first with the sincere milk of the word, instead of such strong meat, as the most metaphysical mind can with difficulty digest. By collecting together a number of families in permanent habitations, by teaching them how to construct more comfortable dwellings, than those to which they had been accustomed, by instructing hem in agriculture, orcharding and some of the most important of the mechanic arts, and by inducing them to understand and obey the more practical precepts of the gospel, he made them feel that godliness is profitable as it respects the life that now is, as well as the regard to the hope which it inspires of a happier life to come.

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By these means, under Divine Providence, in the course of a few years he had the satisfaction of seeing a number of "praying towns," inhabited by the children of the forest. The principal of these was Natick. Here the rude wigwam was succeeded by the decent framed house; the apple tree took place of the trees of the wood; grain waved in the rays of the sun, where not long before stood a wilderness impervious to his beams, and domesticated flocks and herds grazed in the open pastures, where but lately the wild beasts of the forest alone were wont to prowl for prey. A school for instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic was founded on the spot, where ignorance and indolence had recently reposed.—Prayer, praise and thanksgiving were heard to ascend to the Father of all good, in the spirit of joyful hope, where, ere while, the diabolical powow was howled forth to the imaginary father of evil, through a servile and soul degrading fear. In the sacred though lowly chapel, the duties of Christianity were taught, and its holy rites administered, and many of the red men walked in its commandments and ordinances blameless.

Such was the condition of this settlement, when a respectable English family moved into it and fixed their residence among the Aborigines. The father and his sons were competently skilled in the trade of the carpenter, mason, smith and cordwainer; the mother and daughters in knitting, spinning, and making garments. In addition to these employments this family cultivated a farm and managed a dairy. They were of essential service in assisting the devout and philanthropic Eliot, not only by exhibiting before their neighbors examples of piety, virtue, industry and economy but by instructing them in the most useful arts. In church, in school, and in their daily occupations, they mingled with the natives on the footing of perfect equality.

At this time there resided at this place a native, but little past the age of 20 years, whose form was that of manly beauty, for which the aboriginal Americans were so justly celebrated. He had been for a considerable time a pupil of Eliot, and an inmate of his family, He had adopted the English costume and manners. In his person and dress he was remarkably neat and tasteful, and in his deportment graceful and prepossessing. He

had studied, with considerable success, several of the liberal arts and sciences, was well instructed in the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and, as he gave abundant evidences that he had embraced this religion with his whole heart, Eliot was now employing him as schoolmaster and occasional preacher among the lost sheep of his tribe. Civilization had not rendered him effeminate; for he retained all his native vigor, and might justly be said to have gained the true object of education, that is, "the possession of a sound mind in a sound body." In addition to his other qualifications, he was skillful in the use of all the simples, known in his nation to be efficacious in the cure of diseases; and was not unfrequently called upon as a physician, by the white people in the neighboring towns, as well as by those of his own color in the place of his nativity.

Feeling unbounded gratitude toward Eliot, his spiritual guide and father, his friendship was very naturally extended to all the white people, with whom he became acquainted. He very naturally felt a peculiar attachment to the only white family in his native village, whom he frequently visited; and in process of time, he very naturally felt for their eldest daughter, Lydia, about his own age, a somewhat more powerful passion than friendship. Nor is it wholly unnatural to suppose that Lydia, who seldom saw any young man of her own complexion, should at least respect the good qualities of one, whose skin was some shades darker than her own. In reality, both felt a growing attachment to each other, though both were sensible of the inexpediency, if not propriety of cherishing it.

The increasing mutual fondness of these young persons could not long escape the penetrating eye of Lydia's watchful mother, who, together with her father, reprimanded her severely, and took measures entirely to prevent in future the visits of Bran, which was the name of our hero. His parents also felt that natural aversion to intermarriages, which is in a degree prevalent among all nations, even of the same color; and they used their most strenuous exertions to direct the affections of their son to a more suitable object.

What were the feelings, on this occasion, of the two lovers, (for so I may as well denominate them at once,) I leave

the reader to imagine; or if he or she insist on a description of them, one may be found in almost any play, novel or romance that is worth a perusal. I proceed with my narrative.

In a few days Lydia was taken ill with a fever. An English physician was sent for, who came and prescribed but without effect. Another was called in for consultation.—Still she grew worse, and at length was declared past recovery. At this solemn period, the parents were advised to consult Bran, who had been frequently successful in difficult cases. In that state of desperation, in which a drowning man catches at a straw, her parents consented. He came and prescribed; the fever speedily left her; and she gradually recovered her former state of health, strength and vivacity.

Which had the greatest efficacy in her restoration, the company and conversation of the physician or the simples, which he prescribed as medicine, I will not undertake to determine. Certain it is, that during his visits he found an opportunity to declare his strong and unalterable affection for his patient, and she to declare that, as she owed her life to him, the remainder of it should be devoted to the promotion of his happiness.

At this time King Philip's war was raging, and the English inhabitants, being jealous that the praying Indians would join their enemies, barbarously seized them, and hurried them down to an island in the harbor of Boston, where they were closely confined and carefully guarded. Bran, with a few others were permitted to remain at home, and assist in guarding the garrison of Lydia's father; but her parents still persisting in their opposition to her tender regard for him, immediately on the restoration of her health, sent her to Medfield, to reside with her uncle and aunt, who had no children; hoping that by uniting with those of her own nation only, her unhappy predilection would be overcome. Here her friends made use of every expedient they could devise, to induce her to transfer her affections. At one time they assailed her with the most serious expostulations: at another time attacked her with sarcastic raillery. Among other things, such doggerel as the following was handed round among her young associates:

"Fair Lydia thinks it right,
Most closely to unite
The red rose and the white."
"Sure Lydia would live on the cheapest plan;
She asks nothing more than Indian Bran."

But all these exertions drew nothing from the unfortunate girl but sighs and tears.

But a few days elapsed, ere another kind of trouble fell upon her and the rest of the inhabitants of that ill-fated town, in which she resided. At day break they were roused from their slumbers by the tremendous war whoop of the savage enemy; most of their buildings were reduced to ashes; a large number of the people were slaughtered, and many were led captive into the wilderness. Among the latter were Lydia and her uncle and aunt.

The news of this disaster reached Bran and his associates, in the course of the day, and he instantly resolved to rescue his beloved Lydia, or perish in the attempt. He disappeared from the garrison, exchanged his English dress for the costume of the savage warrior; painted his face in the most terrific style; supplied himself with the best of arms and ammunition; and filled his pack with a plenty of provisions, not forgetting a purse of money and a large flask of occapee, the Indian name for rum, well knowing the power of both, either in savage or civilized society. Thus provided he steered immediately for the Wachuset, having learned from spies some weeks before, that the general rendezvous of the enemy was in the neighborhood of that mountain.

By rapid travelling the whole of the succeeding night, and till late in the afternoon of the following day, most of the way through a pathless wilderness, he began to ascend the Wachuset. Having arrived at such a height, as enabled him to overlook the surrounding country, to a considerable extent, he halted to take a survey; and immediately discovered, at the distance of two or three miles, the smoke, high curling from the Indian encampment. He here seated himself upon a log, resolving to take some rest and refreshment, of which till now he had

The second secon

scarcely thought since the commencement of his expedition. He watched and listened with intense anxiety. In less than half an hour he heard, at the distance of a mile or more from the camp, a most dismal funeral howl of hundreds of human voices, which was responded to by an innumerable multitude stationed in the reverberating forest. This arose from the party just returned from Medfield, and was repeated as many times as they had lost warriors in the assault. To these horrible howlings succeeded the triumphant yells of the savages, according to the numbers they had butchered and brought away captive; and these, too, were echoed from the rendezvous with astounding vociferation.

By the time the hideous noises had subsided, night overspread the dense forest, and no objects were visible excepting the gloomy light of the watch fires, which dimly shone among the towering evergreens.—A feast was speedily prepared with the spoils they had taken, and a large portion of the night was made hideous with noisy riot and reveling. Bran now matured his plan of operations for the morning. He determined to use that treachery, which, by savages, is called stratagem, and by civilized nations, policy in war. He resolved to appear among the enemy at sunrise, to declare himself a deadly foe to the white men, to enlist with those who desire their extermination, and to watch a favorable opportunity to desert with the object of his fondest affection.

At dawn of day he moved fowards the camp, and at sunrise presented himself before it. The first object that met his eye was a lovely white female tied to a stake, surrounded with dry combustibles. At a short distance stood, spectators of this horrid scene, a group of despairing heart broken captives. Around, in smaller and larger circles, the savages were dancing and shouting with the frenzied ferocity of demons. At the sight of Bran all became instantly still and silent. A chief approached and conducted him within the inmost circle of warriors, in the centre of which the wretched victim was bound to the stake, ready to be sacrificed by lingering tortures to relentless cruelty. The victim was Lydia. Bran instantly knew her; but he was so disguised by dress and painting, that it was impossible for

her to recognize him. As far as in his power he concealed and suppressed his agonizing sensation, and addressed the warrtor chiefs, in their own language, to the following effect:

"Brothers—I have been deceived. I thought the white men the children of the great and good spirit; but I have found them to be the spawn of Hobomok. Their religion is made of good and bad deeds.—They say they love Indians, but they only covet the land of Indians. I and all my tribe have been friends of white men; we are now their foes. The white men have made prisoners of my father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends. I hunger after revenge—I thirst for white men's blood. I take hold of the same tomahawk with you.

Brothers—I know the young woman at the stake. Give her up to me. Let me be her torturer. Let her blood in part allay the burning thirst that is consuming my vitals. I know some of the captives. Let me torture them. It will increase their torment to know that it is inflicted by me.

Brothers—I have done. My heart is yours already. Will you accept my hand to help you to annihilate the white men?"

This talk was received with loud shouts of approbation, and Bran was adopted as a chief. Lydia was given up to his disposal. While he was releasing her from the stake, he informed her who he was, and what was his object, and how she must conduct herself. He told her he must appear to treat her with severity, in presence of the Indians, and that she must quietly submit, the better to conceal their intention to desert. Having unbound her, he carried her fainting to a wigwam, which was appropriated to his use, spread his blanket on the ground, placed her upon it and administered cordials and other refreshments, which he had brought with him, and which soon revived her. He now learned that the cause of her sentence to the torture was her endeavoring to escape from captivity; and that the rest of the prisoners were forced to be spectators of the sacrifice, to deter them from a similar attempt.

Bran's next object was to get Lydia's uncle and aunt into his possession. For this purpose he had invited to his wigwam, the three Indians who had captured Lydia and her relatives,

and consequently claimed them as their property. Here after telling them in her hearing, how he meant to torture her and her relations if he could gain possession of them, he made a handsome present in money to her late master, and the still more grateful donation of a generous dram of occapee; offering at the same time, to trade with the other two on the same conditions. His proposal was eagerly accepted, and the captives delivered into his custody. He would gladly have purchased more of them, but he feared that, by attempting too much, he should meet with a disastrons disappointment.

The three Indians having retired, well satisfied with his treatment of themselves and the prisoners, he gave the latter brief directions how to behave, and then invited the principal chiefs to a council of war. He told them that the white men knew where they were, and that on the next day a numerous and powerful army would attack them. He advised them, therefore, to send off towards the Connecticut river, the old men, women and children, and that the stout and brave warriors should remain where they now were to give the Englishmen battle. His plan was approved, and preparations immediately made to carry it into execution.

It was proposed that small guards should be placed on all sides of the camp and that the main body should sleep on their arms. As Bran's wigwam was one of the outermost, and barricaded with logs, it was designated as one of the guard houses, and his company was appointed as one of the guards, At dark, Bran planted his sentinel, in a line with the guard house, on each side of it, at a considerable distance from it and from each other, promising to relieve them at midnight, by those, who were to sleep at his quarters till that time. A deathlike silence now prevailed throughout the camp, when Bran drew forth his flask of occapee, having previously infused into it a strong decoction of soporific herbs, and treated his joyous soldiers to a dram, which speedily laid them asleep for the night. They might now have easily destroyed the sleeping formen; but, knowing that death would be avenged by the destruction of at least an equal number of their captive countrymen, they permitted them to sleep unmolested.

The desired hour of escape had now arrived. No time was lost. Bran slung his pack, replenished with provisions, and seized his trusty rifle. The uncle did the same with the best supplied pack and the best rifle and accourtements, belonging to the Indians. The aunt and niece took each a brace of pistols and suitable ammunition, which the Indians had recently plundered from the English. Bran moved forward, Lydia and her aunt followed rank entire, and her uncle brought up the rear. The homeward march was rapid, being quickened by the most animating and appalling fear.

Daylight found them among the ruins of Lancaster. Here they secreted themselves among the rubbish in the cellar of a house that had been demolished, with most of the buildings in that town, but a few weeks before. As it happened, however, their fear of being pursued was groundless; for so soon as the Indians discovered that Bran had deserted with his white associates, and that their companions in arms were in a sleep, from which they could not rouse them, they were struck with a panic. They concluded that he was a sorcerer and that it would be in vain to pursue him. Fearing also that an English army might be on the way to meet them, they hastily decamped, leaving the sleeping guard, should they ever chance to wake, to follow them and explain the mystery of their enchantment.

Bran and his companions lay concealed the whole of the day, and at night set forward with renewed vigor and alacrity. They travelled all night; and the next morning the sun rose upon them in the hospitable township of Concord. The worthy inhabitants of this place welcomed them with hearty congratulations, and furnished them with horses and escort for the remainder of their journey. About noon the parents of Lydia had the inexpressible happiness of embracing their daughter, and brother and sister, and of most heartily thanking their deliverer; who, having scoured the paint from his countenance, appeared about as light colored and comely, in their eyes, as many of their sun-burnt countrymen. He now demanded the release of the 'praying Indians' from their cruel confinement, declaring that they were all as ready as himself to be serviceable to the Eng-

lish; and by the kind co-operation of Eliot and Gookin, they were soon restored to their dwellings.

The reader, especially the youthful reader, is, no doubt, anxious to know if this second Othello was finally married to Desdemona, whom he had twice rescued from the jaws of death. He was—and by 'that holy man of God, the Apostle Eliot;' and, so far as my information extends, they lived and died as virtuously, piously and happily, as most married couples, whose complexion is the same.

WILLIAM BIGELOW
Author of Bigelow's History of Natick

THE NATICK EXILES OF 1675

John Eliot had gathered the Christian or praying Indians into settled communities. There were seven such places at first: Natick, the oldest, where Waban lived, Magunkook, in what is now Ashland, Hassanmemeton in Grafton, Punkapoag in Canton, also at Marlboro, Littleton, and Wamesit, now Lowell.

In 1665 Natick had been inhabited twenty-four years. It had a bridge over the Quinobequin, or Charles river, a stockade fort, meeting house, dwellings, orchards and fruitful meadows, a church of fifty members, a school, preachers and teachers; 1500 copies of Eliot's Indian bible had been published and distributed among the numerous native converts in Massachusetts bay and Plymouth colonies.

In June, 1675, began the conflict of races, known as Philips' war. This sachem was the second son of Massasoit, who, as the Indian chieftain of the territory around Plymouth, had been the firm friend of the whites, ever since Samoset surprised the Pilgrims with the salutation "Welcome Englishmen." On a visit of the sons of their old friend, the Plymouth magistrates had dignified Wamsutta and Metacomet with the oldworld heroic names of Alexander and Philip. But in Grecian

history, the younger Alexander was the more famous general, while in the New England annals, Philip's story outshines his brother Alexander's fame. Had some Indian written his great sachem's biography, Metacomet would not have been metamorphosed into the name of the Macedonian fighter.

Philip was a man of marked ability. The colonies dreaded him almost as soon as he came into power. He sought to ally with his own Wampanoags the powerful Narragansetts against the English. With ill-concealed dislike he saw the growing strength of the colonists, and conceived the plan to league all the tribes east of the Connecticut to exterminate the pale faces. It was a bold scheme and he bravely staked his life to win. Philip's residence lay at the beautiful Mt. Hope, an eminence overlooking the bright waters of Narragansett Bay.

Both parties felt how important was the crisis at hand. Sassamon, once a teacher at Natick, had divulged Philip's purpose, and lost his life by Philip's spies. Waban, at Natick, warned the whites that when the leaves grew thick on the trees, war would come. Then was that anxious suspense on the eve of a mighty struggle, when the least step might precipitate a conflict, whose issues none could tell. In each century since, our land was thrilled with that same experience of awe-struck expectancy.

A few encounters showed our ancestors that the tactics of the savages in bush fighting told heavily upon the whites. Policy dictated the enlistment of friendly natives, used to the woods, of acute sight and hearing. Both sides needed the aid of the Christian Indians. By language, habits and kindred, they were drawn toward the sons of the forest; by religion and civilization received, they were drawn toward the cause of the Whites. The larger part of the converted Indians in the older, praying towns were steadfast to the English. But many dared not trust them. As soon as their fidelity was doubted, the hostile Indians tried to deepen the distrust. The excited settlers too readily became more prejudiced, so that much trouble came upon the friendly Indians upon false accusations.

In July a company of fifty-two men was recruited at Natick and despatched to the army at Mt. Hope. Soon after,

Oneco, with fifty Mohegan braves, came to Natick from Connecticut, volunteering their aid against Philip. In their first battle the Natick men did good service, and Job Nesutan was killed. He was Mr. Eliot's helper in learning the native language. Some of the English, however, spoke slightingly of their allies. Military jealousy is apt to moderate the assistance of a co-operating force. Marines joined with infantry, or regulars with volunteers. White and black troops under the same flag, always decry the other party's worth as soldiers. But when Captains Hutchinson and Wheeler were ambuscaded by the Nipmucks, all would have been cut off had not two daring and skilful Indian guides led them back to Brookfield by a new path through the wood.

In November the Hassanemesit Indians, about 200 in number, were carried off by the hostile savages, who promised them plenty to eat and good treatment, if they went with them. Job Kattenanit escaped, but his family was taken away. It would seem that these praying Indians fared better among their heathen kindred than their Natick brethren among the Christian whites.

To go back a little. The General Court, to allay the popular apprehension, had ordered the praying Indians to confine their residence to five villages, Natick being the first,—nor to roam more than a mile away from these unless attended by white persons. This order broke up their hunting and fishing. Also superintendents were set over them, two coming here for that purpose. But the greatest injustice was the transportation of the Natick aborigines to Deer Island in Boston Harbor. In our day that island has been a place of detention for boys with evil proclivities. The great brick House of Reformation is well known to all who come to Boston, or who go thence by water.

Late on an October afternoon Captain Thomas Prentiss, with some soldiers and a few carts, came to bring away the villagers with some of their baggage to a place called the Pines. Watertown Arsenal is near the spot. But old Jethro and ten others fled into the woods, choosing freedom there to an island captivity. Sadly the rest left their fish weirs and bridge, their orchards and fields, their homes and meeting house; and, at

such short notice, for the day was verging toward evening, they left more than they could take. When the exiles had journeyed probably through Newton Upper Falls, and near Nonantum Hill, toward nine or ten at night, they reached the Pines. Here Eliot met his dusky friends on the river side, and spent some hours in prayer and religious exhortation. Other English friends present were much affected. Gookin writes: "Seeing how Christianly these poor souls carried it, being in fear they should be transported out of the country." At midnight came flood-tide, when the waiting boats standing down stream—not bridged as now—for there was a ferry from Boston to Charlestown, but no bridges, bore away the submissive natives, past a pine-clad swell, now Mt. Auburn, in sight of Cambridge, sweeping down seaward around each bend of the channel, till, where it greatly broadened, they might have seen Mr. Eliot's church crowning the hill in Roxbury; and by sunrise, or later, saw Shawmut's three-peaked summit—our Tremont thus gets its name—at the extremity of the peninsula, Boston on one side, Charlestown opposite, where, catching the swell of the ocean, they coasted down to their island residence, facing the rough Atlantic. Did it sadden their feelings that the stream which floated them on that mournful Saturday, to their unwelcome abode by the sea, was their own dashing, sparkling Quinobequin? Through that dreary winter they pined and suffered, especially the aged and feeble. Some sickened and died. Some of their able-bodied men were used in service with the troops as guides and scouts.

In December James Quannopowit and Job Kattenanit were sent from Deer Island as spies to learn the enemy's spirit and movements; they took to the woods at Natick, Friday, Dec. 31st, and soon were among the hostile Nipmuck, to whom they told a story of English wrongs which was, alas! too true. Here they found the Hassenemesit refugees. James' relation to the General Court, on his return is extant, and we follow his account These Nipmucks sold beaver and wampum to the Mohawks in exchange for powder, which their neighbors got from the Dutch at Albany.

Some Indians mistrusted these two spies, but "John, with the one eye," knew James, and said, "I know thee, that thou art a valient man, therefore abide at my wigwam, and I will protect thee." But Job stayed where his children were. They abode thus some days, and went forth to hunt deer. Early one morning James, having gotten about a pint of wokake, or parched meal, from a friend, with Job went hunting. Some Indians watched them all day, but at night they were unobserved. About 3 o'clock, before day, James said to Job, "now let us escape away if we can." But Job said, "I am not willing to go now, because my children are here. I will stay longer. If God please, He can preserve my life; if not, I am willing to die. I will use what policy I can to get away my children; if I live three weeks hence, I will come back to Natick, I shall, if I live, by that time get more intelligence of affairs." Then James said, "I must now go away, for I am not like to have a better opportunity, but I am sorry for you, lest they kill you for my sake." So they parted, and James came homeward, travelling night and day on snow shoes, weary, faint and spent with his eighteen miles journey, and reported to Major Gookin at Cambridge.

On the 9th of February, Job arrived, confirming the tidings that James brought, that Lancaster would be attacked, and naming beside, February 10th, as the day. Post riders started off that night for Marlboro, and Capt. Wadsworth reached the threatened town and saved it from complete destruction. Although Job had brought timely intelligence, the most part of the whites still doubted his sincerity. When he wished to meet at the day and place agreed upon, his children and friends, to bring them among the English, leave of absence was refused Afterwards, when troops went that way, at the commander's special desire, Kattenanit accompanied them. Arriving at the trysting place, the time had gone by, and his friends, fearing discovery by foes, had withdrawn. Some English troops found them and stripped them of what little goods they had, among other articles a sacramental cup which Mr. Eliot had given their minister. But Major Savage treated them well, sending them on their way to Boston. At Marlboro they were alarmed, and took to the forest. Finally Job and his children were re-united, and his history has a touch of romance, for he

married a praying woman, who, during their stay in the forest, had been a mother to his little ones.

The enemy near Wachuset had burned Lancaster and Medfield. Affairs looked gloomy in the spring of 1676. Necessity at last drove the English not only to use the Christian natives as messengers and spies, but to enlist them for the battle. A company of forty with white officers, was armed, and on tidings of the Sudbury defeat, despatched from Charlestown. Arriving near the scene of defeat, they crossed the river, and found Capt. Wadsworth, and his wounded, on the field of yesterday's fight. The services rendered here by the new recruits, turned somewhat the jealousy before felt.

As, on a large scale, quite recently, the enlistment of a wronged race brought victory to the Union arms, so when our fathers treated the Christian natives honorably, Providence favored their enterprises.

Gookin observes that, "after our Indians first went forth; the enemy went down the wind amain."

This war, so costly to all parties, drew towards its ending; Brookfield, Lancaster, Marlboro and Medfield, had been burned, the surprises, at D erfield, Northfield, Hatfield and Sadbury had carried a life-long sorrow to many widows and children. The friendly Indians had been exiled, losing much property. King Philip, too, might have rued the storm he had raised. His allies—the other tribes—fell off from him; he lost many of his braves, and, at last, uncle, sister, wife and son, were killed or taken. But he would not hear of peace, though but a faithful few remained. On Saturday, Aug. 12th, 1676, through information given by an Indian, he was, about daylight, surrounded in a swamp. Surprised, he started in flight, came upon our English soldiers, and a friendly Indian. The white man's gun missed fire, but the red man's bullet pierced his breast. At the hand of his own race fell the mighty warrior.

The last exploit reads quite picturesquely. Annawon with fifty more escaped when Philip was slain. From Plymouth Capt. Church went forth to capture him, and had left the larger part of his force at Taunton. He caught two Indians in the woods just from Annawon's camp. They said their leader did

not stay twice in the same place and was very daring, but agreed to discover his present retreat. Through the day they piloted the Captain with only a single white companion, and half a dozen Indians; and at nightfall came to the place. It lay behind a great rock, in a thicket so that everyone who came to Annawon must descend a steep, narrow path. Creeping to the top of the rock, Church looked down on the unsuspecting warriors, saw where their guns were stacked, and the meat roasting on spits over the fires. While a squaw was pounding green corn in a mortar for supper, Church and his brave few, descended right in their guide's shadows, and were fairly among the Indians when discovered. Supposing there was a large company of whites, they surrendered, especially as their guns had been promptly seized by Capt. Church at the first. After supper Church told his men to stand guard two hours, and then they might sleep, and he would watch the rest of the night. But neither Annawon, or his captor inclined to sleep. The Indian at last arose and went out of sight. As Church began to fear some plot of escape he returned, and, in the moonlight, was seen to have his hands full. He knelt down to Church, and said in English, "Great Captain, you have killed Philip, and conquered his country. For I believe that I, and my company are the last that war against the English, so suppose the war is ended by your means, and therefore, these things belong to you." He then took out of his pack a beautifully wrought belt which belonged to Philip. It was nine inches broad embroidered with wampum of various colors, wrought into figures of birds, beasts and flowers. Another belt for the head with streamers on the back side. A third was a smaller one, with a star, which the mighty sachem wore upon his breast. All had a red edging. Also two glazed powder horns, and a red blanket. These were Philips' royal insignia, and Annawon thought himself happy in yielding them to so brave a man as Captain Church. The rest of the night Annawon gave an account of what great success he had, formerly, in the wars under Massasoit, Philip's father.

We blush to write the fate of this old brave. Though the war was over, to Capt. Church's great grief, at Thymouth they

beheaded Annawon. The place of his capture is known as Annawon's Rock, in Rehoboth.

To the Naticks at Deer Island, others from Punkapoag, and elsewhere had been added. If 200 were taken from Natick, there may have been 400 or 500 in all upon the island. Mr. Eliot and Major Gookin often visited them, but the aged and feeble suffered from the bleak exposure. In May, '76 the Government released them, and they encamped; Waban and his friends on Mr. Cliver's land in Cambridge, near the river. Gookin reports in Nov., '76, eight companies of Christian converts, and says: "The Naticke Indians are disposed in fower companies as follows, viz: one company with James Rumney Marsh, and his kindred live in Meadfield with the approbation and consent of the English; these are in number about twenty-five. Another company live near Natick adjoyning to the garrison house of Andrew Dewin and his sons (who desire their neighborhood) and are under their inspection; the number of these may be about fifty souls.

A third company of them, with Waban, live near the falls of Charles River, neare to the house of Joseph Miller, and not farr from Capt. Prentice's; the number of these may be about sixty souls.

A fourth company dwell at Nonantum Hill near Leift. Trobridge and John Coones, who permits them to build their wigwams upon his ground. The number of this company, including some yt live near Mr. John Whites, of Muddy River; a family or two, near Mr. Sparhawk's and Daniel Champney's, and Mr. Thomas Cliver's, which are employed by said persons to cut wood, and spin, and make stone walls, being but a small distance from the hill of Nonantum where their meeting is to keep Sabbath. There may be about seventy-five souls."

As by the removal to the harbor, and other troubles, many of the Indians lost their Bibles, a new edition of Eliot's translation appeared in 1685.

Could the converts in Massachusett have been trusted at the outset, and white troops joined with an Indian contingent, it has been thought the war would have sooner ended, and less



REV. OLIVER PEABODY



disastrously. But they were distrusted and removed from their homes, thus exposing the English frontier.

A different policy was followed by the Plymouth magistrates, and also on the larger islands. Martha's Vineyard was quite Christianized by 1675. Gov. Mayhew was advised to disarm the Indians, but, on consultation with their chiefs, resolved to trust them. So guns and ammunition were allowed them; nor did they abuse their privilege. When Philip's emissaries came asking their help, they were at once passed over to the authorities. In short, they became a wall of defence to the whites. Fields were cultivated in security and not a drop of blood on the Vineyard or Nantucket. Possibly had Natick been garrisoned instead of abandoned, Medfield and Sudbury, at least might have been saved their disasters.

(Rev.) Samuel D. Hosmer, in 1877.

REV. OLIVER PEABODY

THE FIRST WHITE MINISTER' IN NATICK, AFTER JOHN ELIOT

The Board of Commissioners for Propagating the Gospel in New England was anxious to revive the work that under the ministrations of Eliot had been productive of so much good. But it was difficult to secure a person fit to undertake the task. Eleven candidates had declined the mission. The reason was that the French were stirring up the Indians to commence hostilities against the English, and a war was imminent. The twelfth man, Oliver Peabody, of Boxford, accepted.

He was the son of William and Hannah (Hale) Peabody, and was born in Boxford, May 7, 1698. The house in which he was born stood a few yards from the present (1905) residence of Rev. Albert B. Peabody in the eastern part of the town. His father died when Oliver was less than two years old, he being

the youngest of eight children. His mother reared him righteously, and he grew up pure-minded and zealous to be a man of worth and to accomplish something. But his knowledge of the world was meagre; and in the forest around his early home, with the companionship of a true and devoted mother and excellent elder brothers and sisters, he grew into a thoughtful, earnest young man.

Oliver's uncle, John Peabody, was the first schoolmaster of the town, and the succeeding master lived in the neighborhood. From his mother and these teachers he must have received the instruction sufficient to enable him to enter Harvard college, from which he graduated in 1721, six years having elapsed, apparently, between his matriculation and graduation. He was the first college graduate of the Peabody family and the town of Boxford.

He accepted the invitation of the Board of Commissioners for Propagating the Gospel in New England to become a missionary among the aborigines, not knowing to how dangerous a place nor how far he would be sent. His field was the wilderness. He was ordained a missionary to the Indians, and was immediately sent to Natick to revive the work of Eliot, that had so deteriorated since his death. He preached at Natick for the first time, Aug. 6, 1721, when there were but two white families in the town.

After preaching there for eight years, in 1729 a church was gathered consisting of three Indians and five whites, and he was formally ordained its pastor. Twenty-two persons were added to the church the first year.

He not only preached the gospel, but led the Indians to abandon savage modes of living, to make improvements in husbandry, to turn from drunkenness to sobriety, to cultivate good manners, and to read and write as well as to speak and understand the English language. He lived to see many of the aboriginal families enjoying comfortable homes, cultivated fields and flourishing orchards. He ever sought their best good.

Though naturally of a slender and delicate constitution, he went on a mission to the Mohegan tribe of Indians, but the fatigues he endured so impaired his health that it was never fully

restored. He lived several years after, but at length fell into a decline.

During his ministry one hundred and ninety-one Indians and four hundred and twenty-two English were baptized. Thirty-five Indians and one hundred and thirty whites were admitted to his church. In his last sickness the Indians expressed great anxiety for his health and happiness, and tendered him every service within their power. After his death sweetest memories of him remained in their minds, and they mourned for him as for a father. He fell asleep in the faith of Christ on Sunday, February 2, 1752, at the age of fifty-three, immediately after repeating the words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge will give me in that day." IT Timothy IV:7-8.

A monument, erected to the memory of Mr. Peaboby at South Natick, bears a Latin inscription, an English translation of which is as follows:

"Here are deposited the remains of the reverend Oliver Peabody, a man venerable for the faculties of his mind and for all needful learning. He delighted much in theological investigations. He discharged the pastoral office with great renown for thirty years;—ministering to the people of Natick, especially to the aborigines in the cause of sacred learning. He was a model in social life. In benevolence and universality, he was pre-eminent. In the firm expectation of a future retribution, he was called from his ministry on the 2d of February, A. D. 1752, aged 54 years."

Two printed sermons of Mr. Peabody are extant, one being an "Artillery Electric Sermon," and the other entitled "The Foundations, Effects and Distinguishing Properties of a Good and Bad Hope of Salvation," with motives to excite all to labor and pray, that they may obtain a well grounded hope and some directions how to obtain it. Considered in a sermon, the substance of which was delivered at the evening lecture at the New North church in Boston, on Tuesday, June 8, 1742.

Mr. Peabody married Hannah, daughter of Rev. Joseph Baxter of Medfield, a lady distinguished for her piety and good

sense. She married, after Mr. Peabody's death, Dea. John Eliot of Boston, Nov. 2, 1769. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Peabody were as follows: 1. Catherine, born 1723-4, died unmarried, in Boxford, Sept. 17, 1802. 2. Oliver, born Jan. 15, 1725-6, graduated at Harvard College in 1745; ordained pastor of the First church in Roxbury Nov. 7, 1750, and died unmarried, May 29, 1752, at the age of twenty-six; 3. William, born Feb. 20, 1727-8, died unmarried, Jan. 13, 1767. 4. Rebecca, born June 13, 1730, married Dr. William Deming of Needham, Dec. 20, 1759, and died Jan. 18, 1822, at the age of ninety-one. 5. Mercy, born July 24, 1732, died unmarried, Nov. 20, 1804. Joseph, born Sept. 19, 1734, died unmarried at Newberry, N. C. 7. Hannah, born March 12, 1736, married Rev. Elizur Holyoke of Boxford, Nov. 13, 1760, and died Dec. 20, 1808, at the age of seventy-two. Susanna, born Sept. 6, 1739, died March 20, 1740. 10. Elizabeth, born April 6, 1742, died April 24, 1742. 11. Thomas, born Dec. 27, 1743, died Jan. 15, 1744. 12. Sarah, born Sept. 23, 1745, married, first Joseph Eliot of Boston, and second, William Brown of Boston, and died April 5, 1808.

Several of the children lived in Boxford with their sister, Mrs. Holyoke, at the ancient Holyoke house, which was built in 1759, by Mr. Holyoke's father, a wealthy merchant of Boston, brother of Edward Holyoke, president of Harvard college. Here, Rev. Mr. Holyoke passed his happy pastorate of nearly half a century. This is one of the oldest and largest and the most interesting of the houses of Boxford. When Mr. French bought the estate, nearly forty years ago, the house was greatly out of repair, and Mrs. M. L. Emerson wrote of it shortly after that time as follows:

"Neath sheltering elms the ancient dwelling stands Where several highways socially clasp hands; It's general air speaks of the 'auld lang syne, And years have left their mark in many a line,

The moss-grown shingles, broken and decayed,
The loosened clap-boards, where the winds have played,
The shattered window-panes, the door-stone low,
All tell the story of the long ago,

Within, what tales these mould ring walls could tell If they could break their silence, mighty spell,—Of childhood age, of happiness and tears, Of life and death through all these hundred yearsi

Old, sunken floors by many footsteps worn; Paper once gay, but mildewed now and torn; The embellished doorways and the pannelled hall, The generations of the past recall

Two antique portraits, older than we know,— Perchance were old a century ago, Hang in the upper hall; faint shadows they Of faces long since passed from earth away."

One of the ancient portraits mentioned in the above lines, is that of an oil painting of Rev. Oliver Peabody, having been painted about 1730. The picture is about a yard square. It descended with the title of the house from Mrs. Holyoke to her daughter Hannah, who lived here and died unmarried in 1865. The portrait continued to hang in the upper hall, and when the estate passed to Mr. French, the painting was permitted to remain. There it hangs today, as it has hung for nearly a century and a half.

The painting is valuable, aside from being the portrait of Rev. Oliver Peabody. It is the picture of the earliest Peabody and the earliest Boxford person that exists today, and reveals in a pleasing manner the character, culture and attractions of the man. It also shows the style of dress of that period better and more completely than any old painting known to the writer.

[The picture at the beginning of this sketch is copied from the original old painting of Rev. Oliver Peabody, described above. The article itself is taken from "The Essex Antiquarian," an illustrated quarterly magazine published in Salem for Essex county. We are allowed to copy it, through the courtesy of its business manager, George Francis Dow, to whom we are also indebted for other kind assistance.—Ed. Historical Collections.]

FELCHVILLE

ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

[The name Felchville was not given to that portion of the town of Natick until the advent of the Felch family, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The town had in May, 1805, been laid out into five school districts; and District Number Four included all the land comprising Walnut Hill, going east as far as Lake Crossing and north to Cochituate line.

"The Shoe and Leather Reporter" published in Oct., 1860 contained an article on "Shoe Towns of Massachusetts," in which it is stated that, "when there was but one house in that part of Natick, Asa Felch began as a maker of custom shoes in 1819, and persevered, with varying success, until 1829, when he manufactured his first case of sale shoes or brogans." But Edwin C. Morse, editor of the Natick Citizen, wrote in that paper, in 1878, a series of articles relating to the "Early Days of the Shoe Industry in Natick," in which he states that in 1827 Asa Felch began the manufacture of sale shoes or brogans, in Natick, at the residence of the late Rev. Isaac Jennison, on the Worcester turnpike. In a year or two he transferred his business to the Dr. Badger place, West Part, where he and Benjamin Badger manufactured. He then moved to what is now called Felchville, where he continued the business, in connection with his brother Isaac. They did quite an extensive business, for 30 years-they and their sons.

In these early days, when Felchville was in its infancy, the postal conveniences were very primitive. The stage coaches, which travelled over the Boston and Worcester turnpike, carried

the mail which, on arrival, was placed in a butter box on a shelf, in the Father Jennison house. Each person who expected any mail, went to the butter box and helped himself if he found any mail matter directed to him, leaving the remainder for other persons to take out, in the same way.

From an entry in the diary of the late Austin Bacon, we learn that the Felchville School district was set off from district number four, and established as district number seven, at a town meeting held April 30, 1849.

The following facts relating to this part of Natick were culled from an article, written in 1882, by a former resident of that locality.—Ed. Historical Collections.

Referring to the genealogy of the Felch family, (written up under the direction of Miss Sarah G. Felch, in connection with Rev. E. C. Felch, of Cidcinnati, Ohio,) we find Ebenezer Felch to be the fourth white settler of Natick, coming in 1723, the others being Thomas Sawin, Thomas Ellis, and Daniel Travis. His farm and house were located in the vicinity of Felch Bros. shoe shop. He was chosen the first Town Clerk, which office he held fifteen years. He was succeeded by his son John, who held the same position until the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, in which he participated. We find, by the records, that his successors—natives of Felchville—have been as follows: Stephen Bacon, Samuel Fiske, Wm. Goodnow, William Farris and Samuel Morse. We also find that most of the early settlers of the town settled either here or at South Natick, and most of the public offices were filled by people from this district.

About the year 1810 the Boston and Worcester Turnpike Company, was chartered for the accommodation of towns and villages between these two points, and, also, to open a great thoroughfare to the West. The Company, having an eye to business, of course located their road through Felchville, as what is now Natick Centre was at that time not much but bog-meadow and cow pasture, and it had no post office. But in Felchville were the Haynes Tavern, Daniel Wights' store, a blacksmith's shop, Dr. Angier's office and quite a respectable number of farm houses, and farmers, such as Master Bacon, Squire Farris, Dan-

iel Wight, Abel Drury, Asa Felch, Samuel Fiske, Capt. Whitney, Josiah Childs, Levi Felch, Edward Hammond, Oliver Felch, and many others, most of whom were officers of the town. Haynes' Tavern was a great resort for sleighing and dancing partie. It was at this house where was held that Famous Ball in which Calvin Angier Esq., (son of the Dr.) officiated, and furnished the groundwork for that famous ditty, entitled, "The Great Lord Mayor."

Less than fifty years ago this was the great thoroughfare for the out going stage lines, and four, six and eight-horse baggagewagons freighted for the West; while eastward were driven great droves of cattle, sheep, swine and horses, almost blockading the way; in short, Felchville was the Hub and the now Natick Centre an outside district.

It was in what is called the Sherman House, Felchville, that Henry Wilson spent his first night in Natick, and Gen. Lafayette took a glass of wine while the stage horses were being changed, when he visited this country after the Revolutionary war. But we are writing of the enterprises of the village. Soon after the opening of the turnpike, Asa Felch, Jr., then a young man, conceived the idea of making and selling in the Boston and New York inarkets, what is now called the Natick Brogan, and he had the courage to successfully put it in force, one of the workmen being the Hon. William Bent, now of the firm of W. & J. M. Bent & Sons. Soon the news of young Felch's enterprise was spread about, and Edward Walcott and his brothers, Jonathan and John, and Benjamin Badger, came to town, and established shops in the west part, as the accommodations in this village were exhausted. Workmen flocked in from all the New England states; and even the fishermen from Cape Cod, left their nets, and cast their lot in Felchville.

It was to engage in this industry, established by Asa Felch, and to profit by it, that brought to this town such men as Hon. Henry Wilson, the Walcotts, the Hayeses, the Pebbles, Woodmans, Ferrins, Hanchetts, Nathaniel Clark, Fairbanks, Amblers, Nutts, Blaneys, Parkers, and many others; and by the unprecedented unselfishness he manifested in imparting to these strangers a knowledge of the business, and, in many ways, ren-

dering assistance to those in need, he laid the foundation of many a man's fortune without hope of reward. Many returned to their native states, and prosecuted their business there, while others remained and helped build up this gigantic industry of ours. We will mention especially William Bent, founder of the firm of W. & J. M. Bent & Sons, one of the largest manufacturers in the state, and a person whose goods have a reputation second to none.

Most of Natick's men of a literary, judicial or scientific nature, for the last eighty years, except Calvin E. Stowe and Amos Perry of South Natick, were born in this part of the town. Among them were Rev. Daniel Wight, Judge J. W. Bacon (who represented this district two terms in the Senate,) Rev. Isaac Jennison, Jr., and Dr. Samuel Whitney, a noted physician and surgeon, both in this country and Europe; John, Joseph and Charles Angier—sons of Dr. Angier—all three graduating at Harvard. John and Charles became teachers, while Joseph entered the ministry. All seven of the above named persons attended school in the old brick school-house on Walnut Hill.

It was here that the nucleus of the Methodist church was formed. The town was filling up with a miscellaneous sort of people, and there was no church, dedicated to the Methodist creed, nearer than the one located in the corner of Weston. The Rev. Isaac Jennison, although he had a large farm to manage, had, by appointment, held the office of circuit preacher for quite a number of years, and knew by experience, (as he expressed himself) what persistent effort it took "to drive the devil out when he had a firm hold, being compelled, in many cases, to use a breaking-up plow to root up the tares, and prepare the field for the seed of the gospel." Knowing that there had been a legacy left for the support of the gospel in town, he proposed to the officers of the Orthodox society, that there should be a division, to which they demurred. To settle the case a committee was appointed to place the matter before the Legislature, which decided adversely to the Methodists. Not to be baffled, Father Jennison, with his indomitable perseverance, called together his brothers-in-law, including Isaac, Ira, Asa, Sabine and Levi Felch, John Jennings, Senfor, and Moses Fisk, and declared that

he felt it to be his duty to build a church; that the devil was then busily sowing his seed in the town, and that the building should be commenced at once, and placed where it was most needed—Natick Centre, of course. In a very short space of time there was erected the old Methodist church, one of the most modern churches of the times, an ornament to Natick, and, in fact, the only modern-styled building in the town. Ira Felch was the architect and master-builder. The grounds were tastefully arranged. Father Jennison lived to see the church building enlarged and sold, and a still more modern one erected for the use of the church he had, by untiring efforts, founded—dying at the age of eighty-eight years, acknowledged by all—saint or sinner—an honest, faithful servant of the Lord.

Did space permit we might mention many citizens of note in the past and present, among whom is Capt. Willard Drury, who almost said, like Andrew Jackson, "By the Eternal I take the responsibility," when he secured to the town, in face of the strongest opposition, the munificent bequest of Mary Ann Morse to establish a Town Library, and, by prudent, skilful, financial management, has raised an everlasting monument to his fame.

Isaac Felch, who erected Felch's block, besides representing his native town in General Court, has held many other offices in the gift of his townsmen, with honor to himself and to Natick.

William Farris, Esq., representative to General Court, (several times) held many other offices, besides being our first Postmaster, which office he held twenty years.

Henry Coggin, Esq., was deputy postmaster until Squire Farris resigned in 1840.

Nature has made this district so attractive, that strangers, and our own citizens who have built residences elsewhere, have forsaken them for situations in this district on Walnut Hill. As evidence that people with unprejudiced minds regard this location with favor, we refer to the valuable acquisitions to this section the past year; prominent among them is the purchasing of the farm, and renovating of the buildings upon the Father Jennison place, by Dea. A. H. Wright of the firm of Pratt, Wright, & Co., of Brattleboro, Vermont. He wishing to crown a suc-

cessful business life, with an old age of ease, after spending months looking for a suitable location, found this, above all others, the one most desirable. Dea. Wright brings to us a family and connections whose social and moral status, are of the highest order; thus enabling the Jennison brothers to carry out their resolution (to their honor be it said) that "this venerable estate should not fall into vandal hands." Mr. Goddard, a friend of the Deacon, also from Brattleboro, has purchased land and erected a residence a little south of the Jennison place. Mr. Goddard is a man of comparative leisure, having gained a competence as Master Builder in a western state, and is a valuable acquisition to our town. As you look out from his sitting-room window, you can not only see the church spires of six different towns, but also Nobscot and Wachusett mountains, and "Monadnock's bold brow," as well.

Our railroad accommodations are unequaled. The B. & A. R. R. built us a branch road some years ago; and last year commenced running frequent trains between this place and Boston; yet beyond this, Geo. F. Keep runs, almost hourly, a line of coaches, carrying the mails, and upwards of a hundred passengers, each day to the shoe shops in the north part of the district.

"And while they slept, the enemy sowed tares." We were not asleep but the enemy sowed tares. The tract of land known as "Nebraska Plains," before the buildings were erected upon it, was purposed by the citizens to be purchased for the use of the two villages as a public park. The subject was brought before the town at their annual town meeting, and the case was presented in an able manner, by Major William Rudd, who had changed his residence in Portland for this place. But the article was passed over to the next meeting. In the meantime a speculator bought the land and sold it for house lots, thus depriving us of a valuable location for a park, and creating somewhat of an eyesore in that direction, which time only can efface.

ALONZO F. TRAVIS IN 1882.

[It is not difficult to forecast the future of this "Original School District," which Mr. Travis has so fully described. Na-

ture has, here, certainly lavished all her charms. The land is admirably adapted to residental purposes, being high and dry, with a pleasing prospect. The air is pure, the neighborhood excellent, and the electrics give easy access to the centre of the town, and to all the trains of steam cars leading from it, in all elirections. A well-equipped and wisely conducted educational institution—the Walnut Hill school gives dignity to the locality; and pleasant walks and drives abound. Already the beautiful building sites are being taken up by prospectors, who are laying out the land into house lots. It will not be long before people from the cities, who tire of their crowded and congested surroundings, will seek the retirement which can be found here, where the scenery is varied and attractive, and all the conditions quiet and restful.

We have just learned from the post office department, in Washington, that the first postmaster in Natick was Martin Haynes. He was appointed Jan. 27, 1815. William Farris who has been generally considered the first postmaster was not appointed until Jan. 15, 1818.—Ed. Hist. Collections.]

NATICK PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS

WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW CAME TO US, AND WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR THEIR DEVELOPMENT

1.

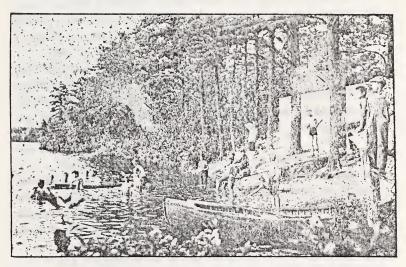
[The following paper was given, recently, before the "Women's Civic League" of Natick, by George C. Fairbanks, editor of the "Natick Bulletin." The Historical Society of this town, appreciating its value as an accurate representation of the subjects on which it treats, have secured permission of the writer to print it for preservation and future reference. Ed. Historical Collections.

In an address before a Natick audience recently, a prominent speaker gave as the reason why thirty thousand young

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men from New England had during the past few years gone to North West Canada to settle, while the opportunities here at home were far greater for success, was because our New England people have not yet realized the value of "exploiting" our own advantages as do the people in that newer country.

There are few communities upon which nature has more generously bestowed her favors than Natick, and none which possesses a greater wealth in natural attractions. Our hills and valleys, river and lakes are a most valuable asset, if we ourselves fully realized it, and a campaign of "exploitation" along these lines would seem necessary, if we are to secure the greatest benefits from our possessions.



At the Bathing Beaches, Town Park

Among our own people there is surprising ignorance shown as to our parks and lands set aside for public uses, a condition from which we need awakening, that we may not only realize their great value, but to better appreciate the wisdom and foresight of those to whom we are indebted for these great privileges.

.It may therefore be well to consider how our parks and public lands have come to us, what has been done for their



improvement and what we should do for their future development.

We have eight different plots set aside for public uses, an aggregate of over one hundred acres, and in addition, Dug Pond, a splendid water park, of over fifty acres. The assessed valuation placed upon these properties is between \$75,000 and \$100,000.

NATICK COMMON

Natick Common was the first acquisition; and its history is an interesting one. In the absence of other information we rely upon the town records as to the manner in which it came into the possession of the town, and find that this gift is closely allied with the building of a town house, over which the voters of Natick had a spirited controversy.

At the annual meeting in March, 1841, the town, with a population of only 1,300, conceived the idea that a town hall was necessary, and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter. At the April meeting this committee reported, favoring the erection of a two story building at a cost of \$2,100, this amount to be taken from the "surplus revenue" which came from the United States government.

Two weeks later three attempts were made to reconsider this vote, but failed by close margins, of three, two and four votes. At another meeting on May 3, it was voted to erect a one story building, and again on May 24, it was deemed necessary to pass a new vote to legalize previous action.

These meetings were in the vestry of the Methodist meeting house, but adjourned to the Meeting House common where the voters stood in line to be counted. At this same meeting, the committee recommended the purchase of a lot of land of Elbridge Morse, near the cemetery, which was then on Main Street near So. Avenue, for \$250, but the meeting held a different opinion and adjourned for half an hour to view various lots, and upon reassembling voted to purchase a lot of Reuel Morse on Central street at the same price, \$250.

There is nothing in the records to show that in the selection of this lot the voters were influenced by the offer of a gift

of sixteen and one half rods of land adjoining, by John Kimball, whose residence stood in about the middle of the common as now laid out, but from the fact that Mr. Kimball carried on a general store and his conveyance to the town refers to the town house lot, it seems probable that he regarded the location of the Town house as of sufficient value to make this gift. In his deed to the town, he gives as a reason for this conveyance "that the open common, situated in front of his house is somewhat contracted in its limits, and a desire that said common shall be enlarged." If the "Common" spoken of in his deed was public, there is no record to show from whence it came, and it is safe to assume that this small plot, the gift of John Kimball, about 50 by 90 feet, was the first step toward the acquisition of the park or common now located in the centre of the town.

Early in the fifties the question of enlarging the common was agitated, but at the annual meeting of March 5, 1854, an article to purchase additional land was passed over. At the April meeting following, however, the selectmen were authorized to purchase land at an expense not exceeding \$8,000 provided one half be raised by contributions. It would seem that the task of raising \$4,000 was not an easy one, for at a town meeting May 5, 1855 an article appears in the warrant to see if the town will take further action, which was voted down. The failure to secure another appropriation from the town appears to have acted as a stimulant, for on May 30, John Kimball conveyed all the land which he owned in the square for \$6,800 and a like conveyance from William T. Hanchett and Walter Morse was made to the town for the consideration of \$1,200.

These conveyances with the Town House lot completed the Common as it is now laid out. The raising of \$4,000 was no easy task in those days but some of the old time shoe makers now living, say they contributed ten dollars, an indication that the movement was a popular one in which all the people were interested. The trees about the Common were set out by private individuals and much of the work was done without expense to the town. One who visits the Common today has pointed out to him the tree which Henry Wilson set out with his own hands

and which is located on the easterly side on Park street and is marked with a stone tablet.

NATICK TOWN PARK

It was in 1873 by an act of the legislature the town of Natick took Dug Pond as a source of water supply. With it was conveyed to the town forty-six acres of land upon its borders for which the sum of about \$1,800 was paid by Natick.

This land was placed under the control of the Water Department and the then superintendent, being of a very practical turn of mind, saw in the beautiful oak grove east of the lake, nothing beyond its value for fuel, and under his orders a large part of the land was cleared.

Naturally those who had some conception of the beauty of this grove were quite indignant and this was manifested in the annual town meeting in 1880, when upon motion of the late Royal E Farwell, all the land owned by the town and bordering on Dug Pond was set aside for a "Public Park" and a year later was placed in charge of Walter N. Mason, Alexander Blaney, D. H. L. Gleason, John B. Fairbanks and R. E. Farwell as a committee, who were given full powers "to lay out walks and drives and otherwise improve, provided that no expense be incurred to the town thereby," and they were empowered to call a public meeting and organize a Village Improvement Society.

These men were public spirited and realized the value of the property, which had thus been set aside for recreation purposes and frequent attempts were made to interest private individuals in its development, but with little success.

Several attempts were also made to secure an appropriation from the town, but failed until 1885 when \$100 was voted for that purpose and this was continued for several years. The grounds were cleared, a few seats were erected and swings placed in the grove, but with so small an amount at their disposal, and there being a lack of interest, little could be accomplished, and finally the committee relinquished their efforts until a more propitious time.

In 1904 an addition was made to the Park by Wm. L. Coolidge, consisting of a tract of land of six acres, the highest

point from the easterly slope of Dug Pond, "the same to be called 'Timothy Coolidge Hill' in memory of his father who had purchased this lot when a young man with money earned in making shoes." The only condition of this gift was that the town should also set aside ten acres, which was a part of the Town Farm, to be used for an athletic field.

HUNNEWELL PLAYGROUND

In 1902, by the will of H. Hollis Hunnewell, the town of Natick became the possessor of a tract of land, containing eleven acres, between the Charles river and the canal at South Natick, to be used as a piayground and place of recreation for all citizens of the town. This plot was especially adapted for the purposes intended by the donor, and has since been laid out for athletic purposes, and a neat stone wall has been erected along the highway. In addition, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, a daughter of Mr. Hunnewell, has provided a gymnasium for the use of the people of this section, and there are few communities which enjoy better opportunities for recreation and athletic sports.

WASHBURN SQUARE

In 1904, a triangular plot of land containing one eighth of an acre, at the junction of South Main and Cottage streets, was presented to the town as a gift from the heirs of Dexter Washburn and Wm. L. Coolidge, and was named Washburn Square, in memory of the former. This lot has since been filled in and grassed down, and with sidewalks concreted and curbed makes a very attractive plot, and has proved an incentive for improving private grounds in that locality.

COOLIDGE PLAYGROUND

In 1904, Wm. L. Coolidge also gave to the town about three acres of land off Chestnut street, the same to be used as a playground in memory of his sons Herman and Leander, to be called Coolidge Playground. In making the gift, he expressed the wish that preference in the use of these grounds be given to the pupils of the High school. Under the direction of the Park

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Commissioners, these grounds have been put in good condition, and its use for athletic sports is increasing yearly.

COOLIDGE PARK

In the same year, 1904, the town also accepted from Wm. L. Coolidge, the gift of 20 acres between School street and Lincoln road, known as "Coolidge Woods," to be devoted to Park purposes, and this, too, in memory of his sons Herman and Leander, to be called Coolidge Park. A suggestion embodied in Mr. Coolidge's offer of these gifts was that the town should accept the Park Act, placing all public ground in the control of Commissioners was complied with.

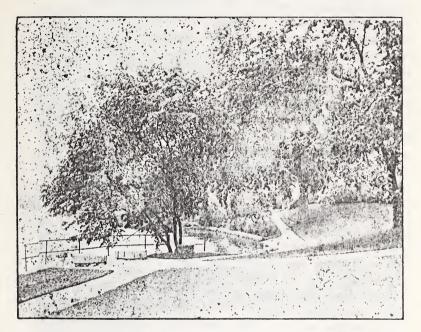
Mr. Coolidge in tendering this gift said that it might not be desirable to develop it at present, but it was his wish that when Natick should become thickly settled, to provide a place where the people could go for recreation without encroaching upon private property. The value of this plot is not appreciated today, but future generations will have cause to be grateful for "Coolidge Park," because it is easy of access to all, and commands a view for miles, and when properly developed will be a valuable acquisition to our Park system.

OLD TOWN PARK

In 1906, the children of H. Hollis Hunnewell presented to the town a lot of land bordering on the Charles river near the centre of South Natick, in memory of their father. This gift was subject to no restrictions whatever, but the hope was expressed that it might be held for the use of the public. This gift was accepted by resolution, and the fact that no vote was passed, legally setting aside this plot for park uses, seems to have been overlooked, but will be corrected at the annual town meeting. Containing about one acre it has been cleared of a large number of unsightly buildings, walks laid out and ornamented with shrubs at the expense of the donors. A beauty spot itself, Old Town Park is rich in historical interest, for it was near this spot that the Apostle Eliot labored to christianize the Indians,

THE RESIDENCE

and nearby is the old meeting house, the Eliot oak, the monument erected to the memory of Eliot, and the grave of Takawambait, the first Indian minister. Here, too, was the site of the old mill famed in "Old Town Folks," and the stones that



Old Town Park, South Natick

ground the corn are preserved in the park as valuable relics of the past. For beauty and historical associations Old Town Park is the most valuable of our public reservations.

LINCOLN PARK.

Lincoln Park is Natick's memorial to the martyr president, purchased by contributions of public spirited citizens and deeded to the town on February 12, 1909, on the occasion of the public observance of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, held under the auspices of Gen. Wadsworth Post 63, G. A. R.



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With the acquirement of the Park the speaker was closely identified, and it is a source of much satisfaction to him that he was successful in accomplishing that which had so long been desired.

The triangular plot at the junction of Marion, Central and Union streets had for years been a nuisance to the neighborhood and an eyesore to the entire community. Its acquisition for Park purposes was advocated in the nineties. Village Improvement Societies and officials had striven to have the owners improve or permit others to do so. In the summer of 1908 the speaker offered \$500 for the plot which was refused. Six months later the owner himself sought to take advantage of this offer, and an option was taken. Plans were then being perfected for the observance of Lincoln Day, and from it came the inspiration that in no better way could Natick show its appreciation of Abraham Lincoln that by securing and setting aside the plot to his memory.

An appeal was made for funds in the BULLETIN of Jan. 29, 1909 for this purpose, and we were not mistaken in the generosity and patriotism of our people, for the necessary funds were subscribed within two weeks, and the plot presented to the town at the public exercises on February 12. The encouragement to raise additional funds for its improvement came from the ladies of Gen. Wadsworth Relief Corps, who generously voted \$25.00 to beautify Lincoln Park, which was the nucleus of the fund for the granite curbing and walks which have added so much to its attractiveness. The Park Commissioners have placed shrubs and seeded the plot and when the authorities shall have curbed and improved the sidewalks it will be a beautiful memorial to the great man whose memory it was sought to perpetuate.

DUG POND

Dug Pond containing fifty acres and entirely within the Park limits, made a valuable addition with its bathing and boating privileges. In 1890, bath-houses at Dug Pond were advocated by the Bulletin when a new water supply should be secured, but under the legislative act it reverted to the Metropolitan

Water Board and the same restrictions were placed upon it as on lake Cochituate and it was not available for public use. Upon his own petition a bill was introduced in the legislature of 1909 by the speaker which became a law April 9, giving to Natick the use of Dug Pond for bathing, boating and fishing and we know of no greater service which we could have rendered our native town in the legislature than in securing this great boon, which all the people can enjoy. The fact that over 1,000 persons availed themselves of the bathing privilege in a single day last summer indicates its popularity and in the years to come our water park will be even better appreciated and increase in the popular favor.

HOW CAN WE DEVELOP?

In such a splendid system of Parks, Natick may well take pride for no town can excel and few equal in variety, beauty or attractiveness of its places for recreation. Their care and maintenance is now provided for by taxation, but with our present high tax rate little more can be expected for years to come. The time is ripe for development of the Town Park and here is the chance for our Improvement organizations to do good work. Let me quote from an article in the BULLETIN of 1898 which is as true today as then, showing the possibilities of this beautiful tract.

"Nature has done a great deal at the Park, which the hand of man cannot improve. To restrain nature in certain directions, is the thing now desirable. At the park there is a large and beautiful sheet of water, surrounded with a bold and serpentine shore, along whose lines it is possible and practicable to build a roadway full of those curves which are the delight of landscape gardeners and park engineers. Throughout the grounds are ample natural amphitheatres and small dells suited to great public gatherings and small social and family picnics. And there are enough trees along the route to supply sufficient shade to the roadway, and enough can be spared from the banks that line the lake to make the

view from shore to shore of the lake pleasant and beautiful to all who resort to the park for pleasure and for pleasant surprises.

Nearly in the center of the eastern portion of the park is an elliptical amphitheatre, whose eastern, northern and western slopes are capable of seating an audience of fifteen thousand persons, all within speaking and hearing distance of the central stand, which can be erected for speaking, stage or musical performances. This natural dell has no available superior in this section and in such easy access to the public. Lily lake can be made a perpetual feature by a waterpipe from the supply system and a drinking or spouting fountain are among the practical and possible things that can be done to aid the natural conditions and afford a beverage to the thirsty."

It is not to be expected that all of these improvements can be carried out at once but there are some things which are absolutely necessary if we are to make the Park a popular resort. A building for shelter in case of rain should be provided and provision should be made for good drinking water. Additional seats and swings should be erected. But above all, some means should be provided for making the Park more accessible to the people. Here is an opportunity for the construction of a boulevard or drive into the Park, later to be extended around; its entire length; but the one thing above all others, that is wanted to bring the Park near to the people is the construction of a foot bridge from Pond street into the Park property. To do sthis properly might require considerable outlay, but the project is feasible and could be carried out if taken in hand by a live organization or a committee of interested parties. The \$4,000 contributed for the purchase of the Common in 1854 represented \$1.00 for every person living in the town. If we of the present generation would be equally generous \$10,000 could be raised at once for Park development. All that is needed to accomplish this result, is workers, and if the public spirited people of Natick will only visit the Park and learn its real value the task of raising this fund would be comparatively easy. Here is the opportunity. Who will be first to take advantage of it?

THE EDITOR'S COMMENT

The Historical Society of this town present to the public the second volume of "Historical Collections" with a pardonable feeling of satisfaction. We have been successful in obtaining many articles of great interest and value. Natick is not only rich in historical associations but the town is also fortunate in possessing many residents who are well-fitted to write exceedingly interesting accounts of the many events which have transpired here in the past. These persons have responded most cordially to our invitation to write for us. We have also reprinted quite a number of papers which would otherwise be difficult to obtain. In many cases the articles have been taken from much worn copies of Natick papers which had been placed in our library, the Morse Institute, for reference. Many of these old papers are fairly dropping to pieces from constant use. As the years pass on the articles will grow more and more valuable.

The same persons, who assisted us last year, have continued their good offices and have given us cordial help in preparing the present volume. But, in this connection, we desire to mention particularly George C. Fairbanks, publisher of the Natick Bulletin. He has not only aided us by suggestions and advice, but he has, in every way, encouraged us in our undertaking. Encouragement in a work which involves so much research is always gratefully appreciated. The attention given by him to our work is reflected through the printing office, and every employe of the office, from the foreman down, seems personally interested in our historical work, and anxious to further

it in every way possible.

Our photographer, A. Bendslev, also merits especial mention. Nothing adds more value to a volume than to have the articles illustrated with appropriate pictures, and Mr. Bendslev has spared no pains in furnishing us every illustration we desired.

Every family in Natick or elsewhere, which contains a paid-up member of the Historical and Natural History Society of this town will receive a copy of this pamphlet, free of charge of anything but postage (when sent by mail) at places to be designated when the announcement of its completion is made public. For the Publication Committee

Q. AUGUSTA CHENEY, Secretary

STORAGE SHIPT I I

INDEX

The First Unitarian Church in Natick	•	3
The Original Forty-Niners		9
The First Fourteen Years of the Historical, Natural H	lis-	
tory aud Library Society of South Natick .		11
Henry Wilson's Boyhood		27
West Central Street. Its Trees and Residences .		36
Cornwallis in Natick, 1833		37
Natick Public Libraries and Their Origin		41
Dr. Isaac Morrill Place	•	46
A Narration of Old Time Incidents in South Natick		50
The Celebration of the Introduction of Water From L	ake	
Cochituate into Boston		56
Natick's Town Hall		59
A Natick Romance of Colonial Times		64
The Natick Exiles of 1675		73
Rev. Oliver Peabody. The First White Minister in _	Na-	
tick, after John Eliot		81
Felchville. Its Past, Present and Future		86
Natick's Parks and Playgrounds		92
The Editor's Comment		103

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